Nov. 11, 1972

THE NEW YORKER

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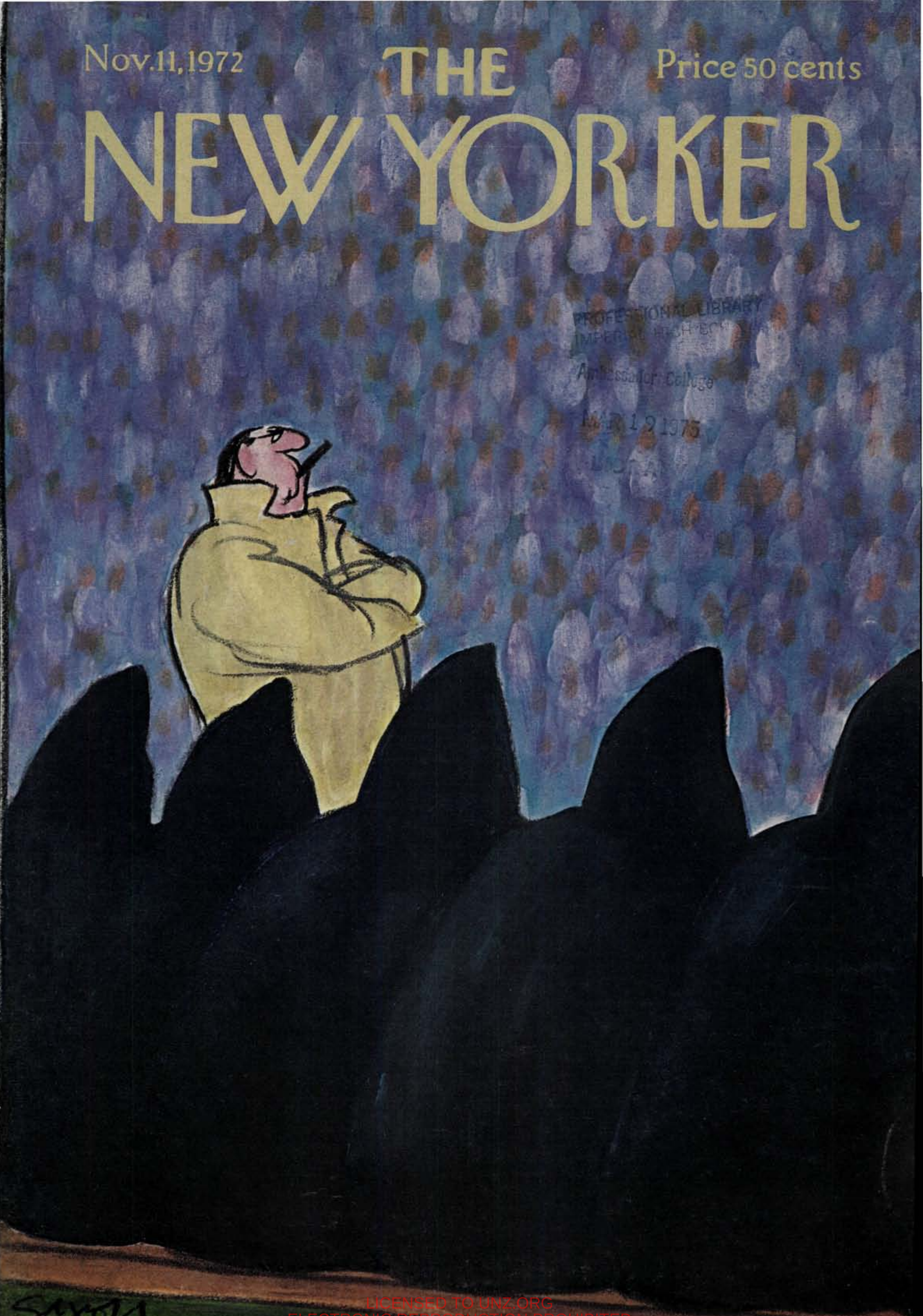

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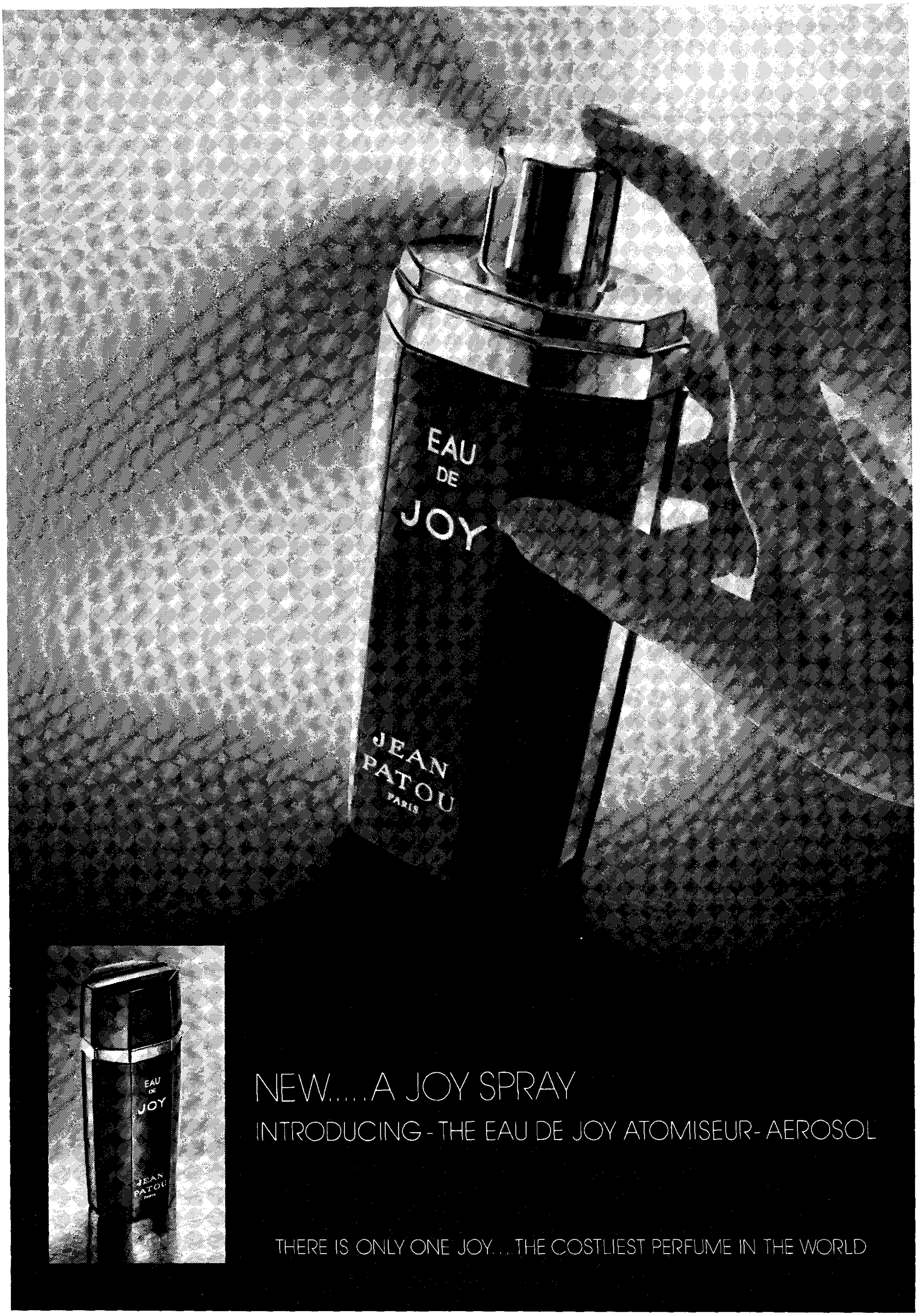
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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

A CONSCIENTIOUS CALENDAR OF EVENTS OF INTEREST

THE THEATRE

(E. and W. mean East and West of Broadway.)

PLAYS AND MUSICALS

AMBASSADOR—Howard Keel and Danielle Darrieux in a musical version of Henry James's "The Ambassadors." The music is by Don Gohman, the lyrics by Hal Hackady, and the book by Don Ettlinger and Anna Marie Barlow. Stone Widney is the director. Previews through Friday, Nov. 17. Opens officially on Saturday, Nov. 18. (Lunt-Fontanne, 46th St., W. 586-5555. Nightly, except Sundays, at 7:30; opening-night curtain at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

AMERICAN GOTHICS—Four plays by Donald Kvares. Opens Friday, Nov. 10, and will run through Sunday, Dec. 3. (Roundabout, 307 W. 26th St. 924-7160. Tuesdays through Thursdays at 8; Fridays and Saturdays at 9:30; and Sundays at 7.)

ANNA K.—Eugenie Leontovich, an enchantress if ever there was one, here directs and participates in a free-form studio production of "Anna Karenina." It doesn't quite work, but much of it is charming. (Actors, 100 Seventh Ave. S., at Sheridan Sq. 691-1980. Nightly, except Mondays, at 7:30. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 2:30.)

THE BEGGAR'S OPERA—The beguiling Chelsea Theatre production has crossed the river from Brooklyn. (McAlpin Rooftop Theatre, Broadway at 34th St. 239-6688. Tuesdays through Fridays at 7:30; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

BERLIN TO BROADWAY WITH KURT WEILL—This chronological arrangement of Weill's glorious songs, as sung and semi-performed by two young men and two young women, is a bit tame for the writings of the Master, but it has its exciting moments all the same. (Theatre de Lys, 121 Christopher St. WA 4-8782. Tuesdays through Fridays at 7:30; Saturdays at 6:30 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

BUTLEY—Alan Bates, continuously onstage and in continuous eruption, as a miserable teacher at the University of London bent on making everyone around him feel as unhappy as he does. The author, Simon Gray, has found the means of making Butley sympathetic; he has also given him wonderfully funny lines to utter. An excellent comedy. (Morosco, 45th St., W. 246-6230. Nightly, except Sundays, at 7:30. Matinées Saturdays at 2.)

DEAR OSCAR—A musical based on the life of Oscar Wilde, with book and lyrics by Caryl Gabrielle Young and music by Addy O. Fieger, and with Richard Kneeland in the title role. Directed by Hale McKeen. Previews through Wednesday, Nov. 15. Opens officially on Thursday, Nov. 16. (Playhouse, 48th St., W. 541-9820. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 7:30; opening-night curtain at 7. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

DON'T BOTHER ME, I CAN'T COPE—A sparkling, witty all-black revue directed by the dynamic Vinnette Carroll and with delightful songs—music and lyrics—by Micki Grant. All the performers are good; the presence of the great gospel singer Alex Bradford is especially encouraging. (Edison, 47th St., W. 757-7164. Wednesdays through Saturdays at 7:40, and Sundays at 7. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

EQUITY LIBRARY THEATRE—Frank Loesser's musical **HOW TO SUCCEED IN BUSINESS WITHOUT REALLY TRYING.** Opens Thursday, Nov. 9, and will run through Sunday, Nov. 26. (Equity Library Theatre, 103rd St. and Riverside Dr. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8:30; opening-night curtain at 7:30. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 2:30. For information about tickets, for which contributions are requested, call 663-2028.)

GREASE—A musical (score, book, and lyrics by Jim Jacobs and Warren Casey) that parodies, by faithful imitation, the songs and dances of the nineteen-fifties. Your attitude toward the show may well depend upon your attitude toward that tiresome decade, or upon the fragility of your eardrums; microphones abound. The young cast performs capably and with spirit. (Broadhurst, 44th St., W. 246-6699. Nightly, except Sundays, at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

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THE KID—A play by Robert Coover. Season subscribers only. (American Place, 111 W. 46th St. 247-0393. Mondays at 6:15; Tuesdays through Fridays at 7:30; and Saturdays at 8. Matinées Saturdays at 2. Closes Saturday, Dec. 2.)

LYSISTRATA—Melina Mercouri in Aristophanes' play, adapted and directed by Michael Cacoyannis, with music by Peter Link. Previews through Sunday, Nov. 12. Opens officially on Monday, Nov. 13. (Brooks Atkinson, 47th St., W. 245-3430. Nightly at 7:30; opening-night curtain at 7. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

MOURNING BECOMES ELECTRA—The O'Neill play, with Colleen Dewhurst, Pamela Payton-Wright, Donald Davis, Alan Mixon, and Stephen McHattie. Theodore Mann is the director. Previews through Tuesday, Nov. 14. Opens officially on Wednesday, Nov. 15, at 2, and will run through Sunday, Dec. 31. (Circle in the Square, Broadway at 50th St. 581-0720. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

MUCH ADO ABOUT NOTHING—The New York Shakespeare Festival's production, with Barnard Hughes, Sam Waterston, Douglass Watson, and Kathleen Widdoes, and with music by Peter Link. Directed by A. J. Antoon. Previews through Saturday matinée, Nov. 11. Opens officially on Saturday, Nov. 11, at 7:30. (Winter Garden, Broadway at 50th St. 245-4878. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

OH COWARD!—For almost fifty years, Noël Coward's songs have been delighting theatre audiences, and they sound as witty and tuneful as ever in the hands of Roderick Cook, Barbara Cason, and Jamie Ross. The cabaret-style performance, while competent, lacks the essential glamour, youth, and magnetism, but Mr. Coward carries the day. (New Theatre, 154 E. 54th St. 752-0440. Tuesdays through Fridays at 7:30, and Saturdays at 7:30 and 10. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Sundays at 3.)

PIPPIN—A skimpy musical that the director and

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

choreographer Bob Fosse has turned into his very own "War and Peace," with everything but a yacht race. Eric Berry and John Rubinstein play Charlemagne and his son. (Imperial, 45th St., W. 265-2412. Nightly, except Sundays, at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

The Real Inspector Hound and After Magritte—Two one-act samples of the British playwright Tom Stoppard's wild, sleight-of-hand comedies. Both are very funny. (Theatre Four, 424 W. 55th St. 246-8545. Wednesdays through Fridays at 7:30; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3, and Wednesday, Nov. 15, at 2:30.)

The Rebbitzen from Israel—A Yiddish musical. (Mayfair, 235 W. 46th St. 765-3886. Tuesdays through Thursdays, and Saturdays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30, and Sundays at 2 and 5:30.)

Repertory Theatre of Lincoln Center—Maxim Gorky's play **ENEMIES**, in an English version by Jeremy Brooks and Kitty Hunter-Blair, directed by Ellis Rabb. The first in this season's series of four plays. Preview Wednesday, Nov. 8. Opens officially on Thursday, Nov. 9, at 7, and will run through Saturday, Dec. 16. (Vivian Beaumont, 150 W. 65th St. 362-7616. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8, and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 2.)

The Secret Affairs of Mildred Wild—Maureen Stapleton in a comedy by Paul Zindel. Directed by Jeff Bleckner. Previews through Monday, Nov. 13. Opens officially on Tuesday, Nov. 14. (Ambassador, 49th St., W. 265-1855. Nightly, except Sundays, at 7:30; opening-night curtain at 7. Matinées Wednesdays, except Nov. 15, and Saturdays at 2; special matinée Thursday, Nov. 16.)

6 Rms Riv Vu—Jerry Orbach and Jane Alexander meet, flirt, make love, and part, all in the course of some twenty-four hours in a vacant apartment on Riverside Drive. Bob Randall wrote the play, such as it is. (Helen Hayes, 46th St., W. 246-6380. Nightly, except Sundays, at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

Sugar—A musical-comedy adaptation of the celebrated movie "Some Like It Hot," with Robert Morse, Tony Roberts, and Cyril Ritchard. The movie is better. (Majestic, 44th St., W. 246-0730. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

That Championship Season—This extremely well-written and important comic tragedy by Jason Miller is about the reunion of an old basketball coach and four of the five players who, years ago, won a trophy for him, and about many other matters besides. The performance, under A. J. Antoon's direction, is all that any playwright could hope for. Richard A. Dysart is the coach, and Walter McGinn, Michael McGuire, Paul Sorvino, and Charles Durning are the ex-teammates. All of them are perfect, and so is Santo Loquasto's setting. (Booth, 45th St., W. 246-5969. Nightly, except Sundays, at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2. Special performance for the Actors' Fund Sunday evening, Nov. 12.)

Wedding Band—The setting for this love story by Alice Childress is the black section of a city in South Carolina in 1918, and the middle-aged lovers are a black seamstress and a white baker. The first act is fine; after that, for one reason or another, things fall slightly apart, but Ruby Dee and James Broderick, in the leading roles, and the actors who support them are so good that they save the evening. (Public, 425 Lafayette St. 677-6350. Nightly, except Mondays, at 7:30. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 3.)

What If It Had Turned Up Heads—A play by J. E. Gaines. (New Lafayette, Seventh Ave. at 137th St. 862-2460. Wednesdays through Saturdays at 8:30, and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3. Closes Sunday, Nov. 19.)

Yoshe Kalb—David Opatoshu and Jacob Ben-Ami in a Yiddish musical (with an English narration) adapted by David Licht from I. J. Singer's novel. The music is by Maurice Rauch. (Eden, 189 Second Ave., at 12th St. 260-5200. Tuesdays, Wednesdays, Fridays, and Thursday, Nov. 9, at 7:30; Saturdays at 8; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays and Sundays at 2:30.)

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Long Runs—**THE FANTASTICKS:** 5,214 performances so far. (Sullivan Street Playhouse, 181 Sullivan St., at Bleecker St. 674-3838. Tuesdays through Thursdays at 7:30; Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.) . . . **GODSPELL:** A musical adaptation of the Book of Matthew, and once a numbing prologue is over, it becomes a joyful celebration of theatre itself. Songs by Stephen Schwartz. (Promenade, 2162 Broadway, at 76th St. 799-7690. Tuesdays through Fridays at 7:30; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.) . . . **JESUS CHRIST SUPERSTAR:** The New Testament taking its now usual drubbing at the hands of the young, who plainly believe they are making it "relevant." The music is pleasing, and so are the performers. (Mark Hellinger, 51st St., W. 757-7064. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **NO, NO, NANETTE:** A revival of that immortal work of the twenties. With Martha Raye, Ruth Maitland (who has replaced Ruby Keeler), Bobby Van, and Helen Gallagher. (46th Street Theatre, 46th St., W. 246-4271. Nightly, except Sundays and Thursdays, at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **ONE FLEW OVER THE CUCKOO'S NEST:** Dale Wasserman's hack adaptation of Ken Kesey's novel set in an insane asylum. (Mercer Arts Center, 240 Mercer St., at W. 3rd St. 673-3937. Wednesdays and Thursdays at 7:30, and Fridays and Saturdays at 7 and 10:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Sundays at 3.) . . . **THE PRISONER OF SECOND AVENUE:** Neil Simon writes very funny lines, and they are being delivered by Hector Elizondo and Phyllis Newman in the leading roles. Directed by Mike Nichols. (Eugene O'Neill, 49th St., W. 246-0220. Nightly, except Sundays, at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.) . . . **THE PROPOSITION:** An improvised revue with six good-humored young players from Boston. It is all pretty amateurish, but there are a few bright spots of mimicry. (Mercer Arts Center, 240 Mercer St., at W. 3rd St. 673-3937. Fridays and Saturdays at 7:30 and 10:30, and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.) . . . **SLEUTH:** Patrick Macnee and Jordan Christopher in a mystery by Anthony Shaffer. (Music Box, 45th St., W. 246-4636. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **TWO GENTLEMEN OF VERONA:** Joe Papp's delightful musical version of a silly Shakespeare play. Book by Mel Shapiro and John Guare, who also wrote the lyrics that accompany Galt MacDermot's attractive music. The cast includes Carlos Cestero, Clifton Davis, Jonelle Allen, and Diana Davila. (St. James, 44th St., W. 695-5858. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

BALLET AND DANCE PROGRAMS

City Center Joffrey Ballet—Final performances of the season—Wednesday, Nov. 8, at 8: "Trinity," "Weewis," and "Astarte." . . . ¶ Thursday, Nov. 9, at 8: "Kettentanz," "After Eden," and "Interplay." . . . ¶ Friday, Nov. 10, at 8: "Square Dance," "Valentine," and "Sacred Grove on Mount Tamalpais." . . . ¶ Saturday, Nov. 11, at 2: "Reflections," "Feast of Ashes," and "Interplay." . . . ¶ Saturday, Nov. 11, at 8: "Square Dance," "Valentine," and "Sacred Grove on Mount Tamalpais." . . . ¶ Sunday, Nov. 12, at 2: "Reflections," "After Eden," "The Still Point," and "Interplay." . . . ¶ Sunday, Nov. 12, at 7:30: "Kettentanz," "Feast of Ashes," and "Trinity." (City Center, 131 W. 55th St. 246-8989.)

New York City Ballet—Opening performances (tentative schedule) of an engagement that will run through Sunday, Feb. 18—Tuesday, Nov. 14, at 8: "Agon," "Violin Concerto," and "Symphony in C." . . . ¶ Wednesday, Nov. 15, at 8: "Irish Fantasy," "Violin Concerto," and "Western Symphony." . . . ¶ Thursday, Nov. 16, at 8: "Donizetti Variations," "Firebird," and "Agon." . . . ¶ Friday, Nov. 17, at 8: "The Goldberg Variations" and "Symphony in C." . . . ¶ Saturday, Nov. 18, at 2: "Scènes de Ballet," "Tarantella," and "Symphony in C." . . . ¶ Saturday, Nov. 18, at 8: "Four Temperaments," "Valse-Fantaisie," and "Brahms-Schoenberg Quartet." (New York State Theatre, Lincoln Center. TR 7-4727.)

Alvin Ailey City Center Dance Theatre—Opening performances of a three-week engagement that will run through Sunday, Dec. 3—Tuesday evening, Nov. 14: "Blues Suite," "Rainbow 'Round My Shoulder," and "Revelations." . . . ¶ Wednesday matinée, Nov. 15: "Toccata," "Journey," "Icarus," "Blues Suite," and "Revelations." . . . ¶ Wednesday evening, Nov. 15: "Toccata," "Journey," "Icarus," "Blues Suite," and "Rainbow 'Round My Shoulder." . . . ¶ Thursday evening, Nov. 16: "Blues Suite," "The Kinetic Molpai" (company première), and "Mary Lou's Mass." . . . ¶ Friday evening, Nov. 17: "Dance for Six," "Kinetic Molpai," and "Mary Lou's Mass." . . . ¶ Saturday evening, Nov. 18: "Streams," "Myth," "Love Songs" (première), and "Revelations." (City Center, 131 W. 55th St. 246-8989. Evenings at 7:30. Matinées at 2.)

Maurice Béjart's Ballet of the Twentieth Century—Final performances of a three-week engagement of "Nijinsky—Clown of God." (Felt Forum, Madison Square Garden, Eighth Ave. between 31st and 33rd Sts. 564-4400. Wednesday, Thursday, and Sunday at 7:30, and Friday and Saturday at 8. Matinée Sunday at 2:30. Closes Sunday, Nov. 12.)

City Center American Dance Marathon—Final performances of a six-week fall series of appearances by eighteen troupes and a couple of solo artists. Wednesday, Nov. 8, at 2, and Thursday, Nov. 9, and Saturday, Nov. 11, at 7:30: **GLORIA NEWMAN DANCE THEATRE** and **DANCE THEATRE OF HARLEM**. . . . ¶ Wednesday, Nov. 8, and Friday, Nov. 10, at 7:30, and Saturday, Nov. 11, at 2:30: **PAUL SANASARDO DANCE COMPANY** and **DANCE THEATRE OF HARLEM**. (ANTA Theatre, 245 W. 52nd St. 246-6270.)

Ballet-Théâtre Contemporain—A French company, with James Urbain, Martine Parmain, and Muriel Belmondo, in its first appearance here. (Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. ST 3-2434. Thursday, Nov. 9, at 7:30; Friday and Saturday, Nov. 10-11, at 8; and Sunday, Nov. 12, at 2.)

Whirling Dervishes of Turkey—A company of thirteen dancers and twelve musicians. (Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. ST 3-2434. Tuesday, Nov. 14, at 7:30; Wednesday, Nov. 15, at 8; Thursday, Nov. 16, at 1 and 8; Friday and Saturday, Nov. 17-18, at 8; and Sunday, Nov. 19, at 2 and 7:30.)

Mariano Parra—With his Spanish dance company. (Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. ST 3-2434. Friday and Saturday, Nov. 17-18, at 7:30, and Sunday, Nov. 19, at 2:30.)

MISCELLANY

Tribute to Oscar Hammerstein II—Rae Allen, Nancy Dussault, Helen Gallagher, Georgia Gibbs, Ron Husmann, Hal Linden, Phyllis Newman, and Ben Vereen will be among those taking part in this benefit. (Philharmonic Hall. Sunday, Nov. 12, at 8:30. For tickets, call MU 6-9244.)

NIGHT LIFE

(A highly arbitrary listing of places around town where you might pass a pleasant hour or two.)

•

MOSTLY FOR MUSIC

(No dancing, and no formal dining, either, unless indicated.)

Arthur's Tavern, 57 Grove St. (CH 2-9468)—

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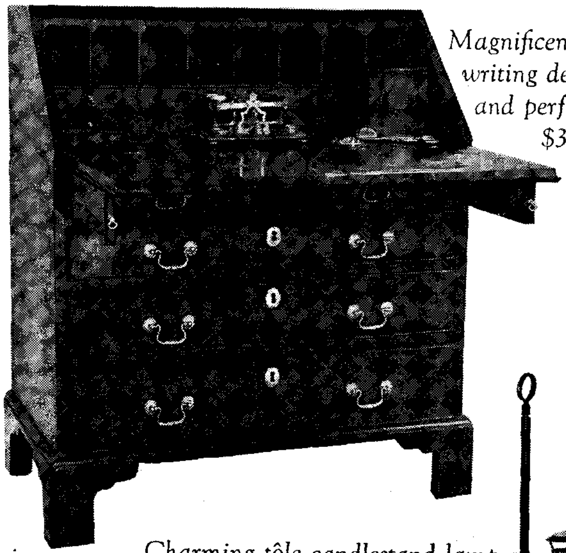
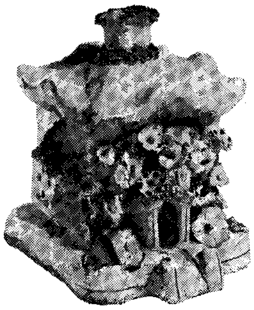
For everything you don't need, but have to have.

The Small Indulgence is a delightfully preposterous shop. It is crammed with rare, unusual, unique, whimsical antique furniture, finds and collectibles. There are unusual fabrics, billows of pillows and quilts and such. Paintings from India, a stuffed Mrs. Mouse from the Channel Islands, gifts circa 1972 from around the world and some reasonable reproductions that help pay for all our trips to France and England. But here, let us show you.

Rare enseigne de boucherie in original tôle and half the size of a real tête de cheval. $395.

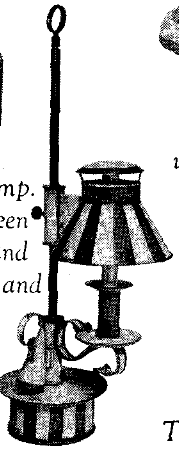


Magnificent Georgian mahogany writing desk in immaculate condition and perfect size (35" x 30" x 16"). $3,000.

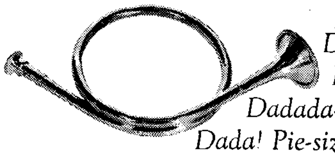


Staffordshire Cottage c. 1825 used for burning pastel. Rumored to have housed Oscar Wilde's muse. Hand-high. $250.

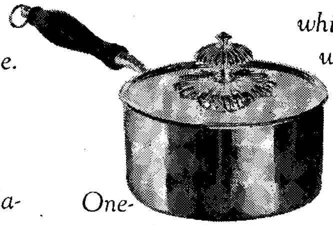
George Armfield's whimsical terrier painted circa 1850. 34" x 29". $575 including tatty but interesting frame.



Charming tôle candlestand lamp. Italian reproduction. Green and white or yellow and white, 24" high and wired. $115.



Dadada-Dadada-Dadada-Dada-Dada-Dada! Pie-size. $20.



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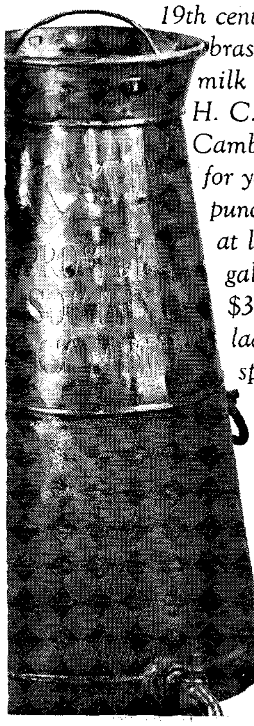
This fully-equipped 8-inch Victorian loo was a plumber's demonstrator. (Oh dear, that brings a flush to our cheeks.) $275.



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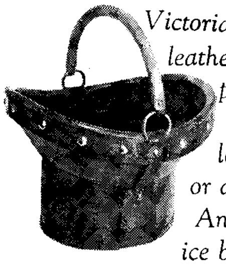

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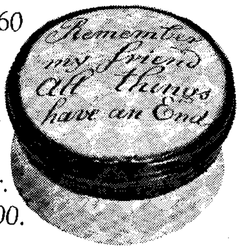

Lovely, unusually small Battersea box circa 1860 shown here actual size. Elegant sign-off for a love affair. $300.

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On Mondays, between nine and twelve-thirty, the Grove Street Stompers go to town on "Sweet Georgia Brown" and similar selections. Tuesdays through Saturdays, from nine to two, pianist Mabel Godwin conjures up *autres temps, autres mœurs.* Closed Sundays.

Bitter End, 147 Bleecker St. (475-7804)—Dan Fogelberg will sing through Monday, Nov. 13. Singer Johnny Nash, who has a liking for Jamaican rhythms, opens Wednesday, Nov. 15. Tuesdays are devoted to visiting performers. Coffee, tea, and water are the drinks.

Boomer's, 340 Bleecker St., at Christopher St. (243-0245)—Everybody looks comfortable enough, whether partaking of soul food or just listening. Kenny Barron, piano, will lead a duo on Wednesday, Nov. 8. Pianist Cedar Walton will be in charge of a trio Thursday through Sunday, Nov. 9-12. Music nightly from nine-thirty to three. Mondays, there are jam sessions from eight until midnight.

Bradley's, 70 University Pl. (228-6440)—Equal parts of dining, talking, and relaxing, along with a certain amount of looking at paintings. Don Friedman will be on piano and Tibor Tomko on bass through Saturday, Nov. 11. Guitarist Jimmy Raney and bassist Mike Moore will start a gig on Tuesday, Nov. 14. On Mondays, author-pianist Frank Conroy takes over. Nine-thirty to two-thirty. Closed Sundays.

Cellar, 70 W. 95th St. (866-1200)—A softly lighted restaurant with an inviting air and a warm ambience. But acoustics play tricks: The jazz area is aurally distinct from the dining area, so for listening it is advisable to sit at the bar. Music Wednesdays through Saturdays from ten to four. The food is intended to please both palate and soul.

Cookery, 21 University Pl., at 8th St. (OR 4-4450)—Ray Bryant is at the Steinway, turning out some red-blooded jazz in collaboration with bassist Wilbur Little. On Sundays, Dick Hyman fills in at the keyboard. Eight until one. Dining in pleasant surroundings.

Folk City, 130 W. 3rd St. (254-8449)—A long bar and a barnlike back room in which a series of singers and instrumentalists—not necessarily folk—entertain. Through Saturday, Nov. 11, the bill will include singer David Formen, comic Billy Braver, and a group called Revival. An outfit known as St. Elmo's Fire and comedian Bobby Kosser will move in on Tuesday, Nov. 14. Sounds from nine.

Gaslight, 152 Bleecker St. (674-2580)—The shadows still reign, but dancing has been added in this Village coffeehouse. Wednesdays, a twenty-nine-piece band called Brownie's Revenge takes the stand. On other nights, smaller bands perform.

Gregory's, 1149 First Ave., at 63rd St. (371-2220)—An up-to-date version of the neighborhood pub, graced by the fully guaranteed jazz piano of Ellis Larkins, who performs with bassist Al Hall Mondays through Saturday from nine-thirty to three. Sundays, from four until closing, vibist Warren Chiasson and other musicians jam. Mondays through Saturdays, from five-thirty to seven-thirty, singer-pianist Tad Bruce does some subdued and tasteful tunes. Snacks.

Guitar, 753 Tenth Ave., at 51st St. (265-9334)—No city of eight million should be without at least one place dedicated to the six-stringed instrument. Gene Bertoncini will be on guitar and Linc Milliman on bass through Saturday, Nov. 11. Guitarist Sam Brown and bassist Bill Salter will arrive Tuesday, Nov. 14. Music Tuesday through Saturday from nine-thirty until two-thirty. A Deep South kitchen, albeit a limited one.

Half Note, 149 W. 54th St. (586-5383)—A renascence of jazz in midtown? Since this club moved to its new, shiny home a few weeks ago, a lot of people seem to think so. Another favorable omen: the club is presenting two jazz combos each night. Through Saturday, Nov. 11, a quartet led by trumpeter Bobby Hackett will alternate with a trio led by piano-virtuoso Earl Hines—the latter group being assisted by vocalist Marva Josie. Beginning Monday, Nov. 13, another outfit will alternate with the Hines people. Music from nine to four. Light Italian dishes. Closed Sundays.

Jacques, 168 Bleecker St., at Sullivan St. (254-5920)—Popcorn and darts. Lance Hayward gets some impressive sounds out of the piano every night but Tuesday, when Jimmy Young takes his place. Fridays and Saturdays, bassist Lyn Christie participates. Music from nine-thirty to three.

Jimmy Ryan's, 154 W. 54th St. (CO 5-9505)—Yes, it's true what they say about Dixie. The bandsmen: Eddie Locke, Bobby Pratt, Joe Muranyi, Chuck Folds, and Jimmy McPartland (until Saturday, Nov. 11, after which Roy Eldridge will replace him). Nine-thirty to three every night but Sunday.

Kenny's Castaways, 211 E. 84th St. (734-9892)—If there's a nautical motif, it pretty well gets lost in the shuffle. Singer David Pomeranz and singer-pianist-comic Biff Rose will remain through Saturday, Nov. 11. Shows beginning at nine-thirty Tuesdays through Saturdays. Mondays are turned over to an assortment of aspiring entertainers. Snacks.

Max's Kansas City, 213 Park Ave. S., at 17th St. (777-7870)—A Kansas City woodshed in about 1880, to judge by the furnishings. Beginning Wednesday, Nov. 15, Mimi Fariña—a fine and gentle singer, songwriter, and guitarist—will be coöperating with singer-guitarist Carol McComb. Composer and singer Denny Brown will also be around. Shows at nine-thirty and eleven-thirty. On Mondays and Tuesdays, folk and rock groups play from nine to midnight. Dining downstairs. Drinks and snacks upstairs, where the music is.

Michael's Pub, 211 E. 55th St. (PL 8-2272)—Wood panelling and a portrait of Henry VIII. Also a complete menu and some satisfying sounds. Tuesdays through Saturdays, from nine to one, Barbara Carroll brings her practiced hands to the pianoforte. Mondays, from nine until midnight, clarinettist Woody Allen takes time out from his other interests to lead a septet in some traditional New Orleans jazz. Dinner and supper. Closed Sundays.

Muggs, 1134 First Ave., at 62nd St. (838-7050)—Patti Wicks plays a full-bodied jazz piano, accompanied by bassist Perry Lind, in this relaxed club. Music Tuesdays through Saturdays. Dining.

Rafiki, 181 Bleecker St. (473-8220)—Warm surroundings and friendly people (appropriately enough, since "*rafiki*" means "friend" in Swahili). Also, a wide-ranging soul-food menu and some swinging jazz by the Raphael Grinage trio. They play Tuesdays through Saturdays from eight until two.

Stryker's, 103 W. 86th St., at Columbus Ave. (874-8754)—A small and attractive bar (dig the ceiling lights) in which some interesting sounds are produced. A trio consisting of vibraharpist Warren Chiasson, bassist Jimmy Garrison, and drummer Beaver Harris will perform Friday and Saturday, Nov. 10-11. Music Fridays and Saturdays from ten until three-thirty. Snacks.

Village Gate, 160 Bleecker St. (GR 5-5120)—Upstairs: Irene Reid is singing with a bumptious trio led by organist Gloria Coleman. A talented pianist named Bill Rubenstein starts the evening at about nine-thirty and fills in between sets—except on Thursday, Nov. 9, and Tuesday, Nov. 14, when harpist Daphne Hellman will lead her Bach-to-Bacharach trio. Mondays are problematical, with new talent showing up. Limited dining. . . . ¶ Downstairs: On Monday, Nov. 13, from eight to one, Jazz Interactions will present Betty Carter, a singer who can really turn a song around. She will be working with a trio led by a prestidigitatory pianist named Danny Mixon. A quintet headed by trumpeter Jimmy Owens will be on the same program.

Village Vanguard, 178 Seventh Ave. S., at 11th St. (989-9011)—A basement *boîte* where history is sometimes made. Charles Lloyd, who plays reeds and keyboards and sings, is here with his quartet through Sunday, Nov. 12. Chick Corea, an advanced and thoughtfully eclectic jazz pianist, will bring in his foursome on Tuesday, Nov. 14. On Mondays, the big Thad Jones-Mel Lewis band has the stage to itself. The entertainment begins at nine-thirty, supposedly.

West Boondock, 114 Tenth Ave., at 17th St. (924-9723)—The location—somewhere over the rainspout—shouldn't deter you if walking through dark streets is not a problem. Stained glass, Southern cooking, and amiable waitresses. Satisfying jazz on piano and bass by Hugh Lawson and Carl Pruitt Thursday through Sunday and by Joanne Brackeen and Herman Wright Monday through Wednesday. Eight until two.

DISCOTHÈQUES AND SUCH

Hartford's, 130 E. 52nd St. (751-2507)—The latest entry in the let's-get-with-it stakes. At street level, where there are a bar and some tables, one may dine from four-thirty to ten, while listening to guitarist Tanden Hayes and pianist Kal Anthony, who alternate between five and ten, except Saturdays and Sundays. On the spacious lower level, reached by escalator, there is another bar, more tables, and a space on which one may dance to recordings from ten until closing every night but Monday. One may also sup (same hours) under light bulbs that simulate candle flames.

Hippopotamus, 154 E. 54th St. (486-1566)—Animal heads on the walls, and Anglo-Indian mementos all over the place. The *real* mood is oh-how-chic, and since chic is a social variable, the point remains moot. Dancing to 45s from nine-thirty until four. An ample menu. Reservations are needed for dining.

Shepheard's, in the Drake Hotel, Park Ave. at 56th St. (HA 1-0900)—Nilotic and pleasantly sybaritic, but given to live entertainment of a sort that brings forth visions of some over-merchandised American pie. Three times nightly, there is a spangly floor show. Between sets—and earlier, beginning at five—people dance to discs. Substantial dining. Closed Sundays.

Thursday's, 57 W. 58th St. (371-7777)—A well-patronized house of pleasure whose two restaurant floors offer soft carpets, a gleaming brass bar, a more subdued bar, and a dance deck that appears to float between floors I and II. Dancing to tapes all afternoon and all evening, ending around three. A fairly complete menu.

CABARETS

(No dancing, and no formal dining, either, unless indicated.)

Dangerfield's, 1118 First Ave., at 61st St. (593-1650)—Rodney Dangerfield's home base. His non-pattern (and sometimes nonpareil) patter is rough and ready, and it happens to be really funny. Nourishment at all hours. Closed Sundays.

Downstairs at the Upstairs, 37 W. 56th St. (JU 2-1244)—Jimmie Walker does the narration here; the song is the work of Jill Corey. On Monday, Nov. 13, they will be succeeded by singer Chris Connor. Closed Sundays.

Improvisation, 358 W. 44th St. (765-8268)—Tryouts for new wits and singers in an establishment that is nothing if not informal. Closed Sundays.

Mercer Arts Center, 240 Mercer St., at W. 3rd St. (673-3937)—In the Blue Room Cabaret, on the second floor of this theatre complex, a variety of eager young performers do some urgent playing and singing. Nine to one each night.

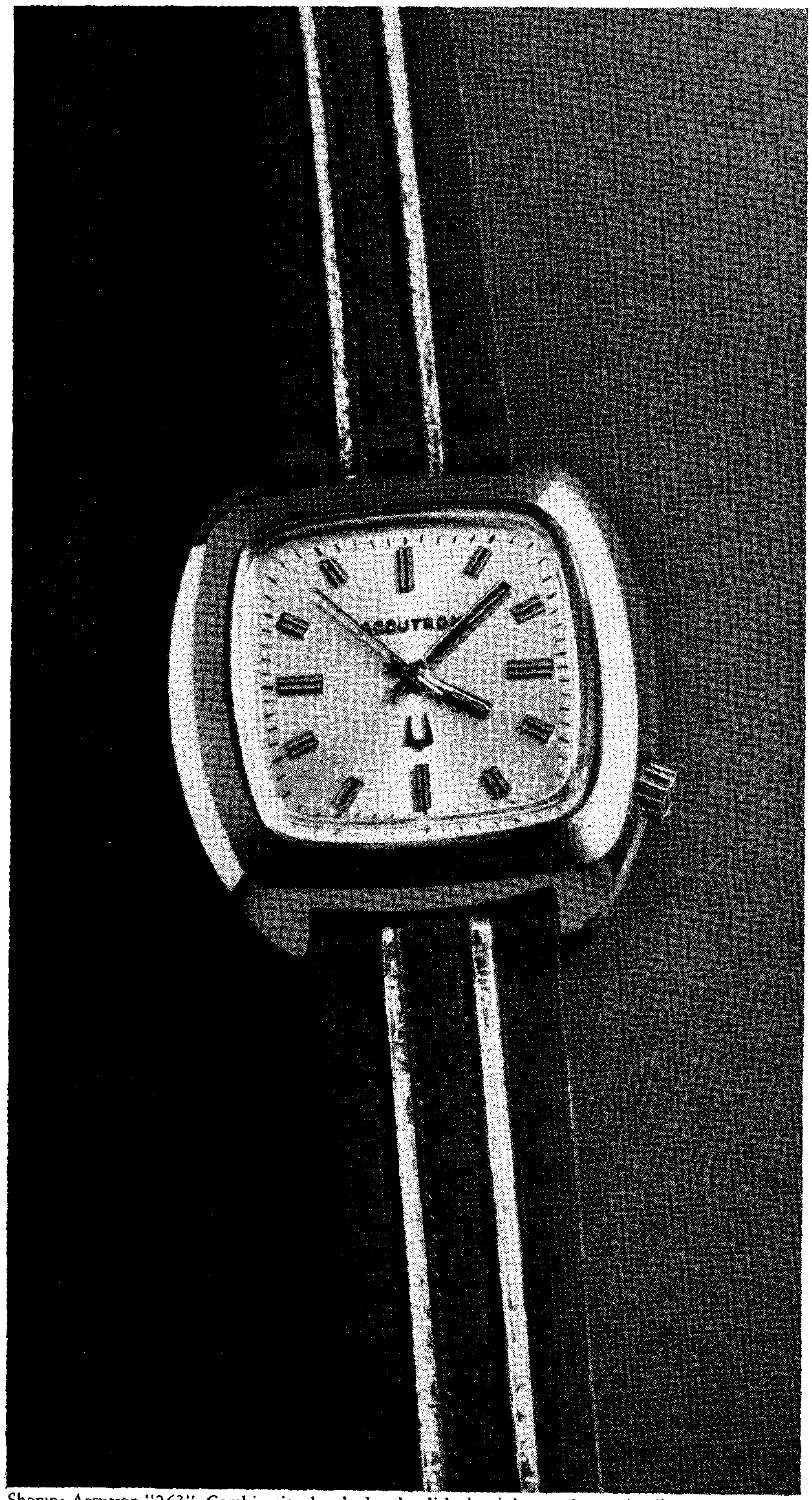
Upstairs at the Downstairs, 37 W. 56th St. (JU 2-1244)—"Let Yourself Go," a new portmanteau revue, is on view at nine and eleven every night but Sunday.

BIG DEALS

(Dinner and supper, music, and all that.)

Alpine Cellar, in the Hotel McAlpin, Broadway at 34th St. (PE 6-5700)—A Bavarian Brauerei, thinly disguised as an operetta: merry villagers, dancers, singers, brassbandsmen, on permanent and powerful duty

HAVE YOU BEEN LIVING ON BORROWED TIME?



With a dishonest watch you go around begging people for the time.

Trying to spot a clock.

And getting dirty looks from the lady sitting next to you, when you were only trying to see her wrist.

But with an Accutron® watch you mind your own business.

It doesn't have a mainspring or a balance wheel that can make ordinary watches fast or slow.

It has a tuning fork movement that's guaranteed honest to within a minute a month.*

So never again will you have to beg anyone for the time.

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And though you may still get dirty looks from the lady sitting next to you, it won't be for staring at her wrist.

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

from seven to one. The provender is garnished with red cabbage and draft beer. Closed Sundays and Mondays.

Americana, Seventh Ave. at 52nd St. (581-1000)—At dinner and supper, the **royal box** is presenting a musical revue called "Catch a Rising Star," with a cast of twenty young performers. Dancing to the Charles Peterson orchestra and the Peppi Morreale trio. Closed Sundays and Mondays.

Château Madrid, Lexington Ave. at 48th St. (752-8080)—Los Muchachos de San Juan bound onstage to sing and dance for both dinner and supper; they are counterbalanced by Spanish singer Nati Mistral. On Thursday, Nov. 9, Puerto Rican singer Yolanda Monge will replace Miss Mistral. Dancing Tuesdays through Saturdays from seven-thirty and Sundays from four. Closed Mondays. . . . ¶ In the adjoining **flamenco room,** a minute theatre-in-the-round, there occur (well along in the evening) outbursts of Andalusian foot-and-mouth exercises by a fivesome operating barely inches from one's face. Closed Mondays.

Copacabana, 10 E. 60th St. (758-0900)—Pat Cooper is doing the talking, Bobby Rydell is doing the singing. Closed Mondays. . . . ¶ In the ground-floor lounge, one can still evoke the illusion that he is in typical, tropical, topical Las Vegas surroundings. The music begins at ten. Closed Mondays.

Pierre, Fifth Ave. at 61st St. (838-8000)—In **la forêt,** where every prospect pleases, the dance music during the dinner hours issues from Mark Monte's orchestra, while the supper hours are devoted to a London-style discothèque. Closed Sundays and Mondays. . . . ¶ The **café** has a seven-day week, with Phil Wayne's dance crew calling the tunes Tuesdays through Saturdays, and Herb Winner's threesome on Sundays and Mondays.

Plaza, Fifth Ave. at 59th St. (PL 9-3000)—This year, the **persian room** is serving as a showcase for new musical groups. A music-and-comedy team called Mickey & Larry & the Exciters is on deck at the moment. The Troubadors will commence on Monday, Nov. 13. The schedule is Mondays through Thursdays at nine and eleven, and Fridays and Saturdays at nine, ten-thirty, and midnight. Dancing. Closed Sundays. . . . ¶ Sig and Gary, a brace of strolling musicians, disport themselves in the **green tulip** from five to ten. Discothèque dancing from ten until one. No music Sundays. . . . ¶ In the **palm court,** violin-and-piano music susurrates from four-thirty to six-thirty every day, and from eight until midnight Mondays through Thursdays, and from nine until one Fridays and Saturdays.

Rainbow Grill, 30 Rockefeller Plaza. (PL 7-8970)—Like a tea-tray in the sky. Bernie Allen and Steve Rossi are heading a revue, which makes nightly visitations at dinner and supper. Dancing to music provided by a tape measure, from eight o'clock on. Closed Sundays.

St. Regis-Sheraton, Fifth Ave. at 55th St. (PL 3-4500)—The power plant built out of a grand piano by the febrile fingers of Erroll Garner will cease its dinner and supper sessions in the **maisonette** on Saturday, Nov. 11. On Monday, Nov. 13, Ed McMahon will zoom in from videoland to present a musical-comedy show. The orchestra of Burt Farber and the trio of Anthony Terini are the tireless dance musicians. Closed Sundays. . . . **la boite russe,** the across-the-way peace haven, simmers ever so quietly to the violin of Jani Sarkozi during dinner and supper every night but Monday. The menu is Russian. . . . ¶ Mabel Mercer, ombudswoman to all who have ever played at love, is singing—with both rue and wry humor—for them and for the rest of us in the **st. regis room** from nine every night but Sunday and Monday. She is assisted by the piano of Jimmy Lyon.

Waldorf-Astoria, Park Ave. at 49th St. (EL 5-3000)—In the **empire room,** Johnny Mathis is exercising his introspective, other-worldly, compelling voice during dinner and supper. Dance music by the Charles Turecamo orchestra and the Felipe Yanez trio. Closed Sundays.

SMALL AND BOUNCY

(Dining, but no dancing, except as indicated.)

café carlyle, Madison Ave. at 76th St. (RH 4-1600): In this seat of the mighty, the songs

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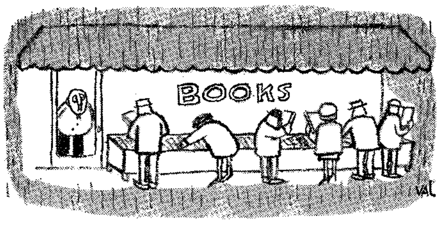
of Bobby Short lead rewardingly down one well-appointed primrose path after another. Following in his merry footsteps are his two great sidemen—Beverly Peer and Dick Sheridan. Closed Sundays and Mondays. . . . **duncan's,** 303 E. 53rd St. (838-6154): Leisurely evenings, during which Bill Halsey's high-level pianistics can soothe or scintillate, depending on the jazz, blues, or show tunes he is embellishing. With Leonard Gaskin on bass, he plays Mondays through Saturdays from eight-thirty to two. . . . **dionysos,** 304 E. 48th St. (758-8240): Right in the lap of the well-known and ever-popular god, and a great place to watch the sun come up behind Mount Olympus. The long watch is eased by Athenian cuisine, Athenian song, Athenian dance music, Athenian glee, and a dollop of American rock. Closed Sundays. . . . **adonis,** 1230 Second Ave., at 64th St. (249-2773): A terraced villa up in the hills around Athens (in Kifisia, say), the climate cool but sunny—just right for dancing in the streets. This is carried on by the villagers themselves (visitors may, and do, join in), to music that pops like champagne corks. The music, sometimes larded with song, goes from eight-thirty until four. Closed Sundays. . . . **chez vito,** 36 E. 60th St. (PL 5-2025): The tune is carried by the perpetual fiddlers three who constitute the local standing army, as well as by the foursome of choristers (Leyna Gabriele, prop., included) who operate on the theory that there's no operetta like a good old one. From dinner until two. Closed Sundays. . . . **a quiet little table in the corner,** belowdecks in the Executive Hotel, 237 Madison Ave., at 37th St. (685-7160): A nineteenth hole—not in the pavement, though, but under it. There's piano Tuesdays through Saturdays from cocktails until whenever. (After nine-thirty, it's by Charlie La Torella.) . . . **mykonos,** 349 W. 46th St. (265-1590): The celebrated Aegean island, kept vibrant during the evening by a foursome that cannot be long out of Athens. Dancing. Closed Sundays. . . . **asti,** 13 E. 12th St. (AL 5-9773): The visitor who arrives unaware soon discovers that the restaurant is really a *schola cantorum*, operatic division, for every man-jack of the staff. Closed Mondays. . . . **la chansonnette,** 890 Second Ave., at 47th St. (PL 2-7320): Rita Dimitri, who lives in, perches herself on top of a baby grand in the middle of the dinner and supper hours and chirrups the Bal Tabarin songs she's so fond of. Mild dance music starts rustling at eight. Closed Sundays and Mondays. . . . **paul revere's tavern,** in the Lexington Hotel, Lexington Ave. at 48th St. (PL 1-1776): A Colonial-American room in which both the music and the food are Hibernian. Arnold Elder and Brandon Sheridan sing ballads Mondays through Saturdays. Tuesdays through Thursdays, balladeers Paddy Noonan and Martin Flinn join in. Music Mondays through Thursdays from seven to midnight and Fridays and Saturdays from eight to one.

SMALL AND SERENE

(Dining, but no dancing, except as indicated.)

iperbole, 137 E. 55th St. (759-9720): There is no exaggeration in the name of this museum of modern art, the handiwork of Armando Mei, a restaurateur of distinction. The leisure class in dining is supplemented by a seven-until-one recitation of guitar and song by Gino Toscano. Closed Sundays. . . . **roma di notte,** 137 E. 55th St. (832-1128): On a lower deck of Iperbole, and one that is distinctly not steerage, the Three Romans, a dance triad, inhabits a pleasurable Roman grotto from seven-thirty to one-thirty. Closed Sundays. . . . **château henri iv,** 37 E. 64th St. (RE 7-8818): A playhouse big enough for life-size knights in armor (a few are on duty every evening) and their ladies, not to mention a life-size kitchen and bar. The principal knight-errant is George Cardini, who plies a violin. His week runs Tuesday through Saturday, and the fine-arts piano of Herman Arminski follows him wherever he goes. Piano a cappella on Mondays, nothing at all on Sundays. The *voci* in the bar are sometimes too *vive*, but the restaurant is always *piano*. . . . **drake room,** 71 E. 56th St. (HA 1-0900): The old reliable. The piano of Dick Hankinson is audible most of the time between six and one. Sundays, someone or other fills in for him. . . . **sherry-netherland,** Fifth Ave. at 59th St. (EL 5-2800): A proper perspective on life after dark is afforded by the bar-and-grill, where one's prandial career is ad-lib and at-leisure. Beau Bergersen plays piano Tuesdays through Saturdays, from five to nine and ten to one. . . . **camel driver,** 72 E. 56th St. (980-3860): Candlelight and memorable melodies, the piano being manned by Marty Berns from seven to two. Closed Saturdays and Sundays. . . . **the griffin,** 313 E. 46th St. (371-4542): A most mannerly household, whose evening hours are assigned to a devout contemplation of (1) what's good to eat (French, often) and (2) what's good to listen to (the piano of Gene Bradley from seven-thirty to eleven-thirty). Closed Sundays. . . . **la bibliothèque,** 341 E. 43rd St. (689-5444): A hospice at the top of the stairs that lead from far-below First Avenue, and therefore a scenic delight. Tables, a bar, a casual way of life, and (on piano) Norman Rollings, a casual librarian. A lot more fun than F.B.I. in the Library. Eight to one during the week, nine to two on Fridays and Saturdays. Closed Sundays. . . . **jack delaney,** 72 Grove St. (AL 5-7905): Those-were-the-days and all that, relived (and not vicariously, either) by a brace of pianists (Charles De Forest, Mondays and Tuesdays; Murray Grand all the rest of the time) who were on hand when night life ended with the dawn patrol. . . . **carlton bar-restaurant,** in the Carlton House, Madison Ave. at 61st St. (838-3000): The embassy for a small, indeterminate, but quite pleasant nation. The diplomatic corps is headed by Ray Hartley, whose piano has a new-wine-in-new-bottles effervescence. Four-thirty to ten-thirty, except for Saturdays and Sundays. . . . **monsignore,** 61 E. 55th St. (EL 5-2070): Sort of a Roman den of propinquity, with a fair amount of table-hopping by both guests and a set of prowling instrumentalists. Closed Sundays. . . . **rembrandt room,** in the Stanhope Hotel, Fifth Ave. at 81st St. (BU 8-5800): As handsome as a townhouse can possibly be, and as formal. George Feyer, last of the Hapsburgs, gives his piano (and occasional lyrics) the flavor that has always been a secret ingredient of Vienna. No sound on Sundays or Mondays. . . . **barclay hotel,** 111 E. 48th St. (PL 5-5900): A brace of Lester Lanin's boys go plink-plink on the Barclay Terrace during the cocktail session, in the King's Inn from seven to nine, and in the Gold Room from nine to eleven. Monday through Friday is the extent of this pleasant idea. . . . **lair,** 1315 Second Ave., at 69th St. (472-0163): A medieval resting place in which Larry Oleno charms the figures out of their niches Tuesdays through Saturdays from nine until midnight. Calm voice, confident piano. . . . **nirvana,** penthouse of 30 Central Park S. (288-9097): The view alone approximates Nirvana, but there is more: the sitar of Arooj Lazewal, the drums and tabla of Badal Roy, and Bangladesh cuisine. Music every night but Monday from seven-thirty to eleven-thirty.



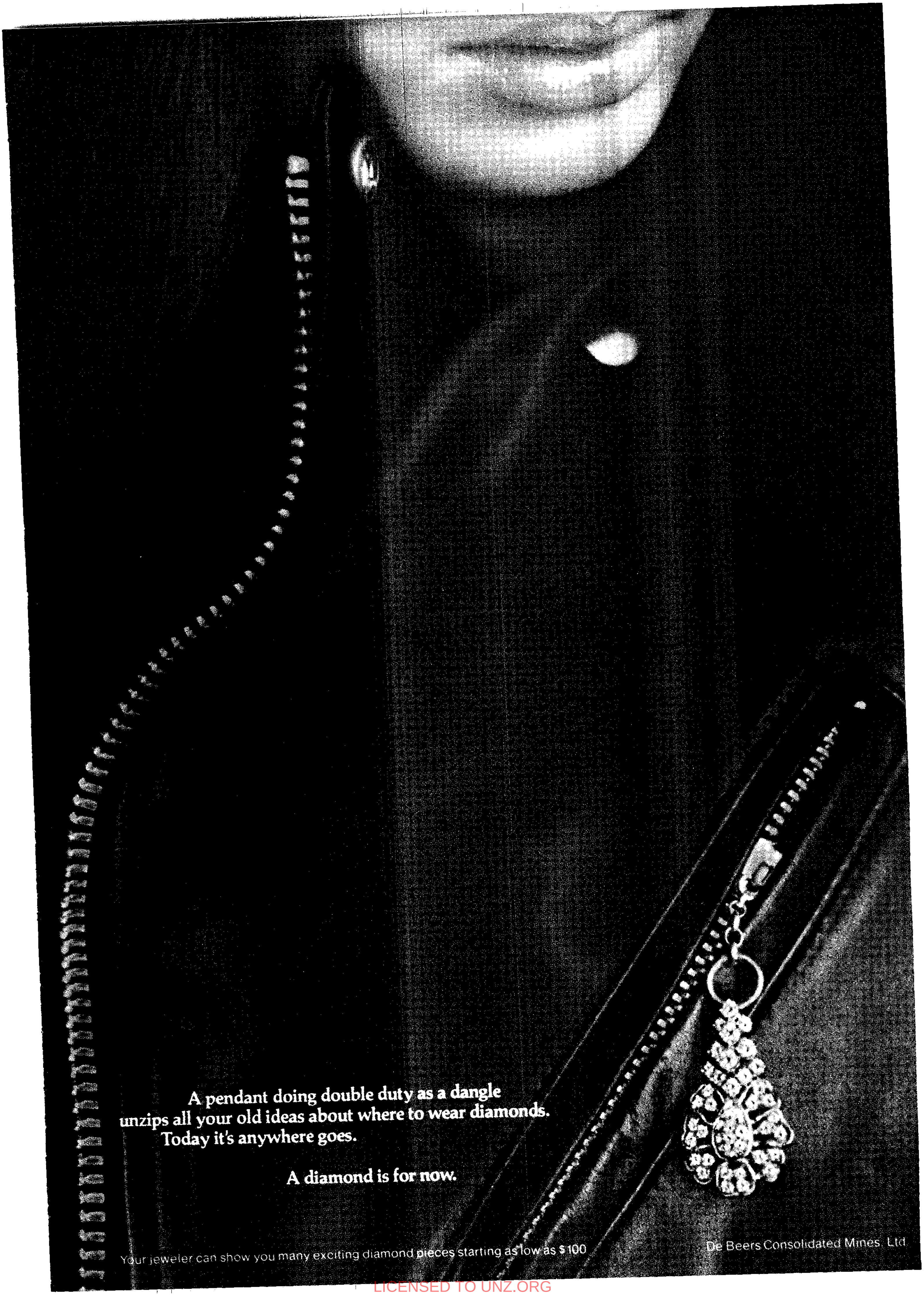
ART

(Unless otherwise noted, galleries are open weekdays from around 10 or 11 to between 5 and 6.)

GALLERIES

Roberta Allen—Hanging sculptures made of vinyl tubing; through Saturday, Nov. 11. (Gallery at 210, 210 Fifth Ave., at 26th St. Thursdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5.)

Peggy Bacon—Mostly watercolors and ink drawings of New England subjects in a hu-



A pendant doing double duty as a dangle
unzips all your old ideas about where to wear diamonds.
Today it's anywhere goes.

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Your jeweler can show you many exciting diamond pieces starting as low as $100

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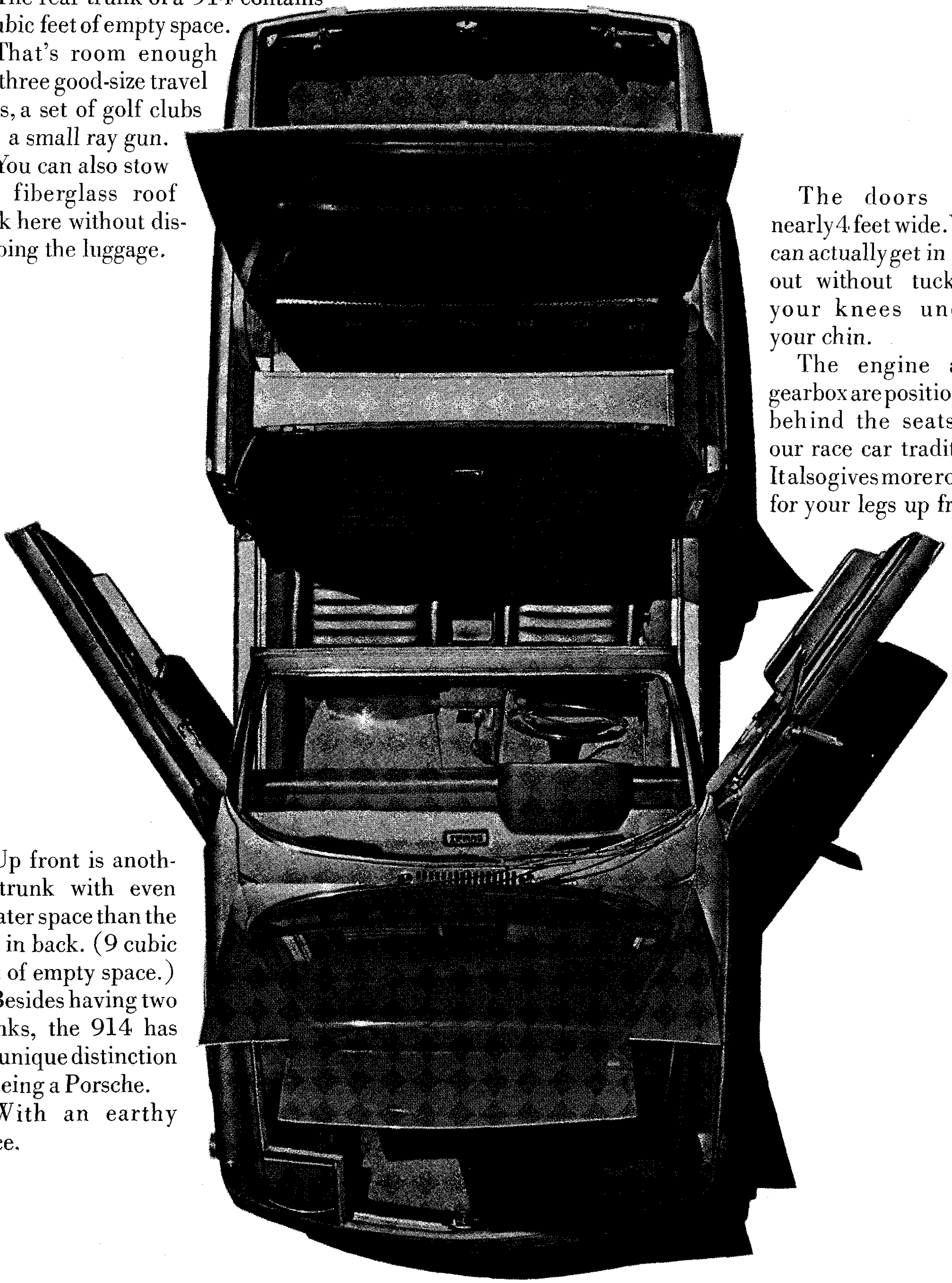
The rear trunk of a 914 contains 7 cubic feet of empty space.

That's room enough for three good-size travel bags, a set of golf clubs and a small ray gun.

You can also stow the fiberglass roof back here without disturbing the luggage.



The doors are nearly 4 feet wide. You can actually get in and out without tucking your knees under your chin.

The engine and gearbox are positioned behind the seats in our race car tradition. It also gives more room for your legs up front.

Up front is another trunk with even greater space than the one in back. (9 cubic feet of empty space.)

Besides having two trunks, the 914 has the unique distinction of being a Porsche.

With an earthy price.

The Space Porsche

morous vein; starting Monday, Nov. 13. (Kraushaar, 1055 Madison Ave., at 80th St.)

Malcolm Bailey—Enamel-on-Plexiglas paintings of expanses of color with silhouetted portions of the human figure along the borders; through Nov. 30. (Zierler, 956 Madison Ave., at 75th St. Closed Mondays.)

Margit Beck—Mathematically composed landscapes as seen from the air; through Nov. 30. (Babcock, 805 Madison Ave., at 68th St. Closed Mondays.)

Fletcher Benton—Kinetic abstract sculptures of steel and plastic; through Nov. 25. (Danenberg, 1020 Madison Ave., at 79th St. Closed Mondays.)

Bob Berlind—Magnified heads and spruce trees; through Thursday, Nov. 16. (Green Mountain, 135 Greene St. Daily, except Mondays, noon to 6.)

Albert Bierstadt (1830-1902)—Paintings by this American landscapist; through Nov. 25. (Lewison, 30 E. 60th St. Closed Mondays; closes Saturdays at 4:30.)

Ronald Bladen—Black plywood models for outdoor sculptures, plus related drawings; through Nov. 29. (Fischbach, 29 W. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

Joe Brainard—New drawings that include portraits and Pop images; through Nov. 21. (Visual Arts, 209 E. 23rd St. Mondays through Thursdays, 10 to 9; Fridays, 10 to 4.)

Herman Braun—Versions of Ingres's "Le Bain Turque;" through Nov. 25. (Lerner-Heller, 789 Madison Ave., at 67th St. Closed Mondays.)

Martin Bressler / Mary Miss—Paintings of a motif based on chicken wire. / Wood and cardboard constructions. (55 Mercer Street. Through Nov. 22. Tuesdays through Saturdays, 1 to 6.)

James Brooks—Paintings by a prominent Abstract Expressionist; through Dec. 16. (Jackson, 32 E. 69th St. Closed Mondays.)

Harold Bruder—Paintings of Jerusalem, landscapes, and symbolic figures; starting Saturday, Nov. 11. (Forum, 1018 Madison Ave., at 79th St.)

Andrea Cascella—Interlocking curved forms in marble and granite; through Nov. 25. (Parsons, 24 W. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

Christo—Documents, drawings, and photographs relating to his Valley Curtain in Rifle, Colorado; through Thursday, Nov. 16. (Frumkin, 41 E. 57th St. Closed Saturday mornings.)

Minna Citron—Drawings, prints, and constructions, going back to the thirties, on the theme of women in society; starting Saturday, Nov. 11. (Pratt Institute Manhattan Center, 46 Park Ave., at 37th St. Mondays through Fridays, 10 to 7; Saturdays, noon to 4.)

Don David—Drawings, most of them in pencil and wash, which combine natural and geometric forms; through Nov. 22. (Alonzo, 26 E. 63rd St. Closed Mondays.)

Willem de Kooning—Paintings from the fifties and sixties; through Saturday, Nov. 11. (Stone, 48 E. 86th St.)

Agnes Denes / Susan Lewis Williams—Self-styled "investigations" of art. / Plastic sculptures, some employing air or newspapers. (A.I.R., 97 Wooster St. Through Wednesday, Nov. 15. Closed Mondays.)

Jean Dewasne—Paintings of interlocking forms in strong colors; through Dec. 2. (Lefebre, 47 E. 77th St. Closed Mondays.)

Edwin Dickinson—Canvases and drawings by this dean of American figure painters; through Saturday, Nov. 18. (Graham, second floor, 1014 Madison Ave., at 78th St. Closed Mondays.)

Burgoyne Diller (1906-1965)—Paintings and collages by this leading American Constructivist; through Nov. 30. (Goldowsky, 1078 Madison Ave., at 81st St. Closed Mondays.)

Alexander Dobkin—Graphics from 1932 to the present; starting Monday, Nov. 13. (Feiden, 51 E. 10th St. Weekdays, 11 to 7.)

Jean Dubuffet—Paintings of cows done in 1954 in a show that will run concurrently with one at the Museum of Modern Art; through Saturday, Nov. 11. (Hahn, 960 Madison Ave., at 75th St.)

Bob Duran—Transparent abstract forms; through Thursday, Nov. 16. (Bykert, 24 E. 81st St. Closed Mondays.)

Herbert Ferber—New sculptures in copper and welded steel; starting Saturday, Nov. 11. (Emmerich, 41 E. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

Maud Gatewood—Abstracted landscapes with backgrounds in low relief; first one-man show here. Through Nov. 25. (Willard, 29 E. 72nd St. Closed Mondays.)

Robert Goodnough—Paintings that make use of cutouts of painted canvas by this veteran New York artist; through Friday, Nov. 17. (Lubin House, 11 E. 61st St. Closed Saturdays.)

Arshile Gorky (1904-48)—Paintings and drawings; starting Tuesday, Nov. 14. (Stone, 48 E. 86th St. Closed Mondays.)

Adolph Gottlieb—Paintings from 1970 to 1972 by this Abstract Expressionist; starting Saturday, Nov. 11. (Marlborough, 41 E. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

Dorothea Greenbaum—Seventy sculptures and reliefs of heads, figures, and animals in various mediums, such as bronze, stone, and hammered lead; through Saturday, Nov. 18. (Sculpture Center, 167 E. 69th St. Closed Mondays.)

Walter Gropius (1883-1969)—Scale models, color slides, and more than two hundred photographic panels representing some of the Bauhaus founder's projects, including the Bauhaus building itself, the Graduate Center of Harvard University, and the Pan Am Building; through Wednesday, Nov. 15. (International Affairs Building, Columbia University, Amsterdam Ave. at 118th St. Mondays through Thursdays, 8 A.M. to 11 P.M.; Fridays, 8 A.M. to 9 P.M.; Saturdays, 10 to 6.)

John Hartell—Landscapes and figure paintings; through Saturday, Nov. 11. (Kraushaar, 1055 Madison Ave., at 80th St.)

James Herbert—Six two-panel Expressionist figure paintings; through Nov. 25. (Poindexter, 24 E. 84th St. Closed Mondays.)

Hans Hofmann (1880-1966)—About twenty works on paper in a show that is running concurrently with one at the Metropolitan Museum; through Thursday, Nov. 16. (Emmerich, 41 E. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

Tom Holland—Abstract paintings with a slight metallic quality; starting Saturday, Nov. 11. (Rubin, 49 W. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

Serge Hollerbach—Paintings of contemporary scenes in New York; starting Saturday, Nov. 11. (Kuhlik, 23 E. 67th St. Closed Mondays.)

Ian Hornak—Realistic landscapes and portraits; through Nov. 23. (De Nagy, 29 W. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

Guy Johnson—Paintings of fantasies in a realistic manner; starting Saturday, Nov. 11. (Hundred Acres, 456 West Broadway. Closed Mondays.)

Wolf Kahn—Fifteen landscapes in oil by this well-known New Yorker; through Nov. 25. (Borgenicht, 1018 Madison Ave., at 79th St. Closed Mondays.)

Leon Kelly—Still-lifes and allegories done from 1955 to 1970; through Dec. 3. (Iolas, 15 E. 55th St. Closed Mondays.)

Rockwell Kent (1882-1971)—More than two hundred drawings, including illustrations, done from 1900 through the nineteen-sixties; through Nov. 25. (Larcada, 23 E. 67th St. Closed Mondays.)

Betty Klavun—Large abstract sculptures, plus models, in metal, paper, and wood; through Nov. 30. (Bertha Schaefer, 41 E. 57th St.)

Fritz Koenig—Metal sculptures, many with the motif of the sphere; through Saturday, Nov. 11. (Staempfli, 47 E. 77th St.)

George Kuehn—Constructions for indoors and outdoors of wood, chain, and pipe; starting Saturday, Nov. 11. (Cooper, 100 Prince St. Closed Mondays.)

Jan Lebenstein—Expressionist compositions of figures, mostly nude, by a Polish artist who resides in Paris; starting Tuesday, Nov. 14. (Bodley, 787 Madison Ave., at 67th St.)

Mon Levinson—Abstract wall sculptures in cast acrylic lighted to stress shadow formations; starting Saturday, Nov. 11. (Kornblee, 58 E. 79th St. Closed Mondays.)

Jeffrey Lew—Sculptures in various mediums, such as metal, plastic, and rock; starting Saturday, Nov. 11. (112 Greene Street.)

Stanton Macdonald-Wright—Paintings, woodblock prints, and lithographs produced during the past eight years by this pioneer American

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abstractionist, through Dec. 1. (Suzuki Graphics, 797 Madison Ave., at 67th St. Closed Mondays.)

Heinz Mack—Multimedia constructions, some motorized; through Saturday, Nov. 18. (René, 6 W. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

Joan Miró—Fifty-eight paintings and pastels emphasizing particular developments in his career over the past fifty years, in a show that is running concurrently with the one at the Guggenheim Museum; through Saturday, Nov. 18. (Acquavella, 18 E. 79th St.)

Amedeo Modigliani (1884-1920)—Six oils, four gouaches, seventeen drawings, and one stone sculpture; starting Tuesday, Nov. 14. (Perls, 1016 Madison Ave., at 78th St.)

Louise Nevelson—Complex "box" sculptures in black wood, also paper collages; through Nov. 29. (Pace, 32 E. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

Jerry Okimoto—Painted geometric forms within shaped canvas backgrounds; through Saturday, Nov. 18. (Krasner, 1061 Madison Ave., at 81st St. Closed Mondays.)

Anthony Padovano / Irwin Touster—Geometric sculptures in bronze, steel, and concrete. / Figures, interiors, and landscapes done in monotype. (Graham, third floor, 1014 Madison Ave., at 78th St. Through Saturday, Nov. 11.)

Waldo Peirce (1884-1970)—A memorial exhibition consisting of paintings done during the last twenty years of the artist's life; through Saturday, Nov. 18. (Midtown, 11 E. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

Ogden Pleissner—Paintings of Europe and New England; starting Tuesday, Nov. 14. (Hirschl & Adler, 21 E. 67th St.)

William David Ridenhour—Lyrical abstractions on paper mounted on canvas; through Nov. 30. (Elkon, 1063 Madison Ave., at 80th St. Closed Mondays.)

Shay Rieger—Fourteen bronze animal and bird outdoor sculptures; through Saturday, Nov. 18. (Shepherd, 21 E. 84th St. Closed Mondays.)

Fritz Scholder—Paintings with American Indian subjects by a leading Indian artist; through Saturday, Nov. 18. (Cordier & Ekstrom, 980 Madison Ave., at 76th St. Closed Mondays.)

Charles Schucker—Abstract paintings that emphasize color; starting Saturday, Nov. 11. (Hutchinson, 127 Greene St., at W. Houston St. Closed Mondays.)

Shalom of Safed—Biblical paintings by a widely circulated Israeli primitive; through Saturday, Nov. 11. (Ault, 25 E. 77th St.)

Babe Shapiro—Abstract paintings concerned with a doubled image; through Nov. 22. (Sachs, 29 W. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

M. Warner Siegel—Sculptures based on molds from live models; through Thursday, Nov. 16. (Spectrum, 464 West Broadway. Closed Mondays.)

Niles Spencer (1893-1952)—Drawings covering the development of this Precisionist painter, plus works from the artist's collection by, for instance, Davis, Kuhn, and Kuniyoshi; through Nov. 25. (Washburn, 820 Madison Ave., at 68th St. Closed Mondays.)

Sylvia Stone—Freestanding geometric sculptures in plastic; through Thursday, Nov. 16. (Emmerich, 41 E. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

John Storrs (1885-1956)—Drawings and prints by this Chicago-born sculptor who studied with Rodin and later worked in Cubist-derived styles; through Nov. 30. (Schoelkopf, 825 Madison Ave., at 69th St.)

Anthony Toney—Semi-abstract landscape and figure paintings in brilliant colors; through Saturday, Nov. 11. (ACA, 25 E. 73rd St.)

Harold Tovish—Lithographic studies of the human head and abstract lithographs, as well as ink drawings related to the artist's sculptures; through Saturday, Nov. 18. (Dintenfass, 18 E. 67th St. Closed Mondays.)

Maurice Utrillo (1883-1955)—Oils, watercolors, gouaches, and drawings dating from 1914 to 1940; through Dec. 2. (Wally F. Galleries, 17 E. 57th St.)

Vivienne Wechter—Expressionist paintings incorporating poems by the artist; through Saturday, Nov. 11. (Bodley, 787 Madison Ave., at 67th St.)

Tom Wesselmann—Paintings continuing this artist's studies of the American nude, also still-lifes; through Dec. 1. (Janis, 6 W. 57th St.)

John Wilde—Whimsical conceptions of family life; through Wednesday, Nov. 15. (Nordness, 236 E. 75th St. Closed Mondays.)

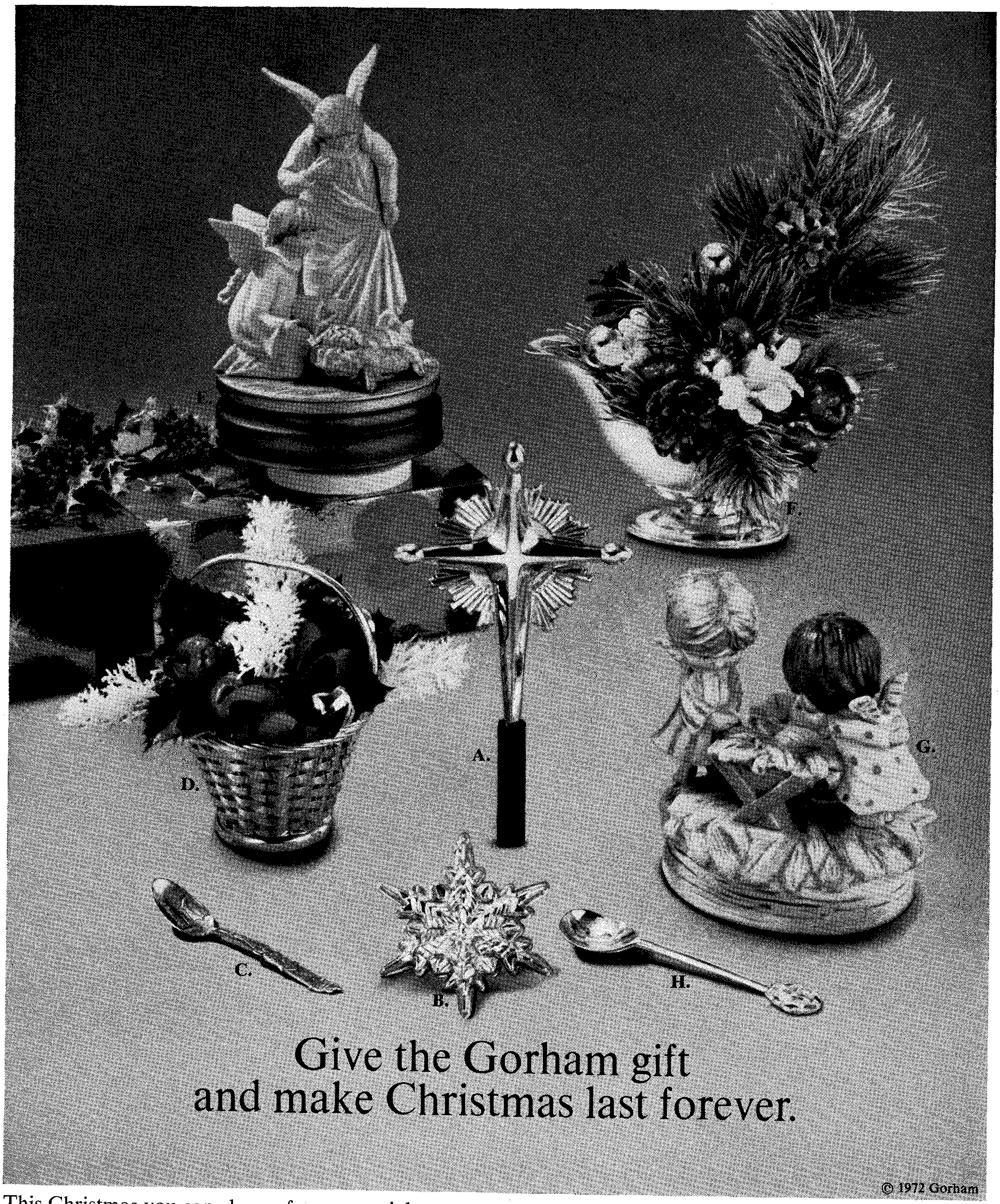
Group Shows—At the **Austrian Institute**, 11 E. 52nd St.: Representative drawings, with a tendency toward fantasy, by eight Austrian contemporaries; through Friday, Nov. 17. (Closed Saturdays.) . . . **La Boetie**, 9 E. 82nd St.: Recent acquisitions of works by Avery, Cornell, Dali, Ernst, Feininger, Klee, Schiele, and others; through Dec. 2. (Closed Mondays.) . . . **Danenberg**, 1020 Madison Ave., at 79th St.: Paintings and sculptures from a private collection by Avery, de Creeft, Grosz, and the Soyers, for example; through Saturday, Nov. 11. . . . **Hutton**, 967 Madison Ave., at 75th St.: Masters of German Expressionism, such as Kandinsky, Jawlensky, Marc, Macke, and Kirchner; through Feb. 28. (Closed Mondays.) . . . **Knoedler**, 21 E. 70th St.: Murals and monumental works by Bonnard, Dali, Dufy, Ozenfant, Picasso, Rosenquist, and Stella; through Saturday, Nov. 18. . . . **Loeb Student Center**, Washington Sq. S. and LaGuardia Pl.: Paintings and sculptures by about thirty members of The American Abstract Artists, among them Bolotowsky, Pearson, Rabkin, and Alice Adams; through Nov. 22. (Weekdays, 8 A.M. to 10 P.M.) . . . **New School**, 65 Fifth Ave., at 14th St.: A hundred sculptures, paintings, drawings, and prints devoted to humor, satire, and irony by such artists as Bombois, Botero, Red Grooms, William King, Klee, Magritte, Picasso, and Saul Steinberg; through Dec. 19. (Mondays through Thursdays, 1 to 8; Fridays and Saturdays, 10 to 5.) . . . **Saidenberg**, 1037 Madison Ave., at 79th St.: Oils, watercolors, and drawings by Léger, Masson, and Picasso; through Nov. 30. (Closed Mondays.) . . . **Spanish Institute**, 684 Park Ave., at 69th St.: Replicas of the prehistoric Spanish cave paintings and drawings; through Nov. 30. (Tuesdays through Saturdays, noon to 6.) . . . **Westbroadway**, 431 West Broadway: Paintings, constructions, and collages by Francis Celentano, Jacqueline Freedman, and Arlene Sklar-Weinstein; through Nov. 24. (Closed Mondays.) . . . **Weyhe**, 794 Lexington Ave., at 61st St.: Drawings of the twenties and thirties by Rockwell Kent, Gaston Lachaise, Peggy Bacon, and others; through Saturday, Nov. 11. . . . **Wildenstein**, 19 E. 64th St.: A benefit exhibit of Impressionist and Post-Impressionist masters, including Manet, Monet, Renoir, Cézanne, Gauguin, van Gogh, and Bonnard; through Dec. 9.

MUSEUMS AND LIBRARIES

Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave., at 82nd St.—Forty works by Whistler—oils, selections from a scrapbook, watercolors, drawings, lithographs, and woodcuts; through Dec. 26. . . . ¶ Nine paintings done by Hans Hofmann a few years before his death; through Nov. 26. A complement to this exhibit is the one at the Emmerich Gallery, 41 E. 57th St. (Tuesdays, 10 to 9; Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 11 to 5.)

Museum of Modern Art, 11 W. 53rd St.—Two hundred and fifty examples of African textiles and body ornaments; through Jan. 31. . . . ¶ Ninety paintings, collages, and sculptures, done in the first four decades of the twentieth century, from the Louise and Walter Arensberg and Albert Eugene Gallatin collections, now owned by the Philadelphia Museum of Art. Among them are ten sculptures by Brancusi, eleven major Picassos, and works by Léger, Matisse, Duchamp, Miró, Rousseau, and many others. Through Jan. 7. . . . ¶ Fifty drawings by Jean Dubuffet, which survey his career as a draftsman from 1944 to 1966; starting Thursday, Nov. 9. A complementary show will be at the Hahn Gallery, 960 Madison Ave., at 75th St. . . . ¶ Nine abstract paintings with graffiti-like images, which constitute the last works of Gastone Novelli (1925-68), the Italian painter-poet; starting Thursday, Nov. 9. (Weekdays, 11 to 6, and Thursday evenings until 9; Sundays, noon to 6.)

Solomon R. Guggenheim Museum, 1071 Fifth Ave., at 89th St.—Approximately sixty paintings by Joan Miró, of the nineteen-twenties and nineteen-sixties, with a less figurative emphasis; through Jan. 21. A complementary exhibit is at the Acquavella Gallery, 18 E. 79th St. . . . ¶ Works by younger artists from Amsterdam, Paris, and Düsseldorf; through Nov. 26. (Tuesdays, 10 to 9, with no admis-



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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

sion charge from 6 to 9; Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 6; Sundays, noon to 6.)

Whitney Museum, 945 Madison Ave., at 75th St.—"Frederick Law Olmsted's New York," a show focussing on the New York creations of the landscape architect who designed Central Park. With slide projections, original plans, maps, and sketches. Through Dec. 3. . . . ¶ Naïve drawings of fantasies based on travels by Joseph Yoakum, an Indian who became an artist at the age of seventy-six; through Nov. 26. (Weekdays, 11 to 6, and Tuesday evenings until 10; Sundays, noon to 6.)

Brooklyn Museum, Eastern Parkway—The permanent collection is the main show just now. (Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 11 to 5.)

American Museum of Natural History, Central Park W. at 79th St.—"Never Say Die," an exhibit devoted to the subject of five threatened North American species: the alligator, the peregrine falcon, the timber wolf, the Atlantic salmon, and the black-footed ferret. Through Nov. 30. (Weekdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

Asia House, 112 E. 64th St.—A major exhibition of ninety-eight Siamese bronze and stone sculptures and gold bas-reliefs representing a thousand years of Siamese art, all being shown in the United States for the first time; through Dec. 3. (Mondays through Fridays, 10 to 5; Saturdays, 11 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

China House, 125 E. 65th St.—Chinese landscape paintings from the eleventh century to the eighteenth, devoted to the theme of mountains and rivers, wintry forests, and old trees; through Jan. 28. (Mondays through Fridays, 10 to 5; Saturdays, 11 to 5; Sundays, 2 to 5.)

Finch College Museum of Art, 62 E. 78th St.—Over a hundred small paintings, sculptures, and graphics with a Constructivist tendency, by Gabo, Calder, Bolotovsky, Max Bill, and others; through Nov. 30. . . . ¶ A hundred and fourteen drawings done between 1893 and 1946 by Pierre Bonnard (1867-1947); through Dec. 20. (Daily, except Mondays, 1 to 5.)

Grolier Club, 47 E. 60th St.—Limited editions of books by poets, most of them French, which are illustrated by Picasso; through Dec. 13. (Mondays through Fridays, 10 to 5; Saturdays, 10 to 3.)

Jewish Museum, Fifth Ave. at 92nd St.—Paintings and watercolors by Boris Penson, a twenty-six-year-old Soviet Jewish artist now serving a ten-year prison sentence in the Soviet Union; through Nov. 26. (Mondays through Wednesdays, noon to 6; Thursdays, noon to 9; Fridays, 11 to 3; Sundays, 11 to 6.)

Library and Museum of the Performing Arts, Lincoln Center—Sketches by E. Lee Spruyt of architectural details and interior rooms of the Old Met; through Jan. 6. (Mondays through Thursdays, 10 to 9; Fridays and Saturdays, 10 to 6.)

Low Memorial Library and Butler Library, Columbia University, Broadway at 116th St.—Seventeen drawings by the poet E. E. Cummings (1894-1962), of nudes, circus performers, friends, and Paris street scenes; through Dec. 1. (Mondays through Fridays, 9 to 5.)

Morgan Library, 29 E. 36th St.—The Heineman Collection of musical manuscripts and letters by major composers (Bach, Mozart, Beethoven, and the like) and German and French books, manuscripts, and letters of the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries by Schiller, Kant, Voltaire, Balzac, and others; starting Thursday, Nov. 9. . . . ¶ Autograph letters of an intimate nature by personages in the fields of politics, art, and literature; through Dec. 30. (Weekdays, 9:30 to 5.)

Museum of Contemporary Crafts, 29 W. 53rd St.—Nearly five hundred historical and contemporary objects used in preparing food, from an antique egg separator to a microwave oven. Supplementary slides and films are shown, including the mind-boggling "French Lunch," taken in the kitchen of La Caravel restaurant. Through Jan. 1. (Weekdays, 11 to 6; Sundays, 1 to 6.)

Museum of the City of New York, Fifth Ave. at 104th St.—Over two hundred and fifty toy automobiles and accessories revealing the development in the design of the automobile as seen in its toy counterpart; through Jan. 28. (Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

National Academy of Design, 1083 Fifth Ave., at 89th St.—The fifty-ninth annual exhibit by the Allied Artists of America, comprising paintings and sculptures by members and nonmembers; through Sunday, Nov. 12. (Daily, 1 to 5.)

New-York Historical Society, 170 Central Park W., at 77th St.—A luminous aviary of four hundred and thirty-three Audubon watercolors, the collection acquired by the Society from his widow in 1863 and now being shown for the first time in its entirety. (Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, 1 to 5; Saturdays, 10 to 5.)

MUSIC

(The box-office number for the Metropolitan Opera House is 799-4420, for Philharmonic Hall TR 4-2424, for Carnegie Hall CI 7-7459, and for Alice Tully Hall 362-1911. Other box-office numbers are included in the listings.)

OPERA

Metropolitan Opera—Wednesday, Nov. 8, at 8: "Lucia di Lammermoor," with Renata Scotto, Richard Tucker, Matteo Manuguerra, and Paul Plishka; conducted by Francesco Molinari-Pradelli. . . . ¶ Thursday, Nov. 9, at 8: "Orfeo ed Euridice," with Marilyn Horne, Lilian Sukis, and Judith Blegen; Charles Mackerras. . . . ¶ Friday, Nov. 10, at 8: "La Sonnambula," with Renata Scotto, Loretta Di Franco, Enrico DiGiuseppe, and Giorgio Tozzi; Carlo Felice Cillario. . . . ¶ Saturday, Nov. 11, at 2: "Die Zauberflöte," with Adriana Maliponte, Edda Moser, Stuart Burrows, Theodor Uppman, John Macurdy, and Donald Gramm; Peter Maag. . . . ¶ Saturday, Nov. 11, at 8: "Roméo et Juliette," with Anna Moffo, Judith Forst, Franco Corelli, John Reardon, Paul Plishka, and Raymond Michalski; Alain Lombard. . . . ¶ Monday, Nov. 13, at 8: "Aida," with Gabriella Tucci, Grace Bumbry, Richard Tucker, Robert Merrill, Bonaldo Giaiotti, and James Morris; Francesco Molinari-Pradelli. . . . ¶ Tuesday, Nov. 14, at 8: "Die Zauberflöte," with Adriana Maliponte, Edda Moser, George Shirley, Theodor Uppman, John Macurdy, and Donald Gramm; Peter Maag. . . . ¶ Wednesday, Nov. 15, at 8: "La Sonnambula," with Renata Scotto, Betsy Norden, Nicolai Gedda, and Giorgio Tozzi; Carlo Felice Cillario. . . . ¶ Thursday, Nov. 16, at 8: "Don Giovanni," with Edda Moser, Teresa Zylis-Gara, Edith Mathis, Roger Soyer, Stuart Burrows, Ezio Flagello, Dominic Cossa, and James Morris; Peter Maag. . . . ¶ Friday, Nov. 17, at 7: A new production of Wagner's "Siegfried," with Birgit Nilsson, Judith Blegen, Lili Chookasian, Jess Thomas, Gerhard Stolze, Thomas Stewart, Gustav Neidlinger, and Hans Sotin; Erich Leinsdorf. (A benefit performance; for tickets, call 582-7500.). . . ¶ Saturday, Nov. 18, at 2; "Orfeo ed Euridice," with Marilyn Horne, Adriana Maliponte, and Colette Boky; Charles Mackerras. . . . ¶ Saturday, Nov. 18, at 8: "Aida," with Gabriella Tucci, Grace Bumbry, Franco Corelli, Robert Merrill, Giorgio Tozzi, and James Morris.

New York City Opera—Final performances of the season—Wednesday, Nov. 8, at 8: "Der Rosenkavalier," with Johanna Meier, Susanne Marsee, Patricia Wise, Peter Lagger, and Thomas Jamerson; conducted by Mario Bernardi. . . . ¶ Thursday, Nov. 9, at 8: "La Bohème," with Patricia Brooks, Carol Bayard, Michele Molese, and Dominic Cossa; Giuseppe Morelli. . . . ¶ Friday, Nov. 10, at 8: "Tosca," with Gilda Cruz-Romo, Herman Malamood, Edward Pierson, and Bernard Fitch; Giuseppe Morelli. . . . ¶ Saturday, Nov. 11, at 2: "Carmen," with Sylvia Anderson, Faye Robinson, Michele Molese, and John Darrenkamp; Julius Rudel. . . . ¶ Saturday, Nov. 11, at 8: "Carmen," with Ann Howard, Bianca Sauler, Harry Theyard, and Robert Hale; Julius Rudel. . . . ¶ Sunday, Nov. 12, at 1: "Madame Butterfly," with Elisabeth Carron, Deborah Kieffer, Herman Malamood, and Richard Fredricks; Giuseppe Morelli. . . . ¶ Sunday, Nov. 12, at 7: "The Marriage of Figaro" (in English), with Patricia Wise, Carol Neblett, Michael Devlin, and David Clatworthy; Charles Wilson. (New York State Theatre, Lincoln Center, TR 7-4727.)

ORCHESTRAS AND CHORUSES

New York Philharmonic—At Philharmonic Hall, Lorin Maazel conducting—Thursday, Nov. 9, at 8:30; Friday, Nov. 10, at 2; Saturday, Nov. 11, at 8:30; and Tuesday, Nov. 14, at 7:30 (no soloists); and Thursday, Nov. 16, at 8:30; Friday, Nov. 17, at 2; and Saturday, Nov. 18, at 8:30 (all with Malcolm Frager, piano).

DETROIT SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA—Sixten Ehrling conducting, with Grant Johannesen, piano. (Carnegie Hall. Friday, Nov. 10, at 8.)

MUSICA AETERNA ORCHESTRA—Frederic Waldman conducting. (Alice Tully Hall. Wednesday, Nov. 8, at 8, with Philippe Entremont, piano, and the Musica Aeterna Chorus. . . . ¶ Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 83rd St. 879-5512. Saturday, Nov. 18, at 8, and Sunday, Nov. 19, at 5:30, both with Gold and Fizdale, pianos; Hugues Cuénod, tenor; and Craig Timberlake, bass.)

MANHATTAN WIND SYMPHONY—David Simon conducting. (Borden Auditorium, Manhattan School of Music, 120 Claremont Ave., at 122nd St. Wednesday, Nov. 15, at 8. Free tickets can be had by writing and enclosing a self-addressed stamped envelope.)

NATIONAL ARTS CENTRE ORCHESTRA OF CANADA—Mario Bernardi conducting, with Anton Kuerti, piano. (Alice Tully Hall. Wednesday, Nov. 15, at 8.)

"MISSA SOLEMNIS"—Charlotte Bergen directing an orchestra and a chorus in a performance of Beethoven's Mass, with Louise Natale, soprano; Elaine Bonazzi, mezzo-soprano; Gene Bullard, tenor; Robert Oliver, bass; and David Nadien, violin. (Riverside Church, Riverside Dr. at 122nd St. Sunday, Nov. 12, at 5. No tickets necessary.)

BAROQUE MUSIC—James Loughran directing a benefit concert by fifty-five members of the New York Philharmonic and the Westminster Choir, with Jill Gomez, soprano; Jacqueline Pierce, mezzo-soprano; Leo Goeke, tenor; and Stafford Dean, bass. (Philharmonic Hall. Monday, Nov. 13, at 8.)

ORPHEON CHORALE—Dino Anagnost directing a program of choral chamber music. (Alice Tully Hall. Thursday, Nov. 16, at 8.)

RECITALS

SAMUEL LIPMAN—Piano. (Town Hall. JU 2-4536. Wednesday, Nov. 8, at 8.)

GERALD RANCK—Harpsichord, in the second of two benefit recitals presenting Bach's "The Well-Tempered Clavier." (Mannes College of Music, 157 E. 74th St. 737-0700. Wednesday, Nov. 8, at 8.)

SPECULUM MUSICAE—Chamber music. (New York Cultural Center, 2 Columbus Circle. LT 1-2311. Wednesday, Nov. 8, at 8:30.)

CAROL ROSENBERGER—Piano. (Alice Tully Hall. Thursday, Nov. 9, at 8.)

ALEXANDER SCHNEIDER, LESLIE PARNAS, AND PETER SERKIN—Violin, cello, and piano, in the second in a series of three concerts presenting the cycle of Beethoven piano trios. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 83rd St. 879-5512. Thursday, Nov. 9, at 8. All seats have been sold, and only standing room is left.)

GUARNERI QUARTET—Chamber music. (Carnegie Hall. Thursday, Nov. 9, at 8, with Gary Graffman, piano. . . . ¶ Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 83rd St. 879-5512. Friday, Nov. 17, at 8, no guest artist. All seats have been sold, and only standing room is left.)

ALICIA DE LARROCHA—Piano. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 83rd St. 879-5512. Saturday, Nov. 11, at 8.)

MURRAY PERAHIA—Piano. (Washington Irving High School, Irving Pl. at 16th St. Saturday, Nov. 11, at 8. For tickets, call GR 3-1391.)

JAMES TOCCO—Piano, in a benefit recital. (Alice Tully Hall. Saturday, Nov. 11, at 8.)

ALEXANDER SLOBODYANIK—Piano. (Philharmonic Hall. Sunday, Nov. 12, at 3.)

CHAMBER MUSIC SOCIETY OF LINCOLN CENTER—Rafael Druian, violin; Leslie Parnas, cello; Paula Robison, flute; Leonard Arner, oboe; Gervase de Peyer, clarinet; Loren Glickman, bassoon; Richard Goode, piano; and Charles Wadsworth, piano and harpsichord. (Alice Tully Hall. Sunday, Nov. 12, at 5, and Tuesday, Nov. 14, at 7:30.)

FESTIVAL OF COURT MUSIC—The first in a series of six concerts, this one a performance by the Western Wind Singers of "L'Amfiparnaso," a sixteenth-century madrigal comedy. (Carnegie Recital Hall. Monday, Nov. 13, at 8.)

NEW MUSIC BY AMERICAN COMPOSERS—A benefit concert performed by Bethany Beardslee, soprano; Robert Helps and Beveridge Web-

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ster, pianos; the Aeolian Chamber players; the Concord String Quartet; the Group for Contemporary Music; and Speculum Musicae. (Alice Tully Hall. Monday, Nov. 13, at 8.)

David Ensemble—Seven singers and instrumentalists, including Sheila Schonbrun, soprano, and Warren Wilson, piano. (Town Hall. JU 2-4536. Monday, Nov. 13, at 8:30.)

Victoria de los Angeles—Soprano. (Philharmonic Hall. Wednesday, Nov. 15, at 8.)

Sylvia Marlowe—Harpsichord, in an all-Purcell concert, with Daniel Collins, countertenor; Gerard R. Schwartz, trumpet; Gerald Tarack and Sherman Goldscheid, violin; and Judith Davidow, viola da gamba. (Carnegie Recital Hall. Wednesday, Nov. 15, at 8.)

Käbi Laretei—Piano. (Alice Tully Hall. Saturday, Nov. 18, at 8.)

Smetana Quartet—Chamber music. (Washington Irving High School, Irving Pl. at 16th St. Saturday, Nov. 18, at 8. For tickets, call GR 3-1391.)

Composers' Forum—A program of works by Marcel Goldman and Lauren Levey. (Donnell Library Auditorium, 20 W. 53rd St. Saturday, Nov. 18, at 8:30. No tickets necessary.)

MISCELLANY

An Entertainment for Elizabeth—An Elizabethan masque presented by the New York Pro Musica. The cast of twenty-seven includes singers, dancers, and instrumentalists. (Hunter College Assembly Hall, Park Ave. at 69th St. 535-5350. Thursday and Friday, Nov. 9-10, at 8.)

JAZZ/FOLK/ROCK/ETC.

Clancy Brothers—Carnegie Hall. Wednesday, Nov. 8, at 8.

Procol Harum—*With Steeleye Span and Tir Na Nog.* (Academy of Music, 126 E. 14th St. Wednesday, Nov. 8, at 8 and 11:30. For tickets, call 644-4400.)

Cat Stevens—Philharmonic Hall. Wednesday, Nov. 8, and Friday, Nov. 10, at 8.

Ry Cooder and David Bromberg—Town Hall. JU 2-4536. Friday, Nov. 10, at 8.

Latin Music Festival—Tito Puente, Mongo Santamaria, Cal Tjader, and others. (Madison Square Garden, Eighth Ave. between 31st and 33rd Sts. 564-4400. Friday, Nov. 10, at 9.)

No Gap Generation Jazz Band—Carnegie Recital Hall. Sunday, Nov. 12, at 8.

Poco—Felt Forum, Madison Square Garden. Monday and Tuesday, Nov. 13-14, at 8.

Jethro Tull—Madison Square Garden. Monday, Nov. 13, at 8.

Bill Meigs and Claudia Genteel—Singing contemporary romantic classics. (Carnegie Hall. Wednesday, Nov. 15, at 8.)

Kinks—With Mom's Apple Pie. (Felt Forum, Madison Square Garden. Wednesday and Thursday, Nov. 15-16, at 8.)

The 5th Dimension—With Paul Williams. (Carnegie Hall. Friday, Nov. 17, at 8, and Saturday, Nov. 18, at 7:30 and 10:30.)

Tom Rush—With Lindisfarne. (Philharmonic Hall. Friday, Nov. 17, at 8.)

SPORTS

(The box-office number for Madison Square Garden, Eighth Ave. between 31st and 33rd Sts., is 564-4400, and for the Nassau Coliseum, Hempstead Turnpike, Uniondale, L.I., 516 794-9100.)

Professional Basketball—At MADISON SQUARE GARDEN: Knicks vs. Atlanta, Thursday, Nov. 9, at 7:30. . . . ¶ Knicks vs. Golden State, Saturday, Nov. 11, at 8. . . . ¶ Knicks vs. Phoenix, Tuesday, Nov. 14, at 7:30. . . . ¶ Knicks vs. Houston, Thursday, Nov. 16, at 7:30. . . . ¶ Knicks vs. Milwaukee, Saturday, Nov. 18, at 8. . . . NASSAU COLISEUM: Nets vs. Carolina, Wednesday, Nov. 15, at 8:15. . . . ¶ Nets vs. San Diego, Friday, Nov. 17, at 8:15.

College Football—SATURDAY, NOV. 11: Brown vs. Cornell, at Providence, at 1:30. . . . ¶ Dartmouth vs. Columbia, at Hanover, at 1. . . . ¶ Fordham vs. Upsala, at Fordham, at 1:30. . . . ¶ Navy vs. Pittsburgh, at Annapolis, at 1:30. . . . ¶ Pennsylvania vs. Yale, at Philadelphia, at 1:30. . . . ¶ Princeton vs. Harvard, at Princeton, at 1:30. . . . ¶ Rutgers vs. Boston University, at New Brunswick, at 1:30. . . . ¶ Syracuse vs. Army, at Syracuse, at 1:30. . . . ¶ Trinity vs. Amherst, at Hartford, at 1:30. . . . ¶ Williams vs. Wesleyan, at Williamstown, at 1:30. . . . SATURDAY, NOV. 18 (all games at 1:30): Amherst vs. Williams, at Amherst. . . . ¶ Army vs. Holy Cross, at West Point. . . . ¶ Cornell vs. Dartmouth, at Ithaca. . . . ¶ Fordham vs. Seton Hall, at Fordham. . . . ¶ Harvard vs. Brown, at Cambridge. . . . ¶ Pennsylvania vs. Columbia, at Philadelphia. . . . ¶ Rutgers vs. Morgan State, in a benefit game, at New Brunswick. . . . ¶ Wesleyan vs. Trinity, at Middletown. . . . ¶ Yale vs. Princeton, at New Haven.

Professional Football—Jets vs. Buffalo Bills. (Shea Stadium. Sunday, Nov. 12, at 1.)

Hockey—At MADISON SQUARE GARDEN: Rangers vs. Vancouver, Wednesday, Nov. 8, at 7:35. . . . ¶ Rangers vs. California, Saturday, Nov. 11, at 1:35. . . . ¶ Rangers vs. Los Angeles, Sunday, Nov. 12, at 7:05. . . . ¶ Rangers vs. Philadelphia, Wednesday, Nov. 15, at 7:35. . . . ¶ Raiders vs. Quebec, Saturday, Nov. 18, at 1:30. . . . NASSAU COLISEUM: Islanders vs. Canadiens, Tuesday, Nov. 14, at 8:05. . . . ¶ Islanders vs. Boston, Saturday, Nov. 18, at 8:05.

Hunt Racing—Virginia Fall Race Meeting. (Middleburg, Va. Sunday, Nov. 12.)

Racing—At AQUEDUCT: Weekdays at 12:30; through Saturday, Dec. 16. The Great American, Wednesday, Nov. 8; the Knickerbocker Handicap, Saturday, Nov. 11; and the Queens County Handicap, Saturday, Nov. 18. . . . GARDEN STATE PARK, Camden, N.J.: Weekdays at 12:30; through Saturday, Nov. 18. The Gardenia, Saturday, Nov. 11; the New Jersey Futurity, Wednesday, Nov. 15; and the Garden State, Saturday, Nov. 18. . . . LAUREL, Md.: Weekdays at 1; through Saturday, Dec. 30. The Washington, D.C., International, Saturday, Nov. 11.

Trotting—At Roosevelt Raceway, Westbury: Weekdays at 8; through Saturday, Dec. 16.

FOR CHILDREN

Operettas—By the Light Opera of Manhattan—"The Pirates of Penzance," Saturday and Sunday, Nov. 11-12, at 4. . . . ¶ "Ruddigore," Saturday, Nov. 18, at 4. (Jan Hus Playhouse, 351 E. 74th St. 535-6310.)

Stage Shows—By the BIL BAIRD MARIONETTES: "Winnie-the-Pooh." (Bil Baird Theatre, 59 Barrow St. YU 9-7060. Saturdays and Sundays at 1 and 3:30.). . . KING'S PLAYERS: "Alice's Adventures in Wonderland." (Town Hall. JU 2-4536. Saturday, Nov. 18, at 1.). . . MERI MINI PLAYERS: "Alliwishes I. Tickle." (Hotel Manhattan Towers, downstairs, 2162 Broadway, at 76th St. Saturdays at 2:30. For tickets, call 260-4863.). . . TRAVELING PLAYHOUSE: "The Wizard of Oz." (Kaufmann Concert Hall, Y.M.H.A., Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. 427-6000. Sunday, Nov. 12, at 2. Children under five not admitted.)

Hayden Planetarium, Central Park W. at 81st St. (873-1300)—The current show, "Red Giants and White Dwarfs," explores the phenomena of the stars and scientific milestones spanning the centuries; through Monday, Nov. 20. (Mondays through Fridays at 2 and 3:30; Saturdays at 11, 1, 2, 3, 4, and 5; and Sundays at 1, 2, 3, 4, and 5. Children under five not admitted.)

Movies—"Harlem Globetrotters," Saturday, Nov. 11, at 3. . . . ¶ "Singin' in the Rain," with Gene Kelly and Debbie Reynolds, Saturday, Nov. 18, at 3. (Alice Tully Hall. 362-1911.)

Note—Ice skaters of fourteen and under have the Wollman Memorial Skating Rink, in Central Park, all to themselves, and free, every Monday from 3 to 5:30.

ET ALIA

(The number to call for information about all free entertainment in the city is 472-1003.)

United Nations—Visitors are admitted to the plenary and/or committee sessions of the General Assembly, as well as to periodic meetings of the Security Council and regular sessions of other commissions and committees. A limited number of tickets are available, but only to those applying for them in person at the admissions desk in the public lobby no earlier than thirty minutes before each meeting. Meetings usually convene at 10:30 or 11 and at 2:30 or 3, Mondays through Fridays. (General Assembly Building, First Ave. at 45th St.). . . ¶ Hour-long tours leave the lobby of the General Assembly Building every fifteen minutes or so from 9 to 4:45 daily.

POETRY READINGS—Richard Eberhart and Judith Johnson Sherwin reading from their own works. (Poetry Center, Y.M.H.A., Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. 427-6000. Thursday, Nov. 9, at 8.)

FLOWER SHOW—The Thanksgiving Flower Show will be presented by the Horticultural Society of New York (128 W. 58th St.) on Wednesday, Nov. 15, from noon to 4.

AUCTIONS—At the Sotheby Parke Bernet, 980 Madison Ave., at 76th St. (Exhibition hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5.)—Wednesday, Nov. 8, at 10 and 2: African and Oceanic works of art, from various collectors. . . . ¶ Thursday, Nov. 9, at 2: Art Nouveau, including Webb, Tiffany, and Galle glass; from several owners. . . . ¶ Friday and Saturday, Nov. 10-11, at 2: Medieval, Renaissance, and later tapestries; works of art; and furniture. From the estate of Muriel Rockefeller McCormick Hubbard and from other sources. . . . ¶ Tuesday, Nov. 14, at 10:15 and 2: Americana, including books on voyages and travels, maps and atlases, and photographs; from many owners. . . . ¶ Wednesday, Nov. 15, at 2: Jewelry, from the estate of Mary Jackson Riker and from other sources. Exhibition starts Saturday, Nov. 11. . . . ¶ The first sales of a three-day auction of Americana, arranged by the American Heritage Society. Thursday, Nov. 16, at 10:15: Indian art and artifacts. . . . Thursday, Nov. 16, at 2: Silver, brass and other lighting devices, and glass. Exhibition starts Saturday, Nov. 11.

FILM LIBRARIES—At the **MUSEUM OF MODERN ART**, 11 W. 53rd St. (956-7078)—Nov. 8 at 5:30: "Sunrise" (1927), directed by F. W. Murnau, with George O'Brien and Janet Gaynor. . . . ¶ Nov. 9 at 5:30: "J'Accuse" (1938), in French, directed by Abel Gance. . . . ¶ Nov. 9 at 8: "La Roue" (1923), a French film, directed by Abel Gance; no English titles. . . . ¶ Nov. 10 at 2: "Solomon and Sheba" (1959), directed by King Vidor, with Yul Brynner and Gina Lollobrigida. . . . ¶ Nov. 10 at 5:30 and Nov. 11 at noon: "Tol'able David" (1921), directed by Henry King, with Richard Barthelmess. . . . ¶ Nov. 11 at 3: "War and Peace" (1956), directed by King Vidor, with Audrey Hepburn and Henry Fonda. . . . ¶ Nov. 12 at 12:30 and 3: "High Adventure in India" (1958), directed by Willard Van Dyke, with Lowell Thomas. . . . ¶ Nov. 12 at 5:30: "The Jackknife Man" (1920), directed by King Vidor, with Fred Turner. . . . ¶ Nov. 13 at 1: "War and Peace" (1956). . . . ¶ Nov. 13 at 5:30: "Peg o' My Heart" (1922), directed by King Vidor, with Laurette Taylor; Spanish titles only. . . . ¶ Nov. 14 at 2: "Surrender" (1931), directed by William K. Howard, with Warner Baxter. . . . ¶ Nov. 14 at 5:30: "Rough Magic" (1972), directed by Timothy Knox. . . . ¶ Nov. 15 at 5:30: "Surrender" (1931). . . . ¶ Nov. 16 at 5:30 and 8: "Winter Soldier" (1972), an oral history delivered by veterans of Vietnam. (A limited number of reservations are available, but only to those applying for them in person at the Museum after 11 on the day of the showing or, if it is a Sunday, after noon. Reservations for the showings at 8 will not be accepted before 5:30. Wednesdays, admission on a first-come, first-served basis.) . . . **NEW YORK CULTURAL CENTER**, 2 Columbus Circle. (LT 1-2311)—Four programs in a series of films directed by Donald Siegel: Nov. 8: "Edge of Eternity" (1959), with Cornel Wilde and Victoria Shaw. . . . ¶ Nov. 9-10: "Hell Is for Heroes" (1962), with Steve McQueen and Bobby Darin. . . . ¶ Nov. 11-12: "The Hanged Man" (1964), with Robert Culp and Edmond O'Brien. . . . ¶ Nov. 15-16: "The Killers" (1964), with Lee Marvin and Angie Dickinson. (Showings Wednesdays through Sundays at 4 and 6. A limited number of reservations are available, but only to those applying for them in person at the Center after 11 on the day of the showing.) . . . **ANTHOLOGY FILM ARCHIVES**, at the Public Theatre. (677-3197)—Films by Vertov, Warhol, Anger, Brakhage, Bresson, Broughton, and others. Nov. 8 at 6 and 8; Nov. 9 at 6; Nov. 10-12 at 6, 8, and 10; Nov. 14 at 6; and Nov. 15-16 at 6, 8, and 10. . . . **WHITNEY MUSEUM**, 945 Madison Ave., at 75th St.—Through Nov. 12: "U-Turn," directed by Dave Vadehra. Showings at noon (except Thursdays), 2, and 4 (plus 6, 7:40, and 9:20 on Tuesday evenings). . . . ¶ Starting Nov. 13: "Moonwalk One," directed by Theo Kamecke. Showings at noon (except Thursdays), 2, and 4 (plus 5:45, 7:30, and 9:15 on Tuesday evenings). Call desk (861-5322) for ticket information.

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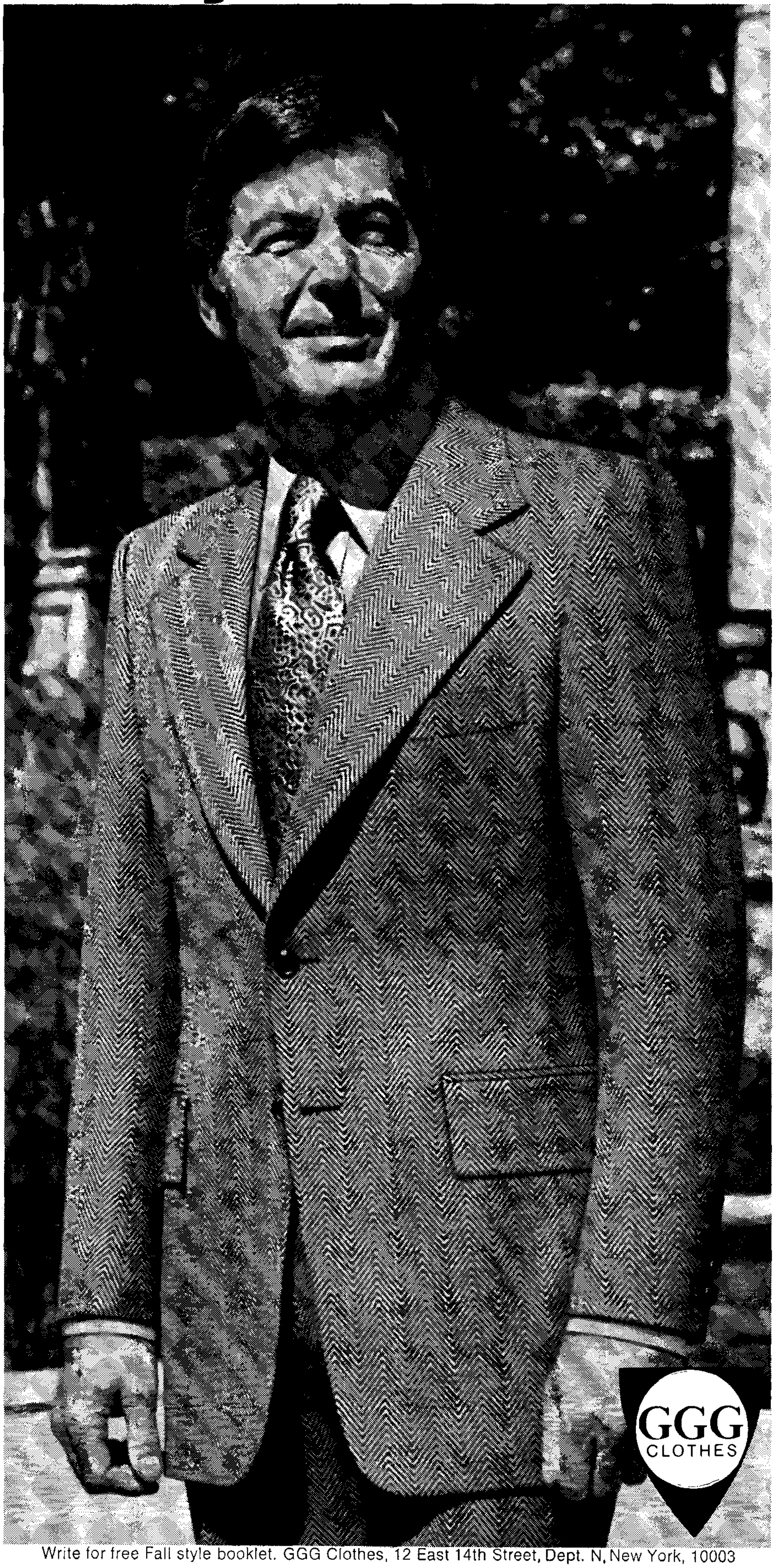

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

THE MOVIE HOUSES

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			8	9	10	11
12	13	14	15	16		

THE FILMS IN THIS LISTING ARE DESCRIBED IN BRIEF IN THE SECTION BELOW

EAST SIDE

Art, 36 E. 8th. (GR 3-7014)
"L'Amour Fou."

Theatre 80 St. Marks, 80 St. Marks Pl. (254-7400)
Through Nov. 11: "Tonight and Every Night" and "Ladies of the Chorus."
Nov. 12-14: "Ship Ahoy" and "Duchess of Idaho."
From Nov. 15: "That Night in Rio" and "Down Argentine Way."

St. Marks Cinema, 2nd Ave. at 8th. (475-5510)
Through Nov. 14: "King of Hearts," "Women in Love," and "Charlie Bubbles."
From Nov. 15: "The Trojan Women," "One Day in the Life of Ivan Denisovich," and "The Loves of Isadora."

Gramercy, Lexington at 23rd. (GR 5-1660)
Through Nov. 14: "Everything You Always Wanted to Know About Sex."
From Nov. 15: "The Mechanic."

Kips Bay, 2nd Ave. at 31st. (LE 2-6668)
Through Nov. 14: "Cancel My Reservation" and "Chisum."
From Nov. 15: "Reefer Madness" (1936) and "The Firesign Theatre."

Murray Hill, 160 E. 34th. (685-7652)
Through Nov. 9: "Caesar and Cleopatra."
From Nov. 10: "Pygmalion."

34th St. East, 241 E. 34th. (683-0255)
"The Valachi Papers."

Sutton, 3rd Ave. at 57th. (PL 9-1411)
"The Emigrants."

Trans-Lux East, 3rd Ave. at 58th. (PL 9-2262)
"The Red Mantle."

Fine Arts, 130 E. 58th. (755-6030)
"Two English Girls."

Plaza, 42 E. 58th. (EL 5-3320)
"Sounder."

Baronet, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (355-1663)
"Bad Company."

Coronet, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (355-1663)
"Savage Messiah."

R.K.O. 59th St. Twin 1, 220 E. 59th. (688-0750)
Nov. 8: "Funny Girl."
From Nov. 9: "Black Girl."

R.K.O. 59th St. Twin 2, 220 E. 59th. (688-0750)
Through Nov. 16 (tentative): "Farewell Uncle Tom."

Cinema I, 3rd Ave. at 60th. (PL 3-6022)
"The Ruling Class."

Cinema II, 3rd Ave. at 60th. (PL 3-0774)
"A Separate Peace."

Columbia I, 2nd Ave. at 64th. (832-1670)
"The King of Marvin Gardens."

Columbia II, 2nd Ave. at 64th. (832-1670)
"Young Winston."

Beekman, 2nd Ave. at 66th. (RE 7-2622)
"Play It As It Lays."

68th St. Playhouse, 3rd Ave. at 68th. (RE 4-0302)
"Chloé in the Afternoon."

Loews Tower East, 3rd Ave. at 71st. (TR 9-1313)
"Deliverance."

72nd St. Playhouse, 1st Ave. at 72nd. (BU 8-9304)
Through Nov. 9: "Dead of Night" and "Laughter in Paradise."
Nov. 10-11: "The Ladykillers" and "The Lavender Hill Mob."
From Nov. 12: "La Salamandre."

Juliet 1, 3rd Ave. at 83rd. (249-1806)
"Everything You Always Wanted to Know About Sex."

Juliet 2, 3rd Ave. at 83rd. (249-1806)
"Trouble Man."

Trans-Lux 85th St., Madison at 85th. (BU 8-3180)
"Escape to the Sun."

U. A. East, 1st Ave. at 85th. (249-5100)
Through Nov. 14: "You'll Like My Mother."
From Nov. 15: "The Mechanic."

Loews Orpheum, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (AT 9-4607)
"Lady Sings the Blues."

Loews Ciné, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (427-1332)
"The Valachi Papers."

86th St. East, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (249-1144)
"The Great Waltz."

R.K.O. 86th St. Twin 1, Lexington at 86th. (AT 9-8900)
Nov. 8: "Funny Girl."
From Nov. 9: "Black Girl."

R.K.O. 86th St. Twin 2, Lexington at 86th. (AT 9-8932)
Through Nov. 16 (tentative): "Farewell Uncle Tom."

WEST SIDE

Waverly, 6th Ave. at 3rd. (WA 9-8037)
"Heat."

8th St. Playhouse, 52 W. 8th. (GR 7-7874)
Through Nov. 9: "If . . ." and "The Conformist."
From Nov. 10: "Wednesday's Child."

5th Ave. Cinema, 5th Ave. at 12th. (WA 4-8339)
"The Sorrow and the Pity."

Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12th. (929-3350)
"Everything You Always Wanted to Know About Sex."

Quad Cinemas 1, 2, 3, and **4,** 34 W. 13th. (255-8800)
Through Nov. 14: "Dumbo," "The Legend of Lobo," "Where's Poppa?," "Taking Off," "Cabaret," "The Bank Dick," and "My Little Chickadee."
From Nov. 15: To be announced.

Elgin, 8th Ave. at 19th. (675-0935)
Nov. 8: "F.P.1" and "Transatlantic Tunnel."
Nov. 9: "Bulldog Jack" and "Oh! Mr. Porter."
Nov. 10-14: "The Lady Vanishes" and "The 39 Steps."
From Nov. 15: "Cabaret" and "The Threepenny Opera."

R.K.O. 23rd St. Cinema, 8th Ave. at 23rd. (255-7050)
Through Nov. 14: "Where Does It Hurt?" and "I Want What I Want."
From Nov. 15: "Funny Girl" and another feature, to be announced.

Rivoli, B'way at 49th. (247-1633)
"Fiddler on the Roof."

Guild, 33 W. 50th. (PL 7-2406)
"Dumbo" and "The Legend of Lobo."

Music Hall, 6th Ave. at 50th. (757-3100)
Nov. 8: "When the Legends Die."
From Nov. 9: "1776."

Ziegfeld, 141 W. 54th. (765-7600)
"Fellini's Roma."

Festival, 6 W. 57th. (581-2323)
"Superfly."

Playboy, 110 W. 57th. (JU 6-4448)
Through Nov. 10: "Viridiana" and "The Exterminating Angel."
Nov. 11-14: "Belle de Jour" and "The Milky Way."
From Nov. 15: To be announced.

Little Carnegie, 146 W. 57th. (246-5123)
"The Discreet Charm of the Bourgeoisie."

Lincoln Art, 225 W. 57th. (JU 2-2333)
Chaplin Comedies.

Paris, 4 W. 58th. (688-2013)
"Why."

Paramount, B'way at 61st. (247-5070)
"The Godfather."

Cinema Studio, B'way at 66th. (877-4040)
To be announced.

Regency, B'way at 67th. (724-3700)
"The Twelve Chairs."

Embassy 72nd St., B'way at 72nd. (SC 4-6745)
Through Nov. 14: "20,000 Leagues Under the Sea" and "Lady and the Tramp."
From Nov. 15: "Funny Girl" and another feature, to be announced.

Beacon, B'way at 74th. (874-1717)
Through Nov. 14: "Butterflies Are Free" and "Gumshoe."
From Nov. 15: "Funny Girl."

Loews 83rd St., B'way at 83rd. (877-3190)
Through Nov. 14: "Hammersmith Is Out."
From Nov. 15: "Bad Company."

New Yorker, B'way at 88th. (TR 4-9189)
Through Nov. 14: "Destination Moon" and "Under Capricorn."
From Nov. 15: "To Have and Have Not" and "A Damsel in Distress."

Symphony, B'way at 95th. (AC 2-6600)
Through Nov. 14: "The War Between Men and Women" and "Prime Cut."
From Nov. 15: "Le Boucher" and "The Trojan Women."

Thalia, B'way at 95th. (AC 2-3370)
Through Nov. 9: "Moulin Rouge" and "Oscar Wilde."
Nov. 10-12: "Children of Paradise."
Nov. 13-14: "La Strada" and "Open City."
Nov. 15-16: "The Virgin and the Gypsy" and "Women in Love."

Riverside, B'way at 96th. (MO 3-4530)
Through Nov. 14: "You'll Like My Mother."
From Nov. 15: "Virgin Witch" and "The Minx."

Riviera, B'way at 97th. (RI 9-8046)
Through Nov. 14: "Heat."
From Nov. 15: "Ulzana's Raid."

Olympia, B'way at 107th. (865-8128)
Through Nov. 14: "Murmur of the Heart" and "My Night at Maud's."
From Nov. 15: To be announced.

IN BRIEF

SEE ABOVE FOR THEATRE ADDRESSES AND TELEPHONE NUMBERS

L'Amour Fou—With Bulle Ogier and Jean-Pierre Kalfon, directed by Jacques Rivette. Four hours and twelve minutes. In French. (Art.)

Bad Company—A hip-picaresque comedy set in the Civil War period, with the lively, talented Jeff Bridges as the bumpkin Fagin of a gang of thieving orphans and runaways. There's dazzle in the script by Robert Benton and David Newman, but Benton's direction is tepid, and the yellow-brown autumnal West is getting very tired. The movie is sparked by a caricature of a big-time movie director (Joseph L. Mankiewicz, to be specific) in the character of the cynical robber chief, Big Joe (David Huddleston). (Baronet. . . . ¶ Loews 83rd St.; starting Nov. 15.)

The Bank Dick (1940)—W. C. Fields in one of his rudest. Terrific. (Quad Cinema 4; through Nov. 14.)

Belle de Jour (1967)—Buñuel's beautiful and gently comic color film of a well-bred girl's rapt fantasies of sadomasochism. Catherine Deneuve as the heroine. In French. (Playboy; Nov. 11-14.)

Black Girl—Based on J. E. Franklin's Off Broadway play, directed by Ossie Davis. (R.K.O. 59th St. Twin 1 and R.K.O. 86th St. Twin 1; starting Nov. 9.)

Le Boucher—Another tone poem on a thriller theme by Claude Chabrol; he provides all the elements for a thriller except the zinger. This fluid, beautifully controlled, but very minor film was shot in a serene village in the Périgord and features the elegant Stéphane Audran, with Jean Yanne as the melancholy, frustrated butcher. In French. (Symphony; starting Nov. 15.)

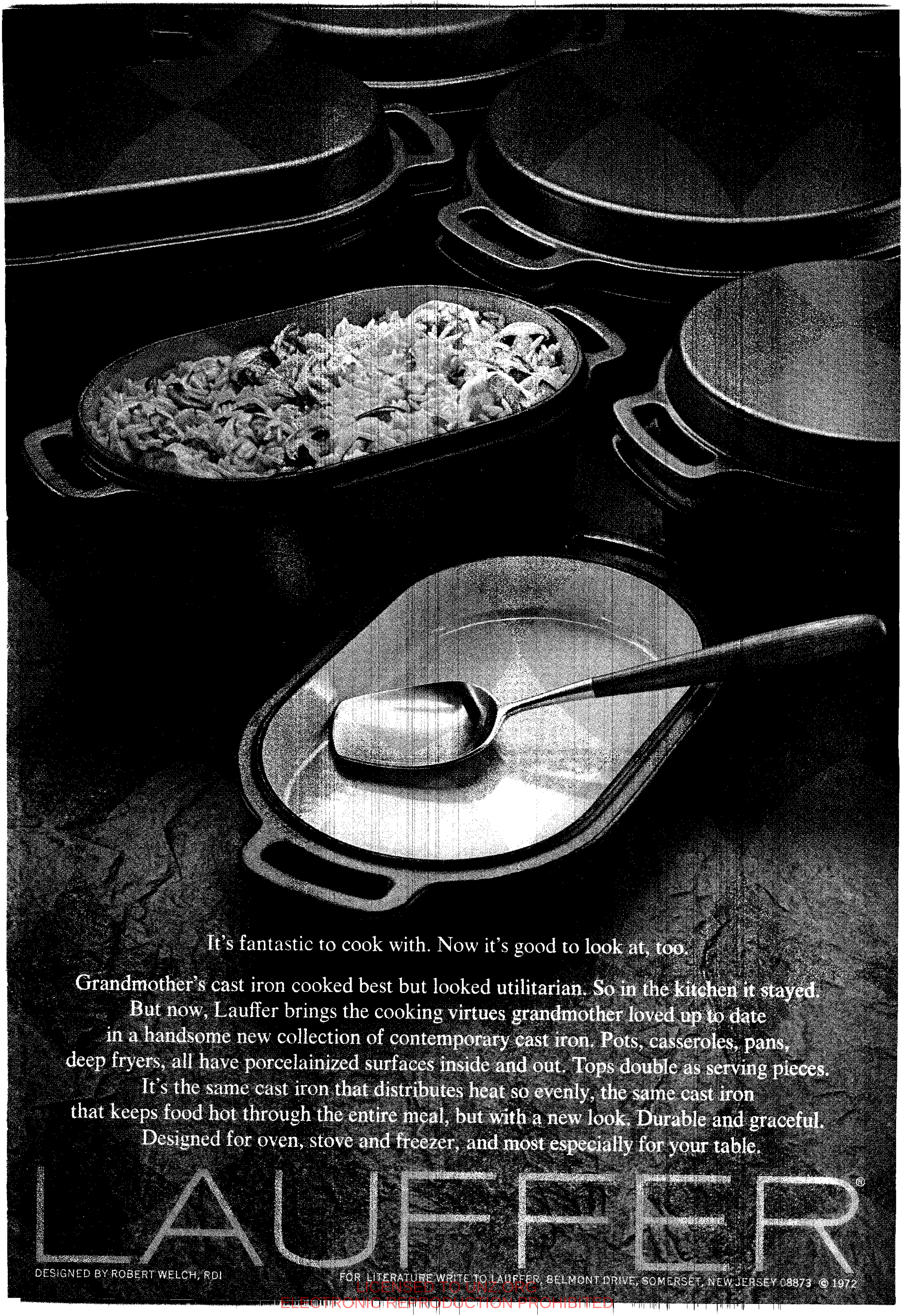
Bulldog Jack (1935)—Good-humored Bulldog Drummond sleuthing adventure: modest and debonair. Made in England, with Ralph Richardson, Fay Wray, and Jack Hulbert. Directed by Walter Forde. (Elgin; Nov. 9.)

Butterflies Are Free—Based on the Broadway play, with Goldie Hawn, Eileen Heckart, and Edward Albert. Dim stuff from a dim original, full of the worst sort of show-biz perkiness. Directed by Milton Katselas. (Beacon; through Nov. 14.)

Cabaret—A great movie musical, satirical and diamond-hard. With Joel Grey and Liza Minnelli, and masterly direction by Bob Fosse. (Quad Cinema 3; through Nov. 14. . . . ¶ Elgin; starting Nov. 15.)

Caesar and Cleopatra (1946)—Despite its resonant title, Shaw's play is a minor comedy—a slight, sly conceit—and it was blown up out of proportion in this extravagant, Shaw-adoring version directed by Gabriel Pascal. The pomp overpowers the parody and the playfulness. Vivien Leigh romps about as the cruel, deceiving kitten who is to become a passionate, tragic queen, while as her lover and mentor, the amused, dispassionate Caesar, Claude Rains displays a world-weary wisdom that is more smugly shallow than Shaw could have intended. With a fabulous celebrity-show cast that includes Flora Robson, Stewart Granger, Francis L. Sullivan, Basil Sydney, Michael Rennie, Cecil Parker, Stanley Holloway, Leo Genn, Anthony Harvey, and the invaluable Ernest Thesiger. Music by Georges Auric. (Murray Hill; through Nov. 9.)

Cancel My Reservation—A new low for Bob Hope. As a TV personality caught in a



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as sparkling as sunshine and fresh air.
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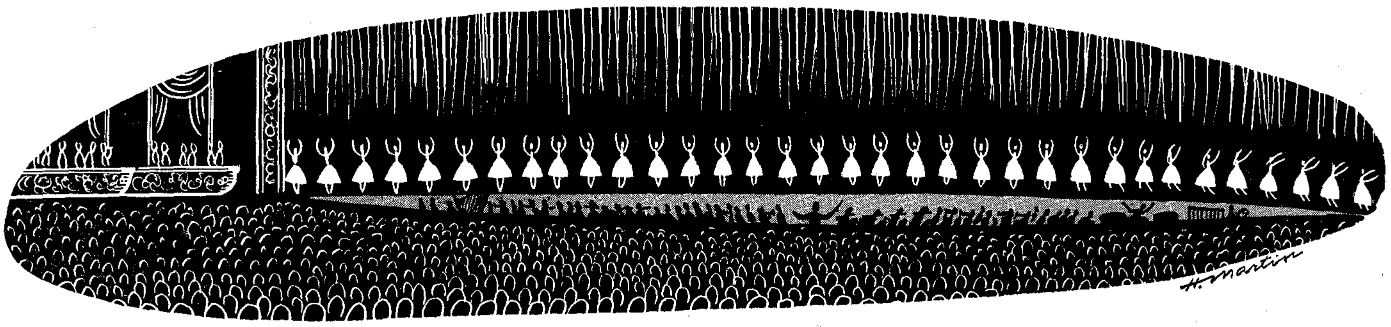
GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN



murder case, he delivers a steady string of sour, wheezing one-liners. Eva Marie Saint is mired in this one, along with Chief Dan George and Keenan Wynn. Paul Bogart directed. (Kips Bay; through Nov. 14.)

Chaplin Comedies—All mementos (1918) from the silent past: "Shoulder Arms" and "The Pilgrim," both first-rate, and "A Dog's Life." (Lincoln Art.)

Charlie Bubbles (1968)—Albert Finney as a rich, young, incredibly famous English writer who feels blank and bored. The movie is calculated to produce the same sensations in the audience, and it does, it all too drearily does. (St. Marks Cinema; through Nov. 14.)

Children of Paradise (1945)—A one-of-a-kind film: a sumptuous, romantic epic about the relations between theatre and life, written with wit by Jacques Prévert and beautifully directed by Marcel Carné. Made during the Occupation but set in the Paris of Balzac, with Jean-Louis Barrault, the incomparable Arletty, Pierre Brasseur, Pierre Renoir, and Maria Casarès. In French. (Thalia; Nov. 10-12.)

Chisum (1970)—With John Wayne, directed by Andrew V. McLaglen. (Kips Bay; through Nov. 14.)

Chloé in the Afternoon—Will the squeamish, married hero (Bernard Verley) break down and go to bed with bohemian Chloé (Zouzou), or won't he? The author-director Eric Rohmer, a specialist in the eroticism of nonsexual affairs, is a superb lapidary craftsman who works on a very small scale. This movie is, in its way, just about perfect, but it's minor and so polished that it practically evaporates a half hour after it's over. In French. (68th St. Playhouse.)

The Conformist (1970)—Bernardo Bertolucci's extraordinarily rich adaptation of the Moravia novel, with Jean-Louis Trintignant as the aristocratic Fascist, Stefania Sandrelli as his deliciously corrupt, empty-headed wife, and Dominique Sanda as the tiger woman he would like to run away with. Bertolucci has a poet's gift for using objects, landscapes, and people expressively; his evocation of the thirties is one of the rare sensual experiences in modern movies. In Italian. (8th St. Playhouse; through Nov. 9.)

A Damsel in Distress (1937)—Joan Fontaine is a rich girl loved by Fred Astaire. Set in London. George Gershwin at pretty near his best; debonair songs, dashing stuff, directed by George Stevens. (New Yorker; starting Nov. 15.)

Dead of Night (1946)—Civilized omnibus movie about the supernatural, with several classic episodes. The most celebrated: Michael Redgrave as a schizophrenic ventriloquist tormented by his dummy (directed by Cavalcanti); Googie Withers and Ralph Michael in the story of a mirror that reflects a crime of an earlier century (directed by Robert Hamer). Redgrave's overpowering performance—a small work of art—lifts the movie above the elegant, sophisticated entertainment it aspired to be. (72nd St. Playhouse; through Nov. 9.)

Deliverance—A man's man of a film—written by James Dickey from his own best-selling novel, and directed by John Boorman—about four early-middle-aged men who go canoeing in Georgia in search of the vanishing countryside and of their own lost athleticism. In a crass way, the film embalms every male myth that ever weighted an analyst's couch. Jon Voight, Burt Reynolds, Ned Beatty, Ronny Cox play in the movie, which is beautifully photographed in almost monochromatic color. (Loews Tower East.)

Destination Moon (1950)—George Pal produced this relatively inexpensive rocket trip to the moon; the set designs are ingenious, and the movie has a realistic look (which made it a big hit). But the acting and the direction (by Irving Pichel) are earthbound. The actors have names, but they're truly anonymous. (New Yorker; through Nov. 14.)

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The Discreet Charm of the Bourgeoisie—A light comedy by Luis Buñuel, featuring Delphine Seyrig, Stéphane Audran, Fernando Rey, and Julien Bertheau. In French. (Little Carnegie.)

Down Argentine Way (1940)—Twentieth Century-Fox forties-musical camp, so outrageous that it's hard to believe it isn't at least partly intentional—but why would anybody make this picture on purpose? The queen of these excruciating extravaganzas was Alice Faye, but she had become ill, and Betty Grable, a featured player for a decade, got her big chance. Unbelievably, this picture made her a star. With stolid Don Ameche, smiling his pained, hard-working smile, just as he always had for Alice; Charlotte Greenwood, the high-kicker who had seen better days before she started playing chaperones; and Carmen Miranda, the "Brazilian Bombshell," in her manic début. When she stands on her nine-inch heels and sings "Mama Yo Quiero," she is so frenetically irresistible that there's no use trying to fight it, though some people have been hiding under seats for more than thirty years. Irving Cummings directed. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; starting Nov. 15.)

Duchess of Idaho (1950)—Big M-G-M musical of no distinction, built around Esther Williams' Junoesque figure. With Van Johnson, John Lund, and Mel Tormé. Robert Z. Leonard directed. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; Nov. 12-14.)

Dumbo (1941)—A full-length Walt Disney cartoon. Small children react with terror when Dumbo's mother is forcibly separated from him. (Guild. . . . ¶ Quad Cinema 1; through Nov. 14.)

The Emigrants—Jan Troell's broad-backed nature epic on the mid-nineteenth-century Swedish emigration to this country. A bursting, resonant film; Troell's achievement is prodigious. With Liv Ullmann and Max von Sydow. In Swedish. (Sutton.)

Escape to the Sun—With Laurence Harvey and Lila Kedrova, directed by Menahem Golan. (Trans-Lux 85th St.)

Everything You Always Wanted to Know About Sex—Woody Allen, who has the anesthetized face of a Jewish Buster Keaton combined with a sensible woman shopper's, wrote and directed this intermittently inspired takeoff on Dr. David Reuben's waggish best-seller. (Juliet 1 and Greenwich. . . . ¶ Gramercy; through Nov. 14.)

The Exterminating Angel (1962)—A comic metaphor about a dinner party that so supernaturally grips the members that it can't be broken up, but declines into primitive conflict and havoc. Directed by Luis Buñuel; inadequately acted, but still an interesting and funny piece that no one else could have made. In Spanish. (Playboy; through Nov. 10.)

Farewell Uncle Tom—Race relations in the United States as seen by Gualtiero Jacopetti and Franco Prosperi. (R.K.O. 59th St. Twin 2 and R.K.O. 86th St. Twin 2; through Nov. 16, tentative.)

Fellini's Roma—We've all been tourists before in Fellini's big-top city, so once again we look at the Fellini whores and fatties and say "Aren't they incredible? So gross, so ugly, so lewd," etc. Fellini is the only star in this ornate sketchbook-movie, with familiar episodes from his youth, and modern episodes in which urban chaos is used as spectacle, sometimes for a semi-abstract effect, sometimes for a psychedelic turn-on. This funeral ode to a poisoned city is often beautiful, but it's also fatuous and empty. Fellini appears to see himself as official greeter for the apocalypse. In English and Italian. (Ziegfeld.)

Fiddler on the Roof—A demonstration that square can be beautiful, too. Directed by Norman Jewison and starring Topol, the movie is a joyous, powerful musical epic. (Rivoli. Mondays through Thursdays at 8, Fridays at 8:30, and Saturdays and Sundays at 8:45. Matinées Tuesdays through Thursdays at 1:30, and Saturdays and Sundays at 1 and 5. Reserved seats only.)

F.P.I (1933)—Sci-fi, elegantly designed and shot by the UFA technicians, about a floating platform in mid-Atlantic used as a base for aircraft. Made in a German version (starring Hans Albers), a French version (starring young Charles Boyer), and this English version, starring Conrad Veidt as the inventor-aviator. The thriller script is sadly routine. (Elgin; Nov. 8.)

Funny Girl (1968)—A bravura performance by Barbra Streisand. As Fanny Brice, she has the wittiest comic inflections since the comediennes of the thirties; she makes written dialogue sound like inspired improvisation. As the shady gambler Nicky Arnstein, phlegmatic Omar Sharif appears to be some sort of visiting royalty, with a pained professional smile to put the common people at their ease. But Streisand's triumphant talent rides right over the film's weaknesses. William Wyler directed, with musical sequences staged by Herbert Ross. (R.K.O. 59th St. Twin 1 and R.K.O. 86th St. Twin 1; Nov. 8. . . . ¶ R.K.O. 23rd St. Cinema, Embassy 72nd St., and Beacon; starting Nov. 15.)

The Godfather—A wide, startlingly vivid view of a Mafia dynasty, in which organized crime becomes an obscene nightmare image of American ruthlessness. The movie is a popular melodrama, but it expresses a new tragic realism and it's altogether extraordinary. Francis Ford Coppola directed; Marlon Brando and Al Pacino are the stars. (Paramount.)

The Great Waltz—With Horst Buchholz playing Johann Strauss. Directed by Andrew L. Stone. (86th St. East. Mondays through Thursdays at 8:30, Fridays and Saturdays at 7 and 9:45, and Sundays at 6 and 9. Matinées daily at 2.)

Gumshoe—Albert Finney in a funny and rather stirring English film, directed by Stephen Frears and written by Neville Smith, about the private-eye adventures of a Liverpool lad who is an aged thirty-one. In a mood of self-sendup, he fancies himself as Bogart, but he probably rather prefers his other life as a comic in workingmen's clubs. Billie Whitelaw is his sister-in-law, married to Finney's brother (Frank Finlay), who is gunrunning to South Africa and Rhodesia. Good and sweetly ammunitionless repartee. (Beacon; through Nov. 14.)

Hammersmith Is Out—A thoroughly mistaken allegory about the lunacy of modern success and sudden wealth, enacted by Richard Burton as an escaped inmate of a mental home. Elizabeth Taylor is a floozy waitress who jumps up into riches along with the fugitive, and Peter Ustinov is a pretty mad foreign

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

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doctor with an accent you couldn't cut with a carving knife. (Loews 83rd St.; through Nov. 14.)

Heat—A slack, depressive Morrissey-Warhol version of "Sunset Boulevard," with Joe Dallesandro as a stud hustler and Sylvia Miles as the predatory star in the big mansion. It's meant to be a funny exploitation movie, but the comic moments are rare. The best thing about it is the title. (Waverly. . . . ¶ Riviera; through Nov. 14.)

If . . . (1969)—An odd epic on guerrilla warfare in an English boarding school, combining a cold and queasy view of youth with a romantic view of violence. Directed by Lindsay Anderson. (8th St. Playhouse; through Nov. 9.)

I Want What I Want—With Anne Heywood and Harry Andrews, directed by John Dexter. (R.K.O. 23rd St. Cinema; through Nov. 14.)

King of Hearts (1967)—Philippe de Broca makes a lulling and rather winsome period comedy about a 1918 soldier in an evacuated village now inhabited only by zoo animals and lunatics in fancy dress. With Alan Bates. In French and English. (St. Marks Cinema; through Nov. 14.)

The King of Marvin Gardens—Indecipherable dark nonsense about brothers and spurious goals and the American Dream. An unqualified disaster, though Ellen Burstyn tries, valiantly, and so does Bruce Dern. Jack Nicholson is dim and ploddingly self-serious. Directed by Bob Rafelson, from a script by Jacob Brackman. (Columbia I.)

Ladies of the Chorus (1949)—Minor musical from Columbia, with Adele Jergens and Marilyn Monroe. Directed by Phil Karlson. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; through Nov. 11.)

Lady and the Tramp (1955)—A Walt Disney full-length cartoon. (Embassy 72nd St.; through Nov. 14.)

The Ladykillers (1956)—This sinister black comedy of murder accelerates until it becomes a hilarious fantasy of murder; the more grotesque, the funnier it becomes. The actors seem to be having a boisterous good time getting themselves knocked off. Alec Guinness, almost crucified by great, hideous teeth—so enormous they give him master-criminal status—is the leader of a gang that includes Peter Sellers as a plump, awkward Teddy Boy. Katie Johnson is the cheerful old lady who upsets their fiendish plans. Alexander Mackendrick directed, from a script by William Rose. The cast includes Cecil Parker, Herbert Lom, Frankie Howard, Jack Warner, and Danny Green. (72nd St. Playhouse; Nov. 10-11.)

Lady Sings the Blues—The chemistry of pop vulgarization is all-powerful here; factually, this life of Billie Holiday is a fraud, but emotionally it delivers. That great dizzy imp Diana Ross gives herself to the role with an all-out physicality that wins the audience over from her first comic scenes. Regrettably, she sings too much like Billie Holiday, and the songs blur one's memories. Sidney J. Furie directed; Richard Pryor plays "Piano Man." (Loews Orpheum.)

The Lady Vanishes (1938)—Alfred Hitchcock's murder mystery about a charming old lady who boards a train and disappears on it has some of the best examples of his comedy and his pleasurable perversity. In movie history, it is a quintessential suspense thriller. The hero is Michael Redgrave (making his film début); the heroine is Margaret Lockwood; the lady is the memorable Dame May Whitty. With Paul Lukas and Cecil Parker. (Elgin; Nov. 10-14.)

Laughter in Paradise (1951)—A charming, neatly contrived English comedy. An old prankster (Ernest Thesiger) dies, leaving a will that outlines the tasks his relatives must complete before receiving their inheritance—such tasks as robbery, marriage, etc. Alastair Sim has a classic comic sequence trying to get arrested, and a classic fiancée—Joyce Grenfell, a W.A.A.F. whom he describes as "an officer and gentleman." Mario Zampi's direction is not all it should be, but the cast is so good it hardly matters: George Cole, A. E. Matthews, Beatrice Campbell, Fay Compton, Guy Middleton, Hugh Griffith, Anthony Steel, and, in a tiny role, Audrey Hepburn. The ingenious script is by Michael Pertwee and Jack Davies. (72nd St. Playhouse; through Nov. 9.)

The Lavender Hill Mob (1951)—Alec Guinness as the fubsy little bank clerk with the gleaming eyes of a man who plans to rob the Bank of England. T. E. B. Clarke's script, Charles Crichton's direction, the score by Auric, and the assisting performances by Stanley Holloway, Alfie Bass, and Sidney James make this one of the most charming of all English comedies. (72nd St. Playhouse; Nov. 10-11.)

The Legend of Lobo (1962)—A full-length Walt Disney film. (Guild. . . . ¶ Quad Cinema 1; through Nov. 14.)

The Loves of Isadora (1969)—Isadora Duncan played by Vanessa Redgrave, dancing and acting with dazzling romantic range and a witty dash of bile. Karel Reisz's film is one of the very few movie biographies that possess intelligence about an innovator's great talent, and a structure that is ruled by character-sense instead of clodhopping chronology. It was wonderfully designed by Jocelyn Herbert and horribly cut around by Universal Pictures, which unwisely overrode Reisz's judgment. (St. Marks Cinema; starting Nov. 15.)

The Mechanic—With Charles Bronson and Jan Michael Vincent, directed by Michael Winner. (Gramercy and U. A. East; starting Nov. 15.)

The Milky Way (1970)—A genial guided tour of Catholic heresies. Luis Buñuel, in an impudent, rather than blasphemous, spirit, and a bit fusty. In French. (Playboy; Nov. 11-14.)

Moulin Rouge (1953)—John Huston's fictionalized re-creation of the life of Toulouse-Lautrec (José Ferrer, standing on his knees in tricky boots). With Colette Marchand, Suzanne Flon, and incredibly pretty Zsa Zsa Gabor as Jane Avril, singing the famous Georges Auric theme song in a dubbed voice. Eliot Elisofon was the color consultant; the movie could have used a script consultant. (Thalia; through Nov. 9.)

Murmur of the Heart (1971)—Louis Malle's portrait of the artist as a young dog. An exhilarating high comedy by the least known of the major French directors. In French. (Olympia; through Nov. 14.)

My Little Chickadee (1940)—W. C. Fields and Mae West respectively muttering and wambling in a most unusual Western. (Quad Cinema 4; through Nov. 14.)

My Night at Maud's (1970)—A fine film by Eric Rohmer, terrifically intelligent, quizzically sexy, with three droll grownups talking about—for once, in films—things that grownups do actually talk about. Rohmer has a better understanding than anyone else around of the way people listen. With Jean-Louis Trintignant. In French. (Olympia; through Nov. 14.)

Oh! Mr. Porter (1937)—English comedy featuring Will Hay. (Elgin; Nov. 9.)

One Day in the Life of Ivan Denisovich (1971)—Casper Wrede, a Finn living in England, made this careful depiction of a great text by Solzhenitsyn. Siberian labor camp: the squeak of feet on snow, boiled grass to eat, snatches of talk between intelligent men put to futile jobs. Tom Courtenay plays Ivan, obdurate, skeptical. Like much work from great Russian literature, the film is less about a character than about a state of soul—about a state of surviving by saying no. (St. Marks Cinema; starting Nov. 15.)

Open City (1944)—A brutal melodrama about the Roman underground resistance to the German Occupation, famed for the extraordinary immediacy and the almost documentary look of Roberto Rossellini's direction, and for Anna Magnani's magnificent performance. In Italian. (Thalia; Nov. 13-14.)

Play It As It Lays—With Tuesday Weld and Anthony Perkins, directed by Frank Perry. (Beekman.)

Prime Cut—A man gets turned into a rather short string of frankfurters. Directed by Michael Ritchie, with Lee Marvin pitted against Gene Hackman. Plenty of cattle and an awful lot of blood. Raw-spirited, nasty work. (Symphony; through Nov. 14.)

Pygmalion (1938)—The G.B.S. business, with Leslie Howard and Wendy Hiller. (Murray Hill; starting Nov. 10.)

The Red Mantle (1968)—With Gunnar Björnstrand and Eva Dahlbeck, directed by Gabriel Axel. (Trans-Lux East.)

The Ruling Class—Peter Medak directs Peter Barnes' play about the English class system, with a very funnily played Mr. Magoo-shaped butler (Arthur Lowe), who is a member of the Communist Party but slavishly accepts the cruel oddities of a noble family living in a hideous eighteen-thirties castle. The film lays it on a bit thick all the way through, and deals in archetypes, but it makes a couple of ideological points. (Cinema I.)

La Salamandre—A Swiss film (made in French, with English subtitles), directed by Alain Tanner from a script that he wrote in collaboration with a dialectically energizing English art critic and novelist named John Berger. There are three main characters: an imperishable little lizard of a girl called Rosemonde (Bulle Ogier), a huge-framed, goofy-looking journalist named Pierre, with a lopsided face and a hopeful view of life (Jean-Luc Bideau), and a low-key, lovable writer called Paul, with a lugubrious mustache like a Victorian bather's (Jacques Denis). The film is full of intellect and gay clarity. (72nd St. Playhouse; starting Nov. 12.)

Savage Messiah—With Dorothy Tutin and Scott Antony, directed by Ken Russell. (Coronet.)

A Separate Peace—John Knowles' prep-school novel hasn't been dramatized; the director, Larry Peerce, seems to think conversations in lyrical places are all that's needed to make a movie. It's all chatter. The nonprofessional cast acts "natural" enough, but there's no depth of character to this kind of acting, and no excitement. John Heyl, who plays Fearless Finny, bears an amusing resemblance to Burt Lancaster. (Cinema II.)

1776—A musical about the signing of the Declaration of Independence, with William Daniels as John Adams, Howard Da Silva as Ben Franklin, and Ken Howard as Thomas Jefferson. Directed by Peter Hunt. (Music Hall; starting Nov. 9.)

Ship Ahoy (1942)—Bert Lahr turns up in this M-G-M musical starring Eleanor Powell and Red Skelton. There are some relatively lively numbers, although Virginia O'Brien isn't as funny as she's meant to be. With Tommy Dorsey's orchestra; Eddie Buzzell directed. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; Nov. 12-14.)

The Sorrow and the Pity—Magnificent documentary epic on the German Occupation of France. A study in the psychology of history, directed by Marcel Ophuls. Four and a half hours. (5th Ave. Cinema.)

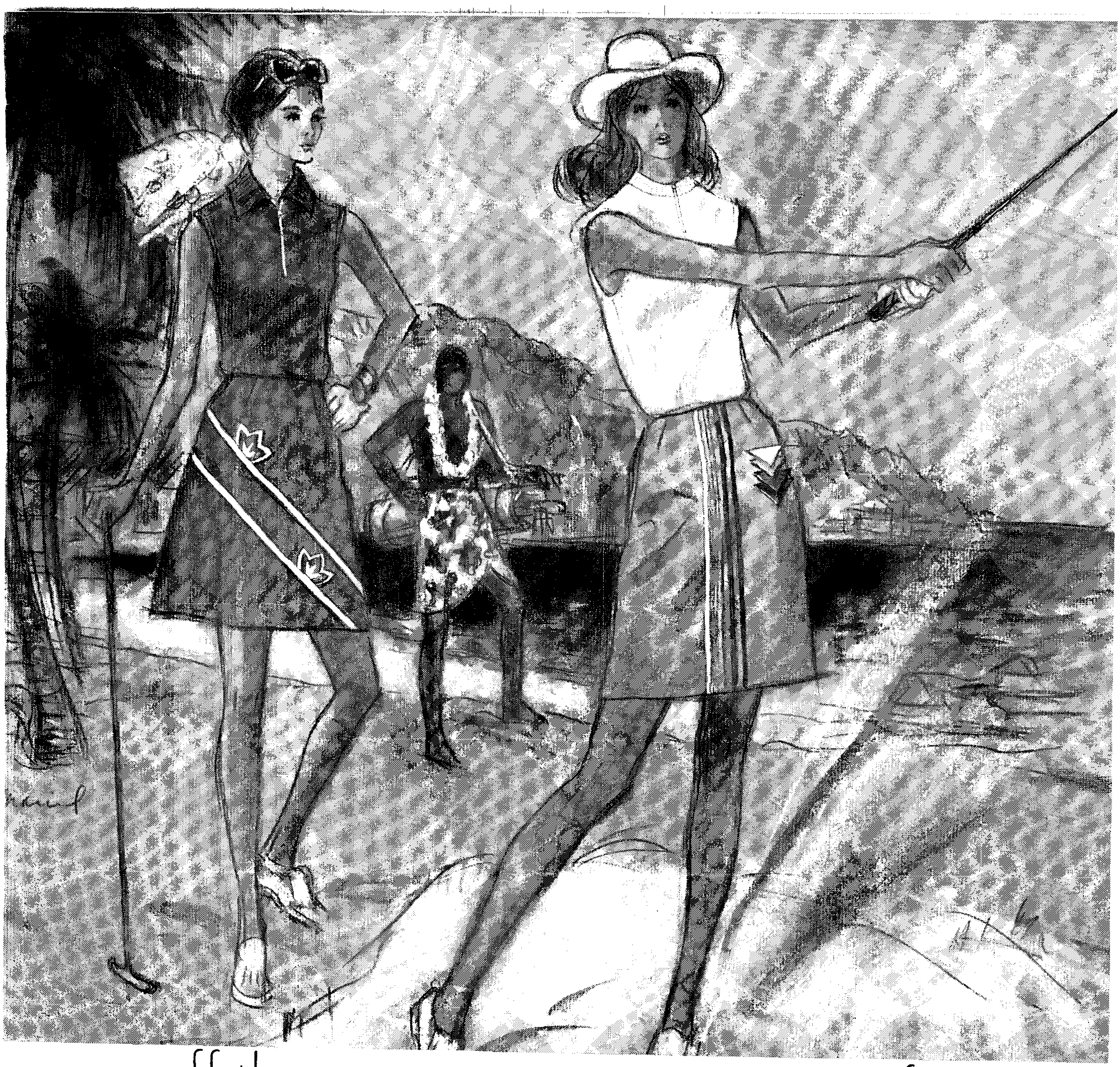
Sounder—Extraordinarily simple, yet deeply, emotionally rich. The first movie about black experiences in America that can stir people of all colors. With Cicely Tyson (playing the first great black heroine on the screen), Paul Winfield, Kevin Hooks, and Janet MacLachlan. Martin Ritt directed, from a script by Lonne Elder III. The score is by Taj Mahal, who also plays the comedy role of Ike. (Plaza.)

La Strada (1956)—Federico Fellini's spiritual fable sets a mood, and it remains in one's memory—even if one rejects the meaning of the fable. Giulietta Masina is the innocent waif, Anthony Quinn the brutal strong man, Richard Basehart the artist-clown. (It is unusual to remember the names of characters in movies, but Quinn's Zampano is hard to forget.) In Italian. (Thalia; Nov. 13-14.)

Superfly—Gaudy black exploitation film with explicit racism and some that's implicit (the hero deals in cocaine, which is supposed to be O.K., since most users here are white). Partly slick, partly amateurish. With Ron O'Neal and Carl Lee, directed by Gordon Parks, Jr. (Festival.)

Taking Off (1971)—Miloš Forman, the Czech director of "Loves of a Blonde" and "The Fireman's Ball," works for the first time in America. His subject is the generation gap, but he sees it in his own way; this is a very funny film, flying in the face of cant journalistic opinions, and gently finding that both sides in the generation war are old-fashioned, decorous, and intent on smallish endeavors carried out with a hermetic intentness and ardor possible only in a lucky, uninvaded country. (Quad Cinema 2; through Nov. 14.)

That Night in Rio (1941)—Alice Faye could dance and she had a lush contralto voice (no



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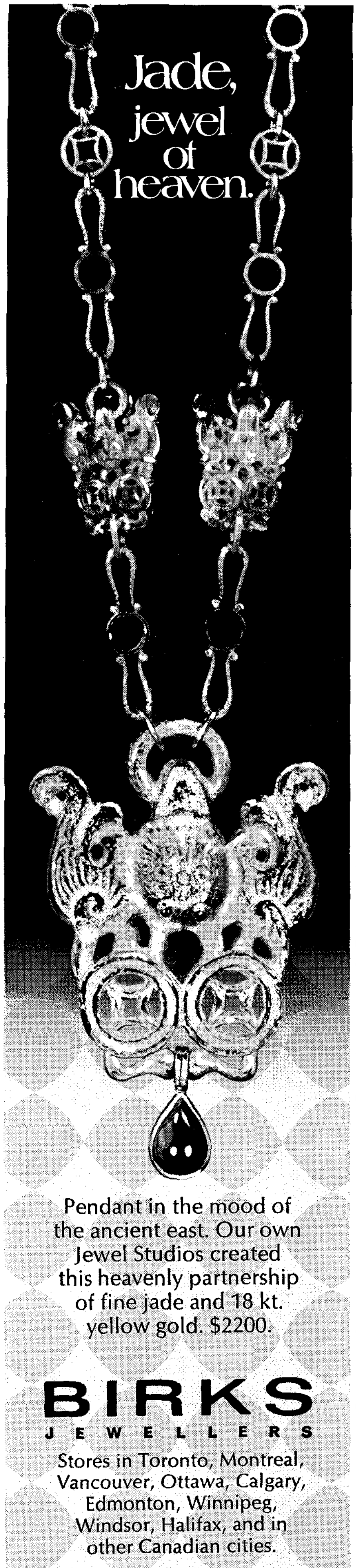

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lover of movie musicals will forget her "This Year's Kisses" in "On the Avenue"), but this low-camp musical is one of her co-starring jobs with Don Ameche, the zero that sings, in a double role. That's twice nothing. Carmen Miranda—it would be a euphemism to describe her as volatile—sings "I Yi Yi Yi Yi Like You Very Much." Irving Cummings directed. The movie was remade ten years later as the Danny Kaye vehicle "On the Riviera;" those with really long memories may recall that it was done for the first time back in 1935 as a Maurice Chevalier-Merle Oberon musical called "Folies-Bergère." Of the three versions, "That Night in Rio" takes the booby prize. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; starting Nov. 15.)

The 39 Steps (1935)—Hitchcock's suave, amusing spy melodrama, directed with so sure a touch that the suspense is charged with wit. Robert Donat and Madeleine Carroll are the pair handcuffed together until hate turns to love, Peggy Ashcroft and John Laurie are the couple joined together by marriage chains, and the villain is Godfrey Tearle, looking astonishingly like F.D.R. From the John Buchan novel. (Elgin; Nov. 10-14.)

The Threepenny Opera (1931)—G.W. Pabst made this somewhat phlegmatic version of the Bertolt Brecht-Kurt Weill opera. With Lotte Lenya. In German. (Elgin; starting Nov. 15.)

To Have and Have Not (1944)—Directed by Howard Hawks, with a general jokey love of honky-tonk. Courtship sparring between Humphrey Bogart at his most proficient and a then newcomer called Lauren Bacall, dusky-voiced and nervy, all mock toughness. Loosely based on Hemingway, about Bogart tangled up in a story of Vichy violence in the West Indies. (New Yorker; starting Nov. 15.)

Tonight and Every Night (1945)—Elaborate, dull Columbia musical starring Rita Hayworth, smiling about nothing, and with Marc Platt, Janet Blair, and Lee Bowman. Directed by Victor Saville; mediocre score by Sammy Cahn and Jules Styne. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; through Nov. 11.)

Transatlantic Tunnel (1935)—Though actually a remake of a much better German sci-fi adventure film, this melodramatic English production, directed by Maurice Elvey, has some memorable and gripping sequences once it gets under way—which takes a while. The title tells the story: it's about trying to drive a tunnel under the Atlantic, with all the floods and eruptions imaginable. Strong-jawed Richard Dix, one of the most likable early screen stars, is the lead, with Madge Evans opposite him. (Elgin; Nov. 8.)

The Trojan Women—Despite the makeshift style of the film, the great play catches one by the throat, and by the most legitimate of all means—its simplicity. With Katharine Hepburn, Vanessa Redgrave, Geneviève Bujold, and Irene Papas, directed by Michael Cacoyannis. (St. Marks Cinema and Symphony; starting Nov. 15.)

Trouble Man—With Robert Hooks and Paul Winfield, directed by Ivan Dixon. (Juliet 2.)

The Twelve Chairs—Directed by Leonid Gaidai. In Russian. (Regency.)

20,000 Leagues Under the Sea (1954)—James Mason stalking the ocean bed in a scientific submarine, tracking down the fleet of a wicked belligerent country. Paul Lukas and Peter Lorre are with Mason underwater. O.K. family stuff; Peter Lorre, with his look of a wise and humorous cod, is forever an actor for the grown-ups. (Embassy 72nd St.; through Nov. 14.)

Two English Girls—François Truffaut tries for gaiety and gentleness and charm in this adaptation of the only other novel by Henri-Pierre Roché, the author of "Jules and Jim," but everything is muffled, almost repressed. The story is about the messed-up lives of two English sisters who love the same man—a Frenchman (Jean-Pierre Léaud, badly miscast). The picture is uncomfortable and, when it's over, unresolved yet emotionally affecting. A bewilderingly sad movie. In French. (Fine Arts.)

Ulzana's Raid—With Burt Lancaster and Bruce Davison, directed by Robert Aldrich. (Riviera; starting Nov. 15.)

Under Capricorn (1949)—A Hitchcock stinker. Set in Australia in the early nineteenth century (though shot in England, for M-G-M). High-born English Ingrid Bergman (!) is Lady Henrietta, who elopes with a stableman, Joseph Cotten (!), becomes alcoholic, and falls in love with her visiting cousin, Michael Wilding. The casting in this movie defies all reason, and includes Margaret Leighton as a servant. (New Yorker; through Nov. 14.)

The Valachi Papers—With Charles Bronson and Lino Ventura, directed by Terence Young. (34th St. East and Loews Ciné.)

The Virgin and the Gypsy (1970)—Maurice Denham is an Anglican vicar with a taste for depressing hymns; he sends one of his virgin daughters (Joanna Shimkus) into the arms of a gypsy (Franco Nero). Christopher Miles' movie is intelligent, a bit studied, true to D. H. Lawrence. (Thalia; Nov. 15-16.)

Viridiana (1961)—Luis Buñuel's account of the havoc wreaked by a virtuous girl who seeks to do God's bidding among His beloved poor. In Spanish. (Playboy; through Nov. 10.)

The War Between Men and Women—Based on James Thurber's views, and using James Thurber's drawings, about an artist who goes blind, like Thurber. The artist is called Peter Wilson, which seems lunatic but turns out to be accidentally just, since the comic spirit of the thing isn't Thurber's by miles. Jack Lemmon is Peter Wilson, forced to gag everything up and backing into dreadful pathos. Barbara Harris is terrific. (Symphony; through Nov. 14.)

Wednesday's Child—Valuable as an attack on the use of shock treatment and drugs in the care of disturbed people, but somewhat simplistic in its brief for R. D. Laing's methods of treatment. Ken Loach directed this *cinéma-vérité*-style English movie, which centers on a girl (Sandy Ratcliff) crushed by her rigid family and falling apart because of her regimented existence. David Mercer wrote the script. (8th St. Playhouse; starting Nov. 10.)

When the Legends Die—With Richard Widmark, directed by Stuart Millar. (Music Hall; Nov. 8.)

Where Does It Hurt?—With Peter Sellers and Jo Ann Pflug, directed by Rod Amateau. (R.K.O. 23rd St. Cinema; through Nov. 14.)

Where's Poppa? (1970)—This Carl Reiner comedy about a lawyer (George Segal) who can't get loose of his mother (Ruth Gordon) doesn't completely work—maybe because the mother has been made into a senile psychopath instead of a sly, possessive witch, and so the satirical point gets confused. But it has so much energy and inventiveness that it's intermittently very funny, and Reiner has directed some graceful scenes between Segal and a charming ingenue, Trish Van Devere. (Quad Cinema 2; through Nov. 14.)

Why—With Alberto Sordi, directed by Nanni Loy. In Italian. (Paris.)

Oscar Wilde (1960)—The Gregory Ratoff version, with Robert Morley, which is nothing like as good as the Peter Finch version of the same time, but it is a harrowing and touching real tale of an age. Hypocrisy doesn't die, it just changes; you recognize the same society that hounded Profumo, and there are moments in the film when nerves are made to jump like fleas. Ralph Richardson plays an eminent English barrister, and the film is worth seeing for that alone, as well as for Morley's theatricality. (Thalia; through Nov. 9.)

Women in Love (1970)—Ken Russell's overheated version of the great D. H. Lawrence novel sacrifices character and meaning in order to make an extravagant, sensuous movie—which turns out to be rather like Lawrence's accounts of bad sex. The wild Gothic tableaux and Glenda Jackson's fascinating, stony performance will make more sense if you read the book first. (St. Marks Cinema; through Nov. 14. . . . ¶ Thalia; Nov. 15-16.)

You'll Like My Mother—With Patty Duke, Richard Thomas, and Rosemary Murphy, directed by Lamont Johnson. (U. A. East and Riverside; through Nov. 14.)

Young Winston—Enjoyable junk: a few parts pop psychiatry, a few parts adventure, a few parts politics, and a dash of family scandal. Simon Ward is fine-boned and beautiful, and his intelligent impersonation of Churchill from ages seventeen to twenty-six is fun to watch; Anne Bancroft's eye-popping, haughty Jennie Jerome is the stuff of parody. Richard Attenborough directed, from Carl Foreman's adaptation of Churchill's "My Early Life." (Columbia II. Weekdays at 2:30, 7:30, and 10:30, and Sundays at 2, 5, and 8. Reserved seats only.)

The Royal Copenhagen Porcelain Manufactory was founded in 1775.

This month we move to Madison at fifty-seventh.

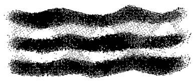
The Royal Copenhagen Porcelain Manufactory which is the oldest existing establishment dedicated to the applied arts in Denmark, was founded in 1775 as a partnership. Her Majesty Queen Juliane Marie had a shareholding-majority and was, moreover, the moving spirit of the enterprise. In 1779 the Royal family took over the factory, which at that time employed 159 persons.

Queen Juliane Marie. The factory's successful start was primarily due to the Queen's patronage and active co-operation.

The three wavy lines

In 1775, The Queen suggested to the factory that they use 3 blue, wavy lines as a trademark.

These 3 lines symbolize Denmark's three waterways, the Little Belt, the Great Belt, and the Sound, and they have been used ever since. By their originality, they are easily recognizable as monograms, crowns and coats of arms.



The three wavy lines tell you that it is a piece of Royal Copenhagen Porcelain.

Curiously enough, from 1775 to 1889, the three lines were painted with the waves downwards, while from 1889 until the present day the waves were painted upwards.

Design No. 1: Blue Fluted Porcelain

The proof of the pudding is in the eating, so to speak. The success of Blue Fluted has increased steadily with the passing of the years. It was the first to be produced at the factory in 1775 – and it has been in great demand ever since. Consisting of several hundred different pieces, it can rightly be called Denmark's national tableware.

This service is made in 3 variations:

With a plain edge, with a closed lace edge ("half lace"), and with a perforated lace edge ("full lace").

A complete Blue Fluted porcelain service consists of 91 pieces. A standard dinner service with a plain edge for 8 costs $ 336.–

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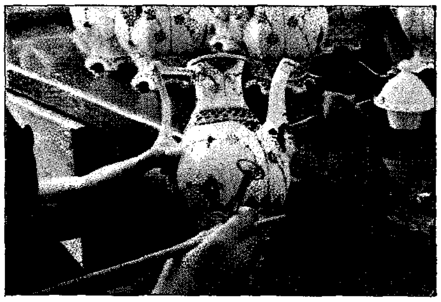

Blue Fluted porcelain is handpainted in precisely the same way to this day.

Each piece is handmade

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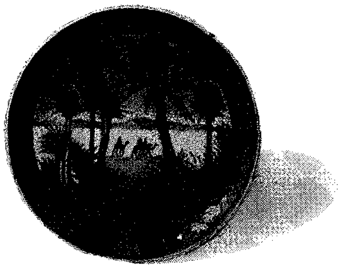

The motif on the Christmas Plate for 1972 is "In The Desert".

This ad is No. 1 in a series. Prints on glossy paper are available upon request.

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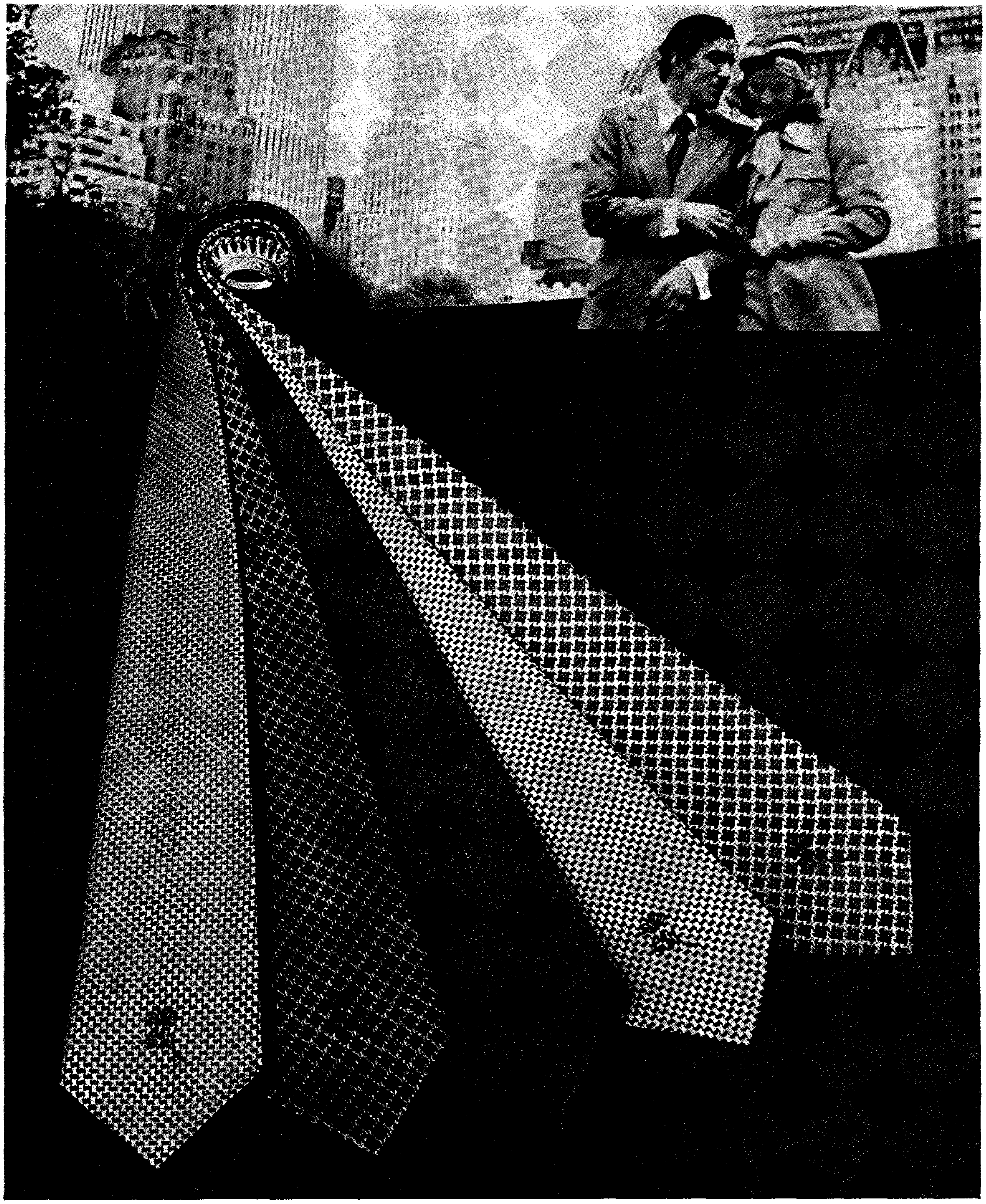

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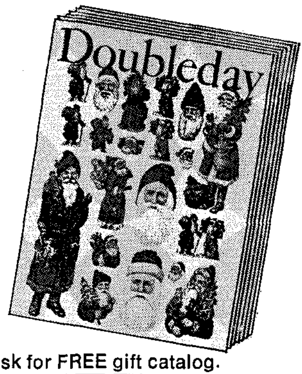

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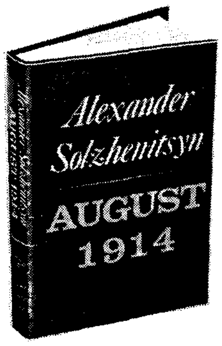
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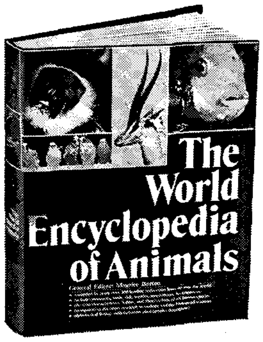
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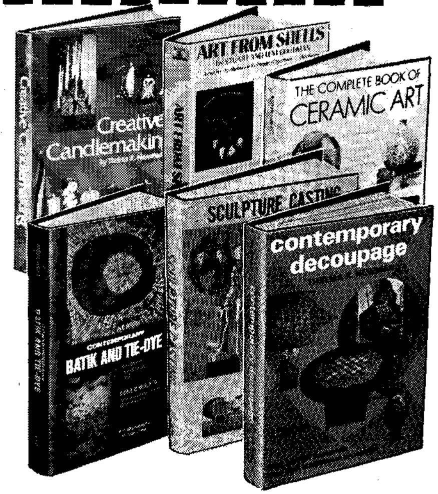
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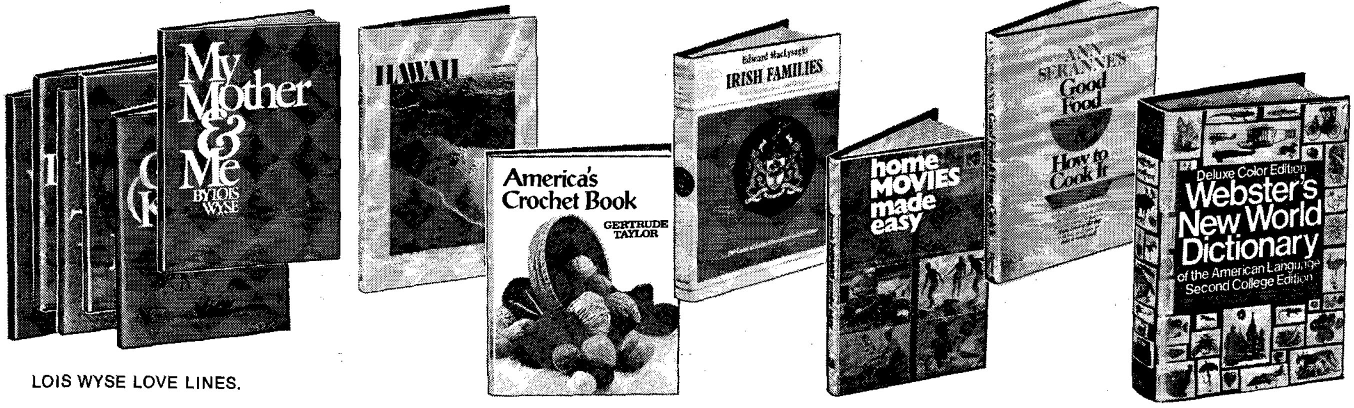

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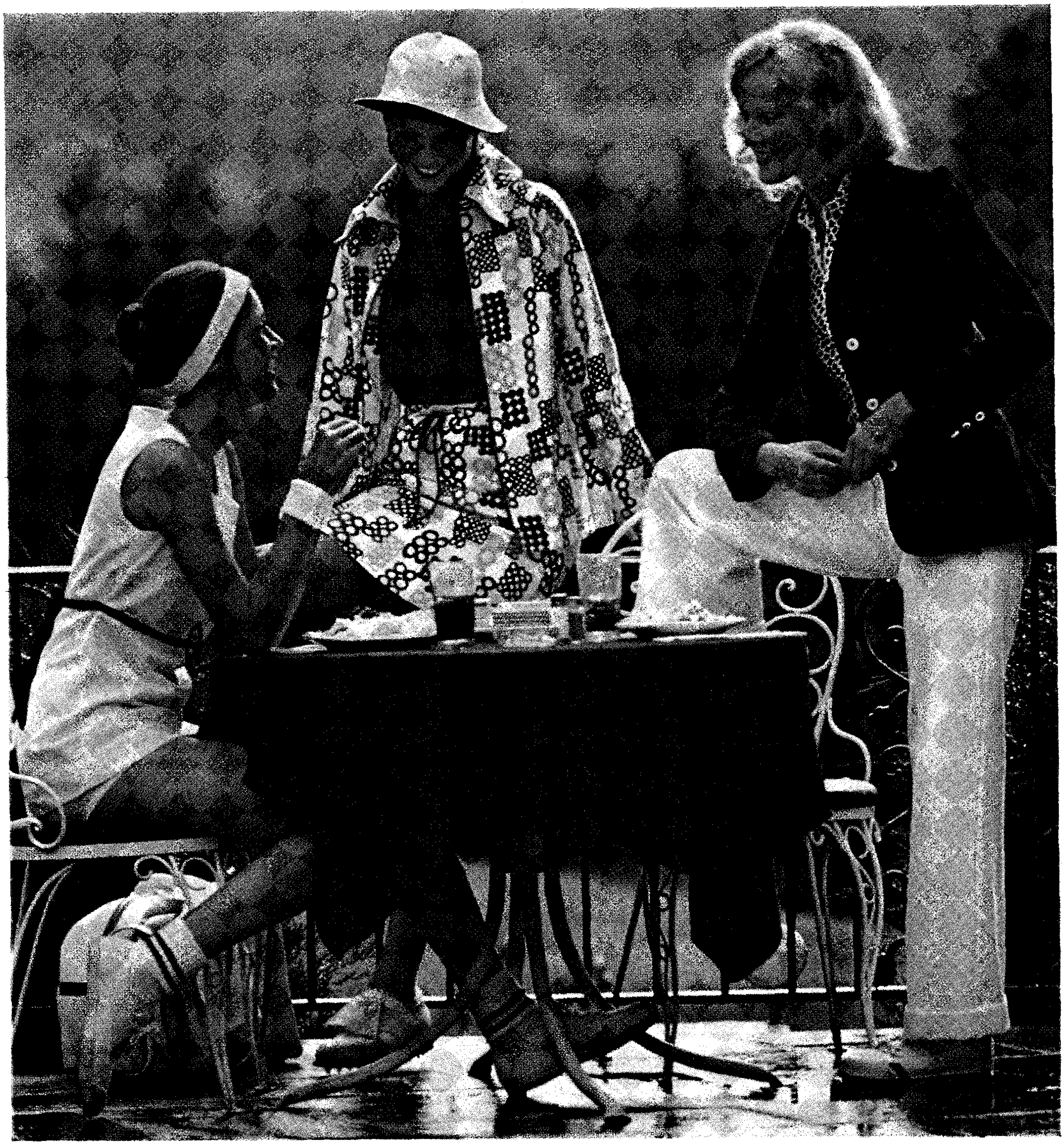

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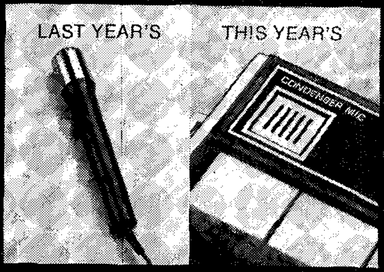

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THE NEW YORKER

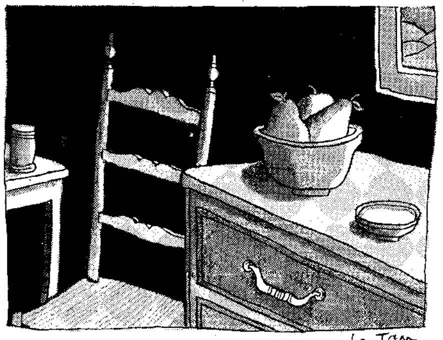
THE TALK OF THE TOWN

Notes and Comment

AS we go to press this week, the voters are preparing to go to the polls, and it seems worth noting, just before the decision comes in, that the choice described by both candidates as "the clearest choice in this century" has become in the eyes of most voters something like the murkiest choice in this century. The candidates, instead of steadily growing in presence and in stature as the campaign has proceeded, have seemed to shrink and fade away. The President, apparently as a matter of conscious policy, has virtually disappeared from public view, reducing himself to little more than a voice on the radio. In public, he is represented by dozens of figures called "surrogates," rather as if he were a character in a science-fiction story. Senator McGovern, on the other hand, seems to be everywhere at once, but, for reasons that quite defy analysis, his voice has not seemed to carry and be heard, and even many of the enthusiasts who helped him to victory in the primaries now seem bewildered by his campaign. The contest has taken on an elusive, unreal aspect—Don Quixote tilting against the Invisible Man. The issues, too, have blurred and faded. Two of the most important ones have simply been withdrawn from the forum of public consideration. The war is being held suspended, in what may be a state of calculated irresolution, and the issue of political sabotage and espionage surrounding the Watergate affair cannot be fully joined until after the election (when trials will begin), because of a Presidential decision to maintain silence on the charges. An election is supposed to be an occasion for judgment and decision, but this election has been made into an occasion for postponement and deferral.

It is perhaps not surprising, then, that the opinion polls, which appear to have virtually decided the election in advance, report that the voters are losing interest even as Election Day approaches. The nation's mood is frequently described as apathetic, but it seems to be something worse. There's a sourness in the air, a sense of stubborn withdrawal. According to the opinion polls, President Nixon does well compared to Senator McGovern, but it is *only* when he is compared to Senator McGovern that he does well; the electorate gives him a poor rating on his performance in many areas when it considers him on his own. A few weeks ago, we happened to have a conversation with a farmer in Minnesota, and his views struck us as representing the new mood perfectly. He told us he had once been a Republican but then had become fed up with the Republicans and switched to the Democrats. Then he had become fed up with the Democrats and switched to Wallace (before Wallace switched back to the Democrats). We asked him why he had supported Wallace. "Well, I knew he couldn't win, and I wanted to vote for someone who was going to lose," he told us. We asked him whom he was going to vote for in the coming election. "Whoever looks like he's going to lose," he said. "One of those fellows is going to be in the White House, but I'll be damned if it's going to be with my support."

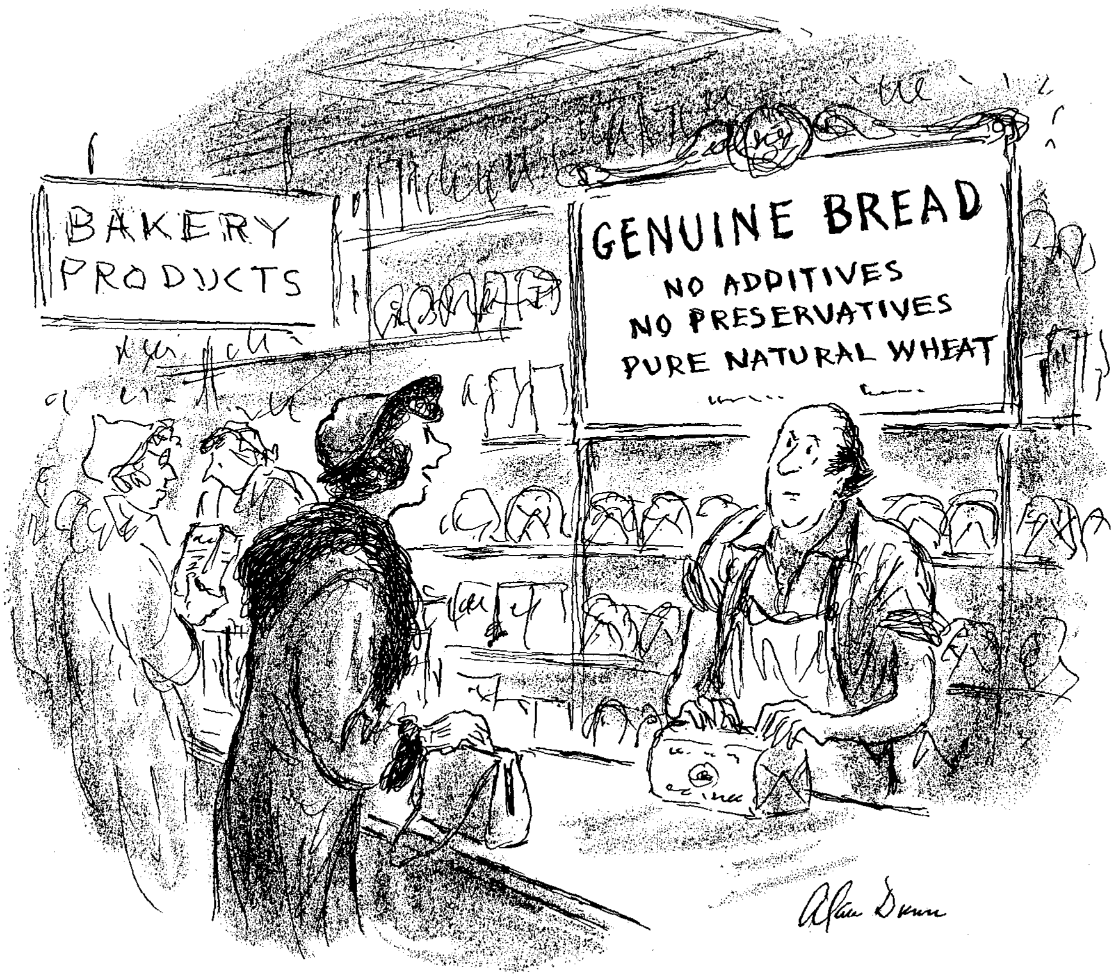
We speak of mandates at election time, and the word "mandate" implies approbation and assent, even enthusiasm. But this year there are few signs of assent or approbation, let alone enthusiasm, whether for President Nixon or for Senator McGovern. Perhaps the answer is that unless a campaign attains a certain level of reality there simply is no mandate to be won from the voters. It's a sobering thought for whoever wins this strange, phantom election of 1972.



MEANWHILE, we read that someone in our government has designed an interesting new plan to send advisers to South Vietnam. . . .

The Center Line

PETER LINK's admirable music can be heard these nights both in "Lysistrata" and in "Much Ado About Nothing." Last season, it turned up in the rock musical "Iphigenia," and, a year or so before that, in the musical "Salvation," while its composer was acting a leading role in "Hair." The talented man in question is boyish in appearance, is twenty-eight, wears a perpetual questing look, has a substantial mop of curly blond hair and a tentative mustache, and is intensely serious (in a thoroughly pleasant way) about himself and his work. His music is mostly rock, determined and infectious, but he has also come up with turn-of-the-century barbershop and with lonesome ballads, as in the graveyard scene in "Much Ado." We met him the other evening at a small Greek restaurant a few steps from the theatre where "Lysistrata" is playing, in the company of Marta Heflin, his fiancée, whom he plans to marry later this month in one of Joseph Papp's Public Theatres. He met her when she auditioned for "Salvation," and she played one of the twelve Iphigenias down at the Public. Marta is very beautiful and quiet, and likes to hear Peter talk. She didn't say much. She ordered a light salad, we ordered a spinach pie, and Peter ordered lamb. His mind was on his work. "I write strictly from my gut, from way down," he said. "I try to reach the emotional base of what I'm trying to say. I'm not a technical musician at all. I dream my songs. I've



"O.K., I'll try anything once."

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learned chords on the guitar, and I know what a seventh is, and a C chord. But I also know that my problems are mental, and must be solved mentally. For 'Lysistrata' I spent part of last summer in Paris, in Montparnasse, with Melina Mercouri and Michael Cacoyannis, the director. I was trying to find a meeting ground between rock and Greek. I listened to a great deal of Greek and Byzantine music, I read a lot, and I walked the Paris streets with my camera, taking pictures of the people and the statues. But I knew that my songs would have to come from dipping way down inside myself, and that the songs are what *I* am about—not what Lennon is about, or McCartney. I got lonely in Paris and missed Marta. The young Americans are quite different from the French. The French talk a good deal about linguistics. The Americans talk about their inner selves, and about God."

Marta smiled an appreciative smile. Peter found a substantial pool of lamb gravy and swished some bread around in it. "I was brought up in St. Louis, a comfortable place to be raised," he said. "My father was a professional musician. He had a band in Canada and played percussion with the Minneapolis Symphony. Mother danced and sang, but not professionally. They live in Daytona Beach. I went to Principia College, forty miles northwest of St. Louis, in Elsah, Illinois. A small Christian Science college, with Christian Science students and Christian Science teachers. I believed in my God, and I still do. I came East to the Neighborhood Playhouse, but I never thought I'd be a great actor, and the music called. The songs came up from inside me. I can hear the trumpets and I can hear the drums, and I can sing the music for the musicians and they sing it back, and suddenly we have it. There was never a single piece of music in 'Iphigenia' put down on paper. We put it on tape, took it over to the music publishers, and let them transcribe it. None of the people in the 'Lysistrata' band have to read music. My head is so filled with music! Right now, I can hear an album in my head of bassoon and tuba, but I'm not ready for an album yet. I figured a good deal out for myself on guitar and piano, and I am always learning. The chord progressions get better and better. I learned an immense amount of technical music in two weeks, and I learned that I mostly want to break forms. And the truth is that you can do anything in music if it works."

Miss Heflin said she was sorry but she had to leave. She was due at her theatre, where she is playing Mary Magdalene in "Jesus Christ Superstar."

After she had left, Link said, "When I was in Paris, I walked all over the city. If I hadn't taken up music after deciding not to be an actor, I think I would have been a sculptor. But the music gives me a chance to write what I'm all about. I don't go to church anymore, but that has very little to do with my religion. I compose three to four hours a day. Regularly. No interruptions. I can't sit around and wait for the inspiration. I have been immeasurably helped by so many things—by studying Eastern philosophies, by getting briefly into drugs, which taught me there are many more things than I *see*, by getting quickly out, because it emptied everybody, was no solution. I've been reading books about Einstein. E equals MC^2. His insights into the illusion of matter, the unreality of matter. It's the mind of man that fascinates me. We use about three per cent of our brain, and the other ninety-seven per cent we don't even know about. Around six months ago, I had a really heavy personal experience. And suddenly I could see that the materiality of the world was in fact an illusion. It changed me. It made me go down deeper, investigate more. I'm still Christian Science, but I have taken myself deeper. I've learned more about my own limitations, and I've put more trust in my mental capacities."

Link's fork, with a piece of bread attached, made another circumnavigation of the plate. A clean sweep. "The only space we can turn to these days is the space of our minds," he said. "When I turn inward, I find where my work comes from. Just the other evening, a song in 'Lysistrata' was going badly. Needed fixing. I went home and sat down for ten or fifteen minutes. Total silence. Incidentally, Marta chants. I got all the frustrations out of my system. I involved myself with the emotional experience of that song, back into where it had originally come from. I stabilized myself, I got vibrations, and I felt released. I felt easy and loose. I went way down to what I had been trying to say in the first place. And then I worked for hours on the piece, finding the center line. The center line of *me*. I'm always looking for the center line."

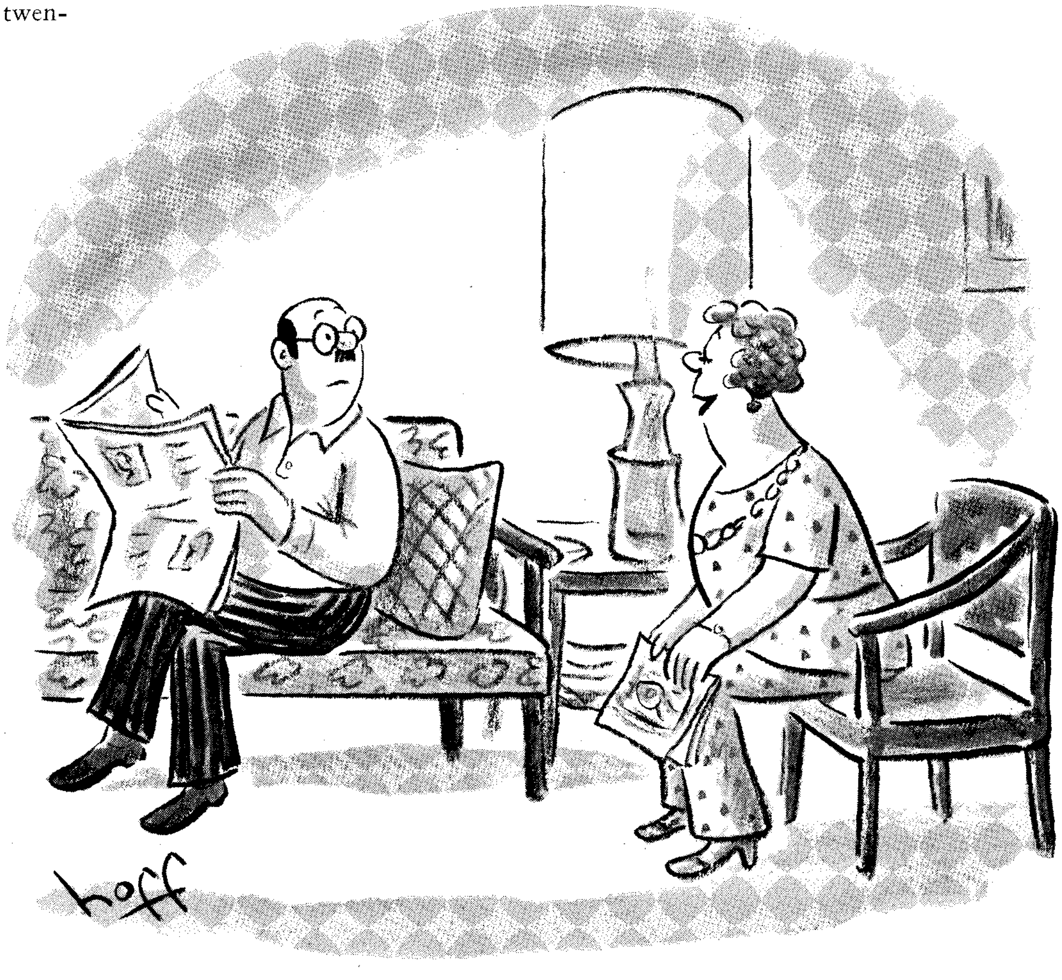
New Sculpture in Town

NEW YORK's largest outdoor sculpture, a forty-two-foot-high work by Jean Dubuffet, went on display the other day on the plaza outside the Chase Manhattan Bank Building, downtown, and we attended the marathon opening-day festivities, which began at 11:30 A.M. and concluded, after a few hours' hiatus, at 7:15 P.M. The sculpture is part of the French artist's "L'Hourloupe" series (he coined the word; its sound is supposed to connote physical grotesquerie and tragedy), which he began in 1962 as standard-size paintings. The big new member of the family, called "Group of Four Trees," is a black-and-white abstraction fashioned from concrete, steel, and aluminum, sheathed in fibre glass, and rooted by steel rods to the terrazzo plaza. The piece weighs twenty-five tons and had been in the process of assembly, behind an eight-foot fence, since August. It is a gift to the city from David Rockefeller, the chairman of the Chase, and it represents, he said at a midday showing for the press, the culmination of a ten-year search for a suitably monumental work to grace the spot, in the course of which a half-dozen other sculptors failed to come up with an acceptable design. (Mr. Rockefeller was too tactful to mention the also-rans, but we understand that among them were Giacometti and Alexander Calder.) Dubuffet was first proposed by Gordon Bunshaft, the Skidmore, Owings & Merrill architect, who was in charge of designing the Chase skyscraper. Mr. Bunshaft told the midday assemblage that he had originally had in mind a piece only twenty-five feet or so high, but that he is pleased with the outcome and thinks Dubuffet has produced "one of the world's significant public sculptures that have been done in the twentieth century." The artist, who submitted several designs before the ultimate one evolved, was on hand, too—at seventy-one, a small, striking figure, nearly hairless, with flashing gold teeth and a ready smile. He was wearing a brown suit and yellow shoes. He told us he has long admired New York, and lived here for six months twenty years ago, occupying a studio apartment in Greenwich Village and painting in "a tragic and dramatic place" just off the Bowery. While we were standing beneath and within the giant sculpture, Mr. Rockefeller joined us. We learned that after commissioning it, in 1969, he made four trips to the studio, just outside Paris, where it was created and then taken apart, to be shipped to New York and put together again by five French and four American artisans. "Don't you think it's exciting?" he asked. "I think it'll last." Then he turned to a bank officer and asked, "What's the program? Are we just going to generally absorb the beauty of the piece?"

The program turned out to be mainly a tribute to Dubuffet by Rockefeller and a tribute to Rockefeller by Dubuffet. Speaking in French, the artist began, "May I ask that a man who leads a very solitary life—almost a hermit's life—be forgiven if he's awkward in public? I wish, however, to express—publicly—the emotion I feel when I see today my works of art in a city for which I have the warmest feelings." His remarks were translated by Léo J. M. Pierre, a Chase second vice-president, who is permanently assigned to accounts at the United Nations (he signed up the mission of the People's Republic of China), and who was sporting a red rosette that he later identified, at our request, as l'Ordre de l'Étoile Équatoriale de la République du Gabon. "I am wearing it because it goes nicely with a gray suit," he said, "but I could just as easily have worn a French one, l'Ordre National du Mérite. My best one is Austrian—Das Grosse Ehrenzeichen für Verdienste um die Republik Österreich."

After a bit, all hands ascended to the sixtieth floor, for lunch. In the elevator, Mr. Bunshaft proposed M. Dubuffet for Premier of France. "I'd prefer to be in charge of your country," the artist said amiably.

The chief topic of conversation at our lunch table was the vulnerability of the new work, which can be walked through and touched. "We've all been



"If there really were transmigration of souls, wouldn't it be fabulous if we both came back married to each other?"

going to graffiti-removing school," one bank employee told us. "We have secret caches of graffiti remover everywhere. We've got to be prepared for the worst; after all, it's an American tradition to carve things on tree trunks." A woman next to him disagreed; the Dubuffet was unlikely to be defaced, she argued, because while there are plenty of people in town who seem to aspire to transform subway cars into works of art, it already *was* a work of art.

At five-thirty, we returned for a "Group of Four Trees" cocktail party that Mr. Rockefeller was giving in the downstairs lobby—with the Dubuffet looming grandly outside its plate-glass façade—for his family, his financial sidekicks, and various plenipotentiaries of the art world. M. Dubuffet, we noticed, had changed his clothes. "I forgot to eat anything at lunch," he said when we reintroduced ourself, "so I went to a terrible drugstore and had some Rice Krispies. Then I went to this very strange and grotesque hotel where I am staying, and changed into a dark suit, but I forgot to change my yellow shoes, so I went back and changed them, and this time I forgot my overcoat, but at least in the process I managed to lose a bodyguard who had been following me around all morning with a gun on his hip." As we were about to ask if he had any qualms about graffiti, Mr. Rockefeller whisked him off to meet the Chemical Bank and Lazard Frères. Soon afterward, Rockefeller addressed his guests, perhaps a couple of hundred strong, speaking of the new work, affectionately, as "lighthearted, cheerful, and at the same time very serious . . . a happy contrast with—rather, complement to—the more severe and solemn buildings that surround it." He singled out for special mention a young Chase employee named Cathy Coleman, who had acted as interpreter for Dubuffet's five French workmen during their eight weeks in New York, and we drew her aside to ask if she had enjoyed the assignment.

"The Frenchmen couldn't have been nicer," she said. "One of them was an Alpine climber and was extremely good with rope lashings. For two months, I got to wear bluejeans with red patches to work, and I probably set banking back fifty years."

M. Dubuffet made another speech, this one in English, in which he said, "I do not believe that these four trees, which I hope will be taken not as representations of real trees but as semblances of the thrust and fertility of human thought, bear contradiction in any way to the site upon which they now stand. Indeed, in their capricious and aberrant graphisms, they give an impression—and this was intentional—of feverish intoxication. But they seem to me, by this same febrility, to manifest the ardent source of the enormous intellectual machinery of which this plaza is the core."

As he finished speaking, we noticed Joseph Hirschhorn, the eminent collector, in the throng, and we solicited his expert view of the sculpture.

"It's great," he said. "I want to steal it, but it's bolted down."

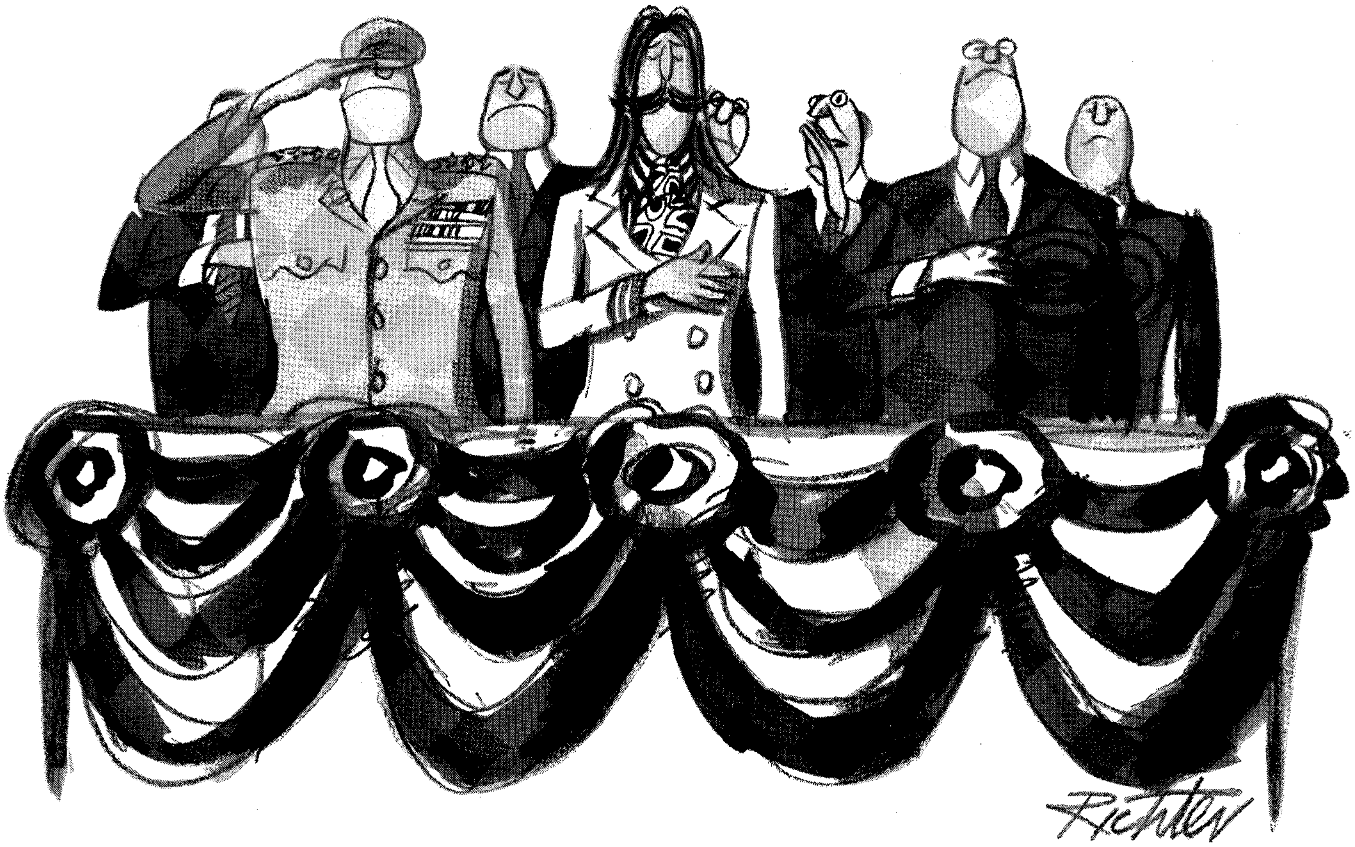
University President

Dr. Clifton R. Wharton, Jr., the president of Michigan State University, gave the second Fairfield Osborn Memorial Lecture, under the auspices of the New York Zoological Society and the Conservation Foundation, at Rockefeller University's Caspary Auditorium the other night. We arrived in time to see him introduced by Dr. Frederick Seitz, Rockefeller's president, as a man of many distinctions "who comes of an illustrious diplomatic family." A tall, rangy, athletic black man of forty-six, with a quick smile, a soft voice, gold-rimmed glasses, and an easy delivery, Dr. Wharton launched into a fifty-minute talk on global conservation and economic growth in underdeveloped nations which stressed the importance of trained university graduates in these areas and the desirability of a "universal world academy."

We met him and his wife, Dolores, a charming, slim woman whose father was a Harlem undertaker, at the ensuing reception in Abby Aldrich Rockefeller Hall, and learned that Michigan State is very big—more than forty thousand students, a faculty of twenty-five hundred, majors in two hundred fields, nearly nineteen thousand parking spaces. "I'd been approached by a number of universities before Michigan State," its prexy said. "I was attracted to it because it's highly innovative, because it was the first land-grant college, and because it has one of the strongest undergraduate programs in teaching and research. Its graduates rank fourth in the country in the number of National Science Foundation fellowship awards. It has three colleges of medicine—veterinary medicine, human medicine, and osteopathy—which I think is unique."

We besought Dr. W. for pre-Michigan Whartoniana, and because he was getting hemmed in by fans he suggested that we breakfast with him and his wife at the University Club the next morning. "I was born in Boston and raised in Spain," he said, as we sat down in the vast, high-ceilinged Charles Follen McKim dining room, which was bustling at 8 A.M. "My father was a Foreign Service officer for forty years. He was stationed in the Canary Islands when I was a child, and later had posts all over—consul-general in Madagascar, minister to Rumania, ambassador to Norway." The senior Wharton was the first black to hold such posts. "There were no American schools in the Canaries, so my mother taught me with material from a Baltimore correspondence school. At ten and a half, I was sent back to the Boston Latin School. I lived with my grandmother; I didn't see my parents for three years." Harvard and the School for Advanced International Studies of Johns Hopkins University followed. "My father wanted me to go into the Foreign Service, but the year I graduated from Harvard—1947—the Commencement speaker was George C. Marshall, then Secretary of State, who gave the first outline of what was to become the Marshall Plan, and I saw this as an emerging new field. A year later, one of my Johns Hopkins professors, who knew Nelson Rockefeller, who was then running the Latin-American-oriented American International Association for Economic and Social Development, arranged for me to have an interview with one of Rockefeller's associates. 'What can you do?' he said. I'd had four years at Harvard, and was just finishing up my master's at Hopkins, and I was a bit taken aback. 'Well, I can think,' I said. *He* looked taken aback, and I rose to leave, but he sat me down for a thirty-minute talk and then hired me."

After five years with the Association, ending up as head of reports and analysis, Dr. Wharton took a Ph.D. in economics at the University of Chicago, where he then became a research associate. In 1957, back with the Rockefellers, he was recruited by the Agricultural Development Council, a creation of John D. Rockefeller 3rd, whose main concern was agrarian reform in Asia. This got Wharton into everything from chats with peasants in rice fields in Malaysia to the direction of agricultural programs in Vietnam, Thailand, and Cambodia. "I wore several hats—I helped develop the rural social sciences, I was a consultant to the Malaysian government, and I taught economics at the Universities of Ma-



"You mean he's a dignitary?"

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laysia and Singapore. I continued to help my students through their careers; some of them have gone far in business and government."

Continuing to go far himself, Wharton was vice-president of the A.D.C. when he left it for Michigan State; he was also a trustee of the Rockefeller Foundation and a director of the Equitable Life Assurance Society, the country's third-largest insurance company. He and his wife, who recently wrote a book on contemporary Malaysian artists, rotate works by the university's art faculty in their home. "We have two thousand guests a year, and we show about a hundred works of art a year," she said. "I don't paint myself, but we have a nice collection of Asian art. My great interest is to see what artists do. When we first arrived in Singapore, just after its independence from Great Britain, art surfaced right to the top. It was the idiom that always seemed to be out front. That's when I got the idea for my book. I interviewed almost every one of the thirty-two artists in it. It was great fun."

Ninth Annual

THE big event at the Ninth Annual Avant Garde Festival was supposed to be Charlotte Moorman playing the cello underwater. The festival was celebrated this year on board the old Alexander Hamilton, the Hudson River side-wheeler that is now a part of the South Street Seaport Museum. The water that Miss Moorman was going to play under was being kept in a large Plexiglas box on a pier next to the Hamilton.

There was a crowd standing around the box when we reached the pier. We joined the crowd and stood around. It was a misty night, and the Brooklyn Bridge, a couple of hundred yards upriver from the Hamilton, was looking good. Nothing much happened. We struck up a conversation with a man standing next to us. This man, a tall Texan named Ken, said the crowd had been standing around for some time.

"These guys need new writers," Ken told us. "I always thought the purpose of the avant-garde was to repel people, and I've been all over that ship and I haven't been truly repelled once. The Meat Man came closest."

We asked for more information about the Meat Man.

"Well," said Ken, "the Meat Man wore a Mylar parka and he had some raw meat in his hand. You could touch it if you wanted to. Not too many people wanted to get anywhere near the Meat Man."

"What was he up to?"

"He was up to showing people meat."

"Anything else?"

"There are a lot of people who stare at you so that you'll feel uncomfortable. There's a clothesline with some lettuce hanging on it. I enjoyed the lettuce, actually. I thought it was effective theatre. You might want to take in the electric spaghetti."

We climbed on board the Hamilton. It was very noisy—as noisy as it had ever been on a Saturday night with a full load coming back from Bear Mountain. A lot of people stared at us. We saw a stateroom filled with white Styrofoam pellets. There was a sign on a wall of the stateroom saying:

I HAVE
REALLY
LOST A GOLD RING WITH A RED SQUARE
STONE IN THIS ROOM. REWARD.

We found the electric spaghetti, down in the hold, in the Hamilton's old galley. The electric spaghetti was deserted. It was just a big pile of spaghetti on a table. A small card propped against the pasta said, "Spaghetti will be back in tune in 1 hr."

We disembarked. Miss Moorman, in a diver's suit, was sitting on the edge of the Plexiglas box. As we watched, she crossed herself, slipped into the water, and sat down on a chair. Assistants handed in an orange cello and an orange bow. Miss Moorman began to play. You couldn't hear anything at all, because she was playing underwater.

OVER THE SEA OF HESITATION

Francesca said: "If Jackson had pressed McClellan in White Oak Swamp. If Longstreet had proceeded vigorously on the first day at Second Manassas. If we had had the forty thousand pairs of shoes we needed when we entered Maryland. If Bloss had not found the envelope containing the two cigars and the copy of Lee's Secret Order No. 191 at Frederick. If the pneumonia had not taken Jackson. If Ewell had secured possession of Cemetery Hill on the first day of Gettysburg. If Pickett's charge . . . If Early's march into the Valley . . . If we had had sufficient food for our troops at Petersburg. If our attack on Fort Steadman had succeeded. If Pickett and Fitzhugh Lee had not indulged in a shad bake at Five Forks. If there had been stores and provisions as promised at Amelia Court House. If Ewell had not been captured at Sailor's Creek together with sixteen artillery pieces and four hundred wagons. If Lee had understood Lincoln—his mind, his larger intentions. If there had been a degree of competence in our civilian administration equal to that exhibited by the military. If our cause had been just, or more just. Then, perhaps, matters would have been brought to a happier conclusion."

"Yes," I said.

Francesca is slightly obsessed. But one must let people talk about what they want to talk about. One must let people do what they want to do.

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This morning in the mail I received an abusive letter from a girl in Prague:

Dear Greasy Thomas:

You cannot understand what a pig you are. You are a pig, you idiot. You think you understand things but there is nothing you understand, nothing, you idiot pig-swine. You have not maturity and you have no discretion and nothing can be done without maturity and discretion. How did a pig-cretin like yourself ever wriggle into life? Why do you exist still, vulgar swine? If you don't think I am going to inform the government of your inappropriate continued existence, a stain on the country's face. You can expect Federal Marshals in clouds very soon, cretin-hideous-swine, and I will laugh as they haul you away in their green vans, ugly toad. You know nothing about anything, garbage-face, and the idea that you would dare "think" for others (I know you are not capable of "feeling") is so wildly outrageous that I would laugh out loud if I were not sick of your importunate posturing, egregious fraud-pig. You are not even an honest pig which is at least of some use in the world, you are rather an ocean of pigdip poisoning everything you touch. I do not like you at all.

Love,
Jinka

I read the letter twice. She is certainly angry. But one must let people do what they want to do.

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I work for the city. In the Human Effort Administration. My work consists of processing applications. People apply for all sorts of things. I approve all applications and buck them upward, where they are usually disapproved. Upstairs they do not agree with me, that people should be permitted to do what they want to do. Upstairs they have different ideas. But "different ideas" are themselves permitted, in my particular cosmos. One must let people do what they want to do.

Before I worked for the city I was interested in changing behavior. I thought behavior could be changed. I had a B.A. in psychology, was working on an M.A. I was into sensory deprivation. I did sensory-deprivation studies. I worked for a while at McGill and later at Princeton.

At McGill we inhabited the basement of Taub Hall, believed to be the first building in the world devoted exclusively to the study of hatred. But we were not studying hatred. We were doing black-box work, and the hatred people kindly lent us their basement. I was in charge of the less intelligent subjects (the subjects were divided into less intelligent and more intelligent). I spent two years in the basement of Taub Hall and learned many interesting things.

The temperature of the head does not decrease in sleep. The temperature of the rest of the body does.

There I sat for weeks on end monitoring subjects who had half ping-pong balls taped over their eyes and a white-noise generator at 40 db singing in their ears. Ninety-six hours was the longest any individual endured the black box during my stay at McGill.

I volunteered as a subject and, gratified at being assigned to the "more intelligent" group, spent eighty-five hours in the black box with half ping-pong balls taped over my eyes and the white-noise generator emitting its obliterating whine/whisper. Although I had some intricate Type 4 hallucinations, nothing much else happened to me. Except . . . I began to wonder if behavior *should be* changed. That there was "behavior" at all seemed

"Gee, Grandma, what big eyes you have!"

to me a small miracle.

I pondered going on to stress theory, wherein one investigates the ways in which the stressed individual reacts to stress, but decided suddenly to do something else instead. I decided to take a job with the Human Effort Administration and to try, insofar as possible, to let people do what they want to do.

I am aware that my work is, in many ways, meaningless.

Wm Hamilton

"Isn't it great, dear? Three meaningful dialogues and a romance!"

FRANCESCA was reading to me.

"This is the note Lee wrote," she said. "Listen. 'No one is more aware than myself of my inability for the duties of my position. I cannot even accomplish what I myself desire. How can I fulfill the expectations of others? In addition I sensibly feel the growing failure of my bodily strength. I have not yet recovered from the attack I experienced the past spring. I am becoming more and more incapable of exertion, and am thus prevented from making the personal examinations and giving the personal supervision to the operations in the field which I feel to be necessary. I am so dull making use of the eyes of others I am frequently misled. Everything, therefore, points to the advantages to be derived from a new commander. A younger and abler man than myself can readily be obtained. I know that he will have as gallant and brave an army as ever existed to second his efforts, and it would be the happiest day of my life to see at its head a worthy . . .' "

Francesca stopped reading.

"That was *Robert E.* Lee," she said.

"Yes," I said.

"The leader of all the armies of the Confederacy," she said.

"I know."

"I wanted him to win. So much."

"I understand."

"But he didn't."

"I have read about it."

Francesca has Confederate-gray eyes which reflect, mostly, a lifelong contemplation of the nobility of Lee's great horse, Traveller. I left Francesca and walked in the park, where I am afraid to walk after dark. One must let people do what they want to do, but what if they want to slap you upside the head with a Stillson wrench and take the credit cards out of your pockets? A problem.

The poor are getting poorer. I saw a poor man and asked him if he had any money.

"Money?" he said. "Money thinks I died a long time ago."

We have moved from the Age of Anxiety to the Age of Fear. This is of course progress, psychologically speaking. I intend no irony—no irony at all.

•

Another letter from Jinka:

UNDEAR THOMAS:

The notion that only man is vile must have been invented to describe you, vile friend. I cannot contain the revulsion that whelms in me at the sight of your name, in the Prague telephone book, from your time in Prague. I have scratched it out of my copy, and scratched it out of all the copies I could get my hands on, in telephone booths everywhere. This symbolic removal of you from the telephone booths of our ancient city should not escape your notice, stinking meat. You have been erased and the anointment of the sick, formerly known as Extreme Unction, also as the Last Rites, is what I have in mind for you, soon. Whatever you are doing, stop it, drear pig. The insult to consciousness afforded by your project, whatever it is, cannot be suffered gladly, and I for one do not intend to so suffer. I have measures not yet in the books, and will take them. What I have in mind is not shallots and fresh rosemary, gutless wonder, and your continued association with that ridiculously thin Robert E. Lee girl has not raised you in my esteem, not a bit. One if by land and two if by sea, and it will be sudden, I promise you. Be afraid.

Cordially,
JINKA

I put this letter with the others, clipped together with a paper clip. How good writing such letters must make her feel!

•

Wittgenstein was I think wrong when he said that about that which we do not know, we should not speak. He closed by fiat a great amusement park, there. Nothing gives me more pleasure than speaking about that which I do not know. I am not sure, for example, whether my ideas about various matters are correct or incorrect, but speak about them I must.

I decided to call my brother in San Francisco. He is a copy editor on the San Francisco *Chronicle*. (Although he was trained as a biologist, he is doing what he wants to do, more or less.) Because we are both from the South our conversations tend to be conducted in jiveass dialect.

"Hey," I said.

"Hey," he said.

"What's happening? You got any girl copy boys on that newspaper yet?"

"Man," Paul said, "we got not only girl copy boys we got *topless* girl copy boys. We gonna hire us a reporter next week. They promised us."

"A what?"

"A reporter. That's a guy that goes

out to some event, like a far, for instance, one of your fars—"

"Is that like when frinstance you get all that flames and smoke and like that?"

"You got it. So this here reporter, see, he *goes* to that event. And then he stands there just a-watchin' it and a-understandin' it just as hard as he can. And then he comes back to the office and he *writes somethin'* about this damn far. And that's what a reporter is and they promised us we gonna get us one next week."

"My God. Then you'll be just like our big-time Eastern newspapers, here in the East."

"Man we gone be *better* than your big-time Eastern newspapers. 'Cause we'll have us our reporter, see, to send to fars and like that, and we'll have us our badass topless girl copy boys too!"

"That's wonderful," I said. "How are you feeling?"

"I'm depressed."

"Specific or nonspecific?"

"Well," Paul said, "I have to read the paper a lot. I'm ready to drop the bomb. On us."

One must let people do what they want to do. Fortunately my brother has little to say about when and where the bomb will be dropped.

MY other girl friend is Catherine. Catherine, like Francesca, is hung up on the past. She is persuaded that in an earlier existence she was Balzac's mistress (one of Balzac's mistresses).

"I endured Honoré's grandness," she said, "because it was spurious. Spurious grandness I understand very well. What I could not understand was his hankering for greatness."

"But he *was* great," I said.

"I was impatient with all those artists sitting around hankering for greatness. Of course Honoré was great. But he didn't know it, at the time, for sure. Or he did and he didn't. There were a lot of moments of doubt, depression."

"As is natural."

"The seeking after greatness," said Catherine, "is a sickness, in my opinion. It is like greed, only greed has better results. Greed can at least bring you a fine house on a grand avenue, and strawberries for breakfast, in a rich cream, and servants to beat, when they do not behave. I *prefer* greed. Honoré was greedy, in a reasonable way, but what he was mostly interested in was greatness. I was stuck with greatness."

"Yes," I said.

DRINKING COLD WATER

Almost twenty years
Since you put on your one good dress
And lay down in the shale hills of Pennsylvania.
What you expected from life was nothing much,
And it came
And so it was.
In California I mourned and then forgot,
Though sometimes, in a mirror,
I saw someone walk from the weeds,
Stepping from a shine of water,
And it was you, shining.

Tonight I brought my bundle of years
To an empty house.
When I opened it, a boy walked out,
Drinking cold water, watching the
Moon rise slim and shining over your house.
Whatever it was I wanted
Must have come and gone.

Twenty years, grandmother.
Here I stand
In the poverty of my feet,
And I know what you'd do:
You'd enter your black shawl,
Step back into the shadows of your hair.
And that's no help tonight.
All I can think of is your house—
The pump at the sink
Spilling a trough of clear
Cold water from the well—
And you, old love,
Sleeping in your dark dress
Like a hard, white root.

—PETER EVERWINE

• •

"You," Catherine said, "are neither great nor greedy."

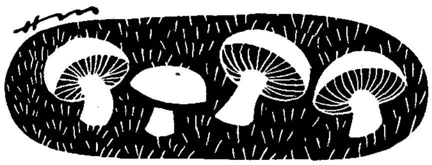
"One must let people be—" I began.

"Yes," Catherine said, "that sounds good, on the surface, but thinking it through—" She finished her espresso, placed the little cup precisely on the little saucer. "Take me out," she said. "Take me to a library."

We went to a library and spent a pleasant afternoon there.

•

I went to the Art Cinema and saw a Swedish film about a man living alone on an island. Somebody was killing a great many sheep on the island, and the hero, a hermit, was suspected. There were a great many shots of sheep with their throats cut, red blood on the white snow, glimpses. The hermit fixed a car for a girl whose car had broken down. They went to bed together. There were flashbacks having to do with the girl's former husband, a man in a wheelchair. It was determined that somebody else, not the hermit, had been killing the sheep. The film ended with a car crash in which the girl was killed. Whiteout.



Should great film artists be allowed to do what they want to do?

•

Francesca was stroking the brown back of a large spayed cat—the one that doesn't like me.

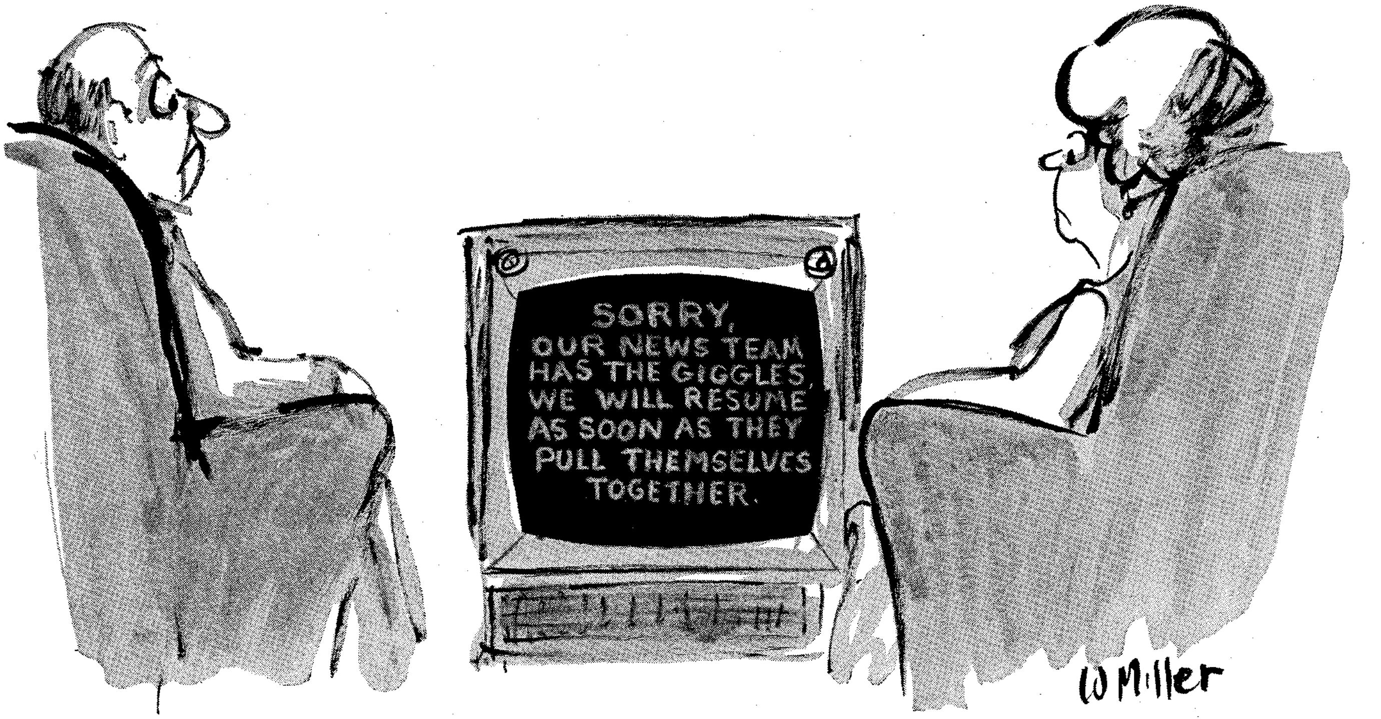
"Lee was not without his faults," she said. "Not for a moment would I have you believe that he was faultless."

"What was his principal fault?"

"Losing," she said.

•

Catherine is working on her translation of the complete works of Balzac. Honoré, she insists, has never been properly translated. She will devote her life to the task, she says. Actually I have looked at some pages of her "Louis Lambert" and they seem to me


SORRY, OUR NEWS TEAM HAS THE GIGGLES. WE WILL RESUME AS SOON AS THEY PULL THEMSELVES TOGETHER.
W Miller

• •

significantly worse than the version I read in college. But one must . . .

•

When I was in the black box, during Sensory Deprivation days, there was nothing I wanted to do. I didn't even want to get out. Or perhaps there was one thing I wanted to do: Sit in the box with the half ping-pong balls taped over my eyes and the white-noise generator standing in for the sirens of Ulysses (himself an early SD subject) and permit the Senior Investigator (Dr. Colcross, the one with the bad leg) to do what *he* wanted to do.

•

Is this will-lessness, finally? Abulia, as we call it in the trade? I don't think so.

There are things I like. Projects actively pursued. Francesca, Catherine—Jinka, at one time. I like beginnings.

There is no moment that exceeds in beauty that moment when one looks at a woman and finds that she is looking at you in the same way that you are looking at her. The moment in which she bestows that look that says, "Proceed with your evil plan, sumbitch." The initial smash of glance on glance. Then, the drawing near. This takes a long time, it seems like months, although only minutes pass, in fact. "Languor" is the word that describes this part of the process. There is a lot of "float." Your persona floats toward her persona, over the Sea of Hesitation. Many weeks pass before they meet, but the weeks are days, or seconds. Still, everything is decided. You have slept together in the glance.

But you don't even know this woman's name. What if you don't like her name? But she is a prize, and you are her prize, and now you must sit down and unwrap your prizes, to see what they contain. But you haven't even spoken to her yet, and this is a necessary precondition, one knows, to further progress. So you say the first thing that comes into your head, which is "Would you like a pretzel?," and then you remember that you don't have your pretzels with you, because you are standing not in the middle of a large cocktail party, where pretzels might logically be, but in the middle of a news-and-tobacco store, and both you and she laugh at your foolish mistake, and the thing is done.

She takes your arm, the one you offer, and you leave the newsstand together, walking very close together, so that your side, that very important part, brushes her side, lightly. Desire is here a very strong factor, because you are weak with it, and the girl is too, if she has any sense at all (but of course she is a sensible girl, and brilliant and witty and sensual too, by God!). So, on the sidewalk, you stand there for a moment thinking of where to go, at eleven o'clock in the morning, and here it is, in the sunlight, that you take the first good look at her, and she at you, to see if she (or you) has any hideous blemish that has been overlooked, in the first rush of good feeling. There are none. None. No blemishes (except those spiritual blemishes that will be discovered later, after extended acquaintance, and which none of us are without, but which are now . . . latent? dormant? . . . in any case, not visible on the surface at this time). Everything is fine. And so, with renewed confidence, you begin to walk, and to seek a place where you might sit down, and have a drink, and talk a bit, and fall into each other's eyes, temporarily, and find some pretzels, and have what is called a conversation, and tell each other what you think is true about the world, and speak of the strange places where each of you has been (Surinam for example, in her case, where she bought the belt she is wearing; Lima in your case, where you contracted dengue fever), and make arrangements for your next meeting (both of you drinking Scotch-and-water, at eleven in the morning, and you warm to her because of her willingness to drink a real drink, at this hour, rather than a just-going-along drink, like vermouth-on-the-rocks—at her willingness to leave her natural midmorning track, for you), and make, as I say, arrangements for your next meeting, which must be this very night! or you both will die—

There is no particular point to any of this behavior. Or: This behavior is the only behavior which has point. Or: There is some point to this behavior, but this behavior is not the only behavior which has point. Or: None of the above is true. But truth is greatly overrated. Volition where it exists must be protected, wanting itself can be obliterated; some people have forgotten how to want.

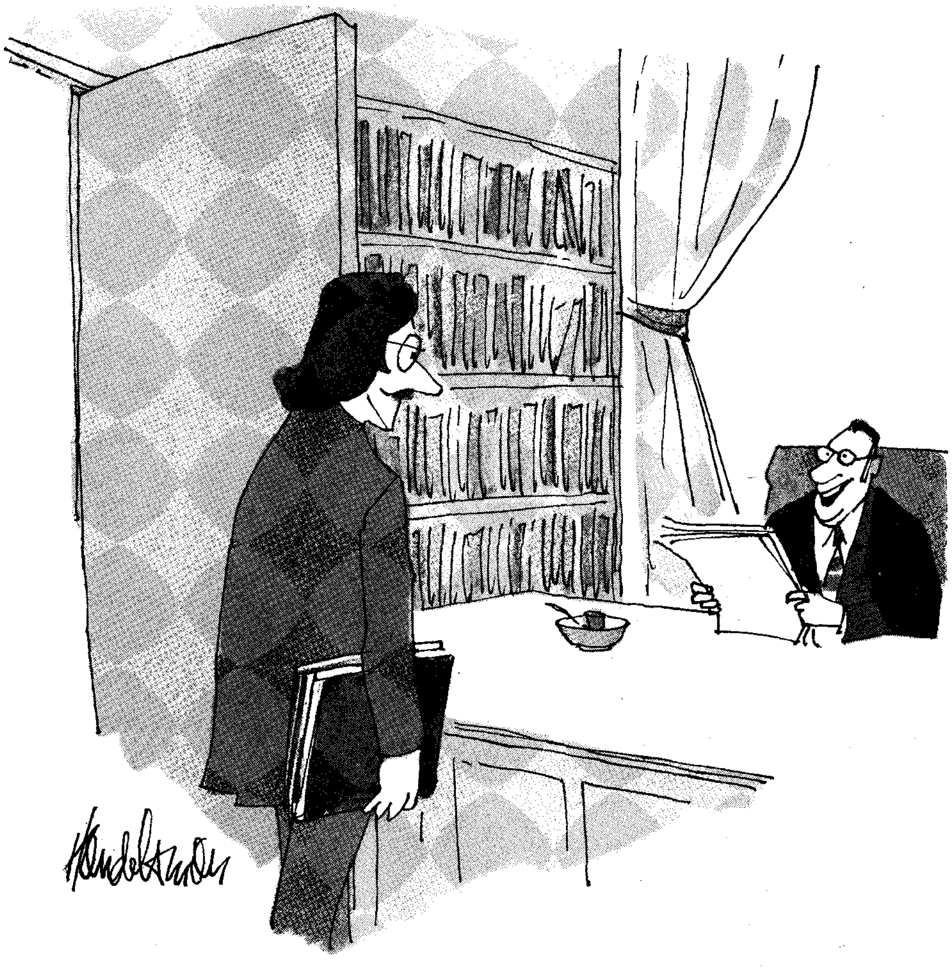
—Donald Barthelme

MAN ON A HILL

THERE was a strange, solitary boy called Colin Marchant who lived a few houses down the street from us. He was my age, to within days. When he was very small, he was run over by a sports car just outside our garden gate. My mother saw it happen, and rushed out with a blanket off my bed to cover him with until the ambulance came. "That poor little soul," she said when she came in. "He'll not come home again, that's for sure." She picked me up and squeezed me to her until it hurt, and when my father returned from work she made him fix a new catch on our gate. I was at the age—about four—when boys begin to be fascinated by the idea of death. Sometimes there would be a dead blackbird in the garden, or a hedgehog squashed on the road, and I'd look at them every day until there was nothing left but a mark on the ground. Still fresh in my mind was the memory of the baby sister that I saw only once in the three weeks she was alive and perpetually crying in the house. "Will Colin die, too?" I remember asking, day after day.

But he did come home. After several months in the county hospital, one morning he was brought back in a taxi. I stood with my mother in the group of neighbors that cheered and waved Union Jacks as Colin was carried into the house. When everyone else followed him indoors, I stayed outside on the warm step and listened to them all laughing and talking loudly. The first thing my mother said when, at last, she came out with my blanket over her arm, was that I'd have to go and play with Colin sometimes. I knew at once that I wouldn't go, ever. The notion of being with a boy who had nearly died, who couldn't walk, frightened me. I was dragged once as far as their door, but while my mother was ringing the bell I ran off home. And I wouldn't have that blanket on my bed.

Colin learned to walk again, but the accident had left him with a permanently deformed left foot, so that he had to walk tiptoe on it. He grew at the same rate as our euonymus hedge, and for several years we were to see his dark head bobbing up over the top as he made his curious, lurching way past our house. "*What* a handsome young man that Colin Marchant is growing up to be!" my mother would say, seeing him. Often she would go outside and call him back to ask how he was getting on. There were times when I couldn't avoid having a few words with him, while our mothers chatted. "Come and talk nicely to Colin," I'd hear my mother calling to me as I tried to slink away. I talked to him with the same cautious politeness that I usually reserved for adults. It wasn't only his deformed foot in its special thick shoe that made him seem peculiar to me and almost totally unlike a human boy; there was also a quality of sullenness that informed the few things he said. This, and his neat, new clothes, and his black hair that shone like the irons on his lower leg, put him entirely apart from me. It wasn't easy for either of us, having to find neutral topics that would maintain this apartness while we stood there together. Whatever I said made him shift about on his good leg, as though he was flinching from some expected cruelty. Fortunately, I didn't see a great deal of him, because he went to a boarding school for disabled children and only came home for weekends and holidays; and then, if he saw me approaching—whether alone or with the gang of boys I went around with—he always scuttled for home at a speed that astonished me. He looked like some misproportioned spider making for a hole in the skirting board. All I ever got to know about him was the information my mother brought back from her meetings with him or Mrs. Marchant. "Colin's learned to ride a bike," she'd say; or, "Colin's entered for a cake-baking competition." "I do wish somebody would make friends with Colin. *Such* a lonely boy, and *so* well-mannered. You'll be fifteen next month, the two of you—it hardly seems possible."


"I'd say your doctorate is in the bag, Atwood. This thesis of yours is the biggest bucket of sesquipedalian tergiversation these old eyes have ever seen."

I DID make friends with him, quite unexpectedly, one Friday evening in summer. Out looking for some of my gang along the beach, I was surprised to see Colin having a swim. Strongly, and with an economical style, he was doing the butterfly stroke back and forth between two groins. Eight times he did it. Eight times—and all I could ever manage to do was five, freestyle. I didn't even know he could swim. I sat down by his pile of clothes to wait for him. He duck-dived toward the open sea, and I had a glimpse of his twisted foot showing yellowly above the surface an instant. Then he floated, letting the waves bring him in, and when he felt the beach under his shoulders he stood up and flicked back his hair and wiped the water from his eyes. He seemed, so to speak, real to me, after being for so many years a creature I tried to pretend did not exist. All his actions were those of an ordinary boy who emerges from the water after swimming expertly, knowing he has been watched. Even his limp, as he made his way toward his shoes, looked like the familiar, painful gait of a normal person treading barefoot among boulders. And it was a pair of canvas beach shoes he was picking up, I noticed, like the ones most of us wore. He slipped them on, and came toward me up the shingle bank.

"How's it going then, Colin?" I said.

"Not bad. You?" He was out of breath. He sat down heavily and wrapped himself in an enormous towel. I gave him time to feel the warmth of it, and to drain the water from his ears.

"You're swimming well, I'll say that," I said, thinking *in spite of the foot.*

"Thanks. Of course, we get a lot of swimming, the school I go to."

"Wish I could butterfly as well as that."

"First thing they taught me when I went there. How to swim."

"We haven't got a pool at our place, worst luck. I didn't learn till after the war and they cleared the mines from the beach."

"Yeah," he said, "I've had all the advantages, you might say." I didn't know, from his tone of voice, whether he meant this seriously, bitterly, or whether he was joking. But when he took the towel from his head I saw him grin. "How's your mother?" he said. "We're great pals, me and your mother."

"She's all right. Always going on about you. Colin's done this, Colin's done that. Meh meh meh. You know."

"Same here. First thing when I get home of a weekend, I have to listen to all the news from four doors up. You're throwing the discus for the county schools, right?"

"Right."

"Good for you. And you're bringing up a baby wood pigeon on bread and milk."

"Yes!"

"It'll die. They always do. I've tried. Suppose you've heard about my new hobby?"

"No?"

"You will. I've taken up archeology. You know—digging up old stuff out of the ground. Quite interesting, really, how it all started. When they let me leave off wearing that shoe with the irons on it a little while ago, they said I should try taking long walks in the country. Well, I started to pick up those bits of old clay pipes you see lying about in plowed fields. There's millions of bits of stem, but it's the bowls that interested me, and they take a lot of finding. Some of them had these fancy decorations on them. A long time ago, they used to give away clay pipes in barbershops. Anyway, then I got onto ammonites, and—"

"Onto what?"

"Ammonites. Wait a minute. I've got one here somewhere." He rummaged in his jacket pocket and took out what looked to me like a whorled stone, about the size and shape of a Roman snail. It was fluted, and reminded me of the carving above the church door. Colin let me take it from him. It felt cool and pleasant to touch. I wanted it to keep, and said so.

"Have it," he said. "I've got boxes full. Listen, why don't you come with me the next time I go? Sometimes you need two pairs of hands. It's flint axes and spearheads I'm after these days. Stuff like that."

"Where to? Where would we go?"

"Up the downs somewhere. Full of stuff, up there."

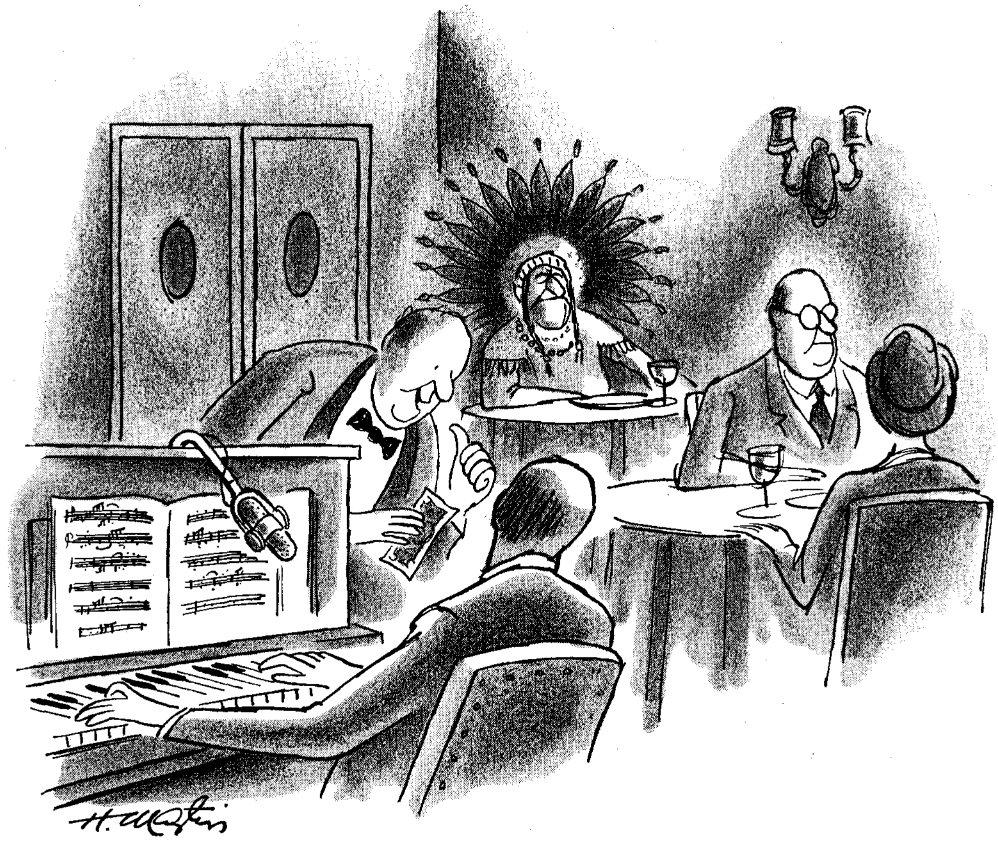
The hills of the South Downs ran parallel with the sea, about five miles inland. It had never occurred to me to climb them. For those of us who lived along the coast, the beach and the estuary were the only places to go. After our swim, we'd see the hills as we ran up the pebbles; they were a kind of backdrop to our stage, the limits of our knowledge of England.

"All right," I said. "It'll please our mothers, at any rate. Why don't we go tomorrow?"

He finished dressing, and we walked home together. My mother was delighted, of course, when I told her. "Haven't I always said what a nice boy he is?" she said.

"He's not bad. Fair swimmer, anyway," I answered.

HE dug his sheath knife up to the hilt in the turf and, like a butcher with a side of beef, ripped a six-foot-long incision in the crest of the hill. The blade grated against bits of stone as he did it, and he had to grip the handle tightly to keep the cut straight. "Of course, you mustn't be too disappointed if we get nothing," he said. "I've often had a blank day. Like fishing, really." We lifted the grass in neat, square turfs that we put in the shade of a juniper bush. Afterward, he said, we'd have to put them back in place. There were bee orchids growing



"The gentleman at Table 9 has a request for 'Hail to the Chief.'"

• •

POEM

About the size of an old-style dollar bill,
American or Canadian,
mostly the same whites, gray greens, and steel grays
—this little painting (a sketch for a larger one?)
has never earned any money in its life.
Useless and free, it has spent seventy years
as a minor family relic
handed along collaterally to owners
who looked at it sometimes, or didn't bother to.

It must be Nova Scotia; only there
does one see gabled wooden houses
painted that awful shade of brown.
The other houses, the bits that show, are white.
Elm trees, low hills, a thin church steeple
—that gray-blue wisp—or is it? In the foreground
a water meadow with some tiny cows,
two brushstrokes each, but confidently cows;
two minuscule white geese in the blue water,
back-to-back, feeding, and a slanting stick.
Up closer, a wild iris, white and yellow,
fresh-squiggled from the tube.
The air is fresh and cold; cold early spring
clear as gray glass; a half inch of blue sky
below the steel-gray storm clouds.
(They were the artist's specialty.)
A specklike bird is flying to the left.
Or is it a flyspeck looking like a bird?

Heavens, I recognize the place, I know it!
It's behind—I can almost remember the farmer's name.
His barn backed on that meadow. There it is,
titanium white, one dab. The hint of steeple,
filaments of brush-hairs, barely there,
must be the Presbyterian church.
Would that be Miss Gillespie's house?
Those particular geese and cows
are naturally before my time.

A sketch done in an hour, "in one breath,"
once taken from a trunk and handed over.
Would you like this? I'll probably never
have room to hang these things again.
Your Uncle George, no, mine, my Uncle George,
he'd be your great-uncle, left them all with Mother
when he went back to England.
You know, he was quite famous, an R.A. . . .

I never knew him. We both knew this place,
apparently, this literal small backwater,
looked at it long enough to memorize it,
our years apart. How strange. And it's still loved,
or its memory is (it must have changed a lot).
Our visions coincided—"visions" is
too serious a word—our looks, two looks:
art "copying from life" and life itself,
life and the memory of it so compressed
they've turned into each other. Which is which?
Life and the memory of it cramped,
dim, on a piece of Bristol board,
dim, but how live, how touching in detail
—the little that we get for free,
the little of our earthly trust. Not much.
About the size of our abidance
along with theirs: the munching cows,
the iris, crisp and shivering, the water
still standing from spring freshets,
the yet-to-be-dismantled elms, the geese.

—ELIZABETH BISHOP

• •

in them that took seven years to flower.

Colin dug the earth loose and I shovelled it out. After the first spit of dark topsoil was excavated to a depth of about a foot, we began to hit large flints and bits of chalk. Anything that looked even slightly unusual, he told me, I ought to be very careful with. Several times, I picked out flints that were tapered at one end, but none of them was an axe or a spearhead. When we were down two feet, and the bottom of our trench was almost all chalk, I scraped some crumbs away from what looked like a smooth, yellowish stone. I showed it to Colin. As he poked the dirt from it carefully with a little stick, gradually and unmistakably it became a skull. We grinned broadly at each other, marvelling at it.

When it was fully exposed, and we'd worked down the man as far as the shoulder blade, we could see that he had been buried on his side, slightly aslant the trench. Colin patted me on the back. "You've brought me luck," he said. "I've never come across a skeleton before, and I've always hoped I would. You'll have to come with me more often. Bronze Age, probably. Wish I had that book with me I got from the library. We'd be able to tell for certain."

The man's legs would extend a little way into the trench wall, but Colin reckoned we wouldn't have too much extra digging to do. We sieved the loose dirt from under the skull to find the neck vertebrae we'd mislaid, but we were too excited to continue the job with the fine scrupulousness we began it with. We started to hack away into the chalk to find the bigger bones, and piled them next to the skull. A few teeth fell out from the lower jawbone when we got it out. Colin put them in his back pocket for safekeeping. I worked at getting out an arm, while Colin dug out the pelvis and one of the legs. Neither of us bothered too much with the intricate little bones of the fingers and toes; we let most of them fall under the collapsing heaps of dirt. We left some ribs, too, in the ground, and the other arm. We got out of the trench and looked down at what we had. We scooped all the bones into the hessian sack that Colin had brought, but he took the skull out again and laid it on the grass. Both of us wanted to go home there and then, so that we could show off our trophies of the day.

"Who's having what, then?" he said. "I want the skull. You can have any of the rest."

"No. I'd like the skull. What do you want it for?"

"Same as you."

"I found it."

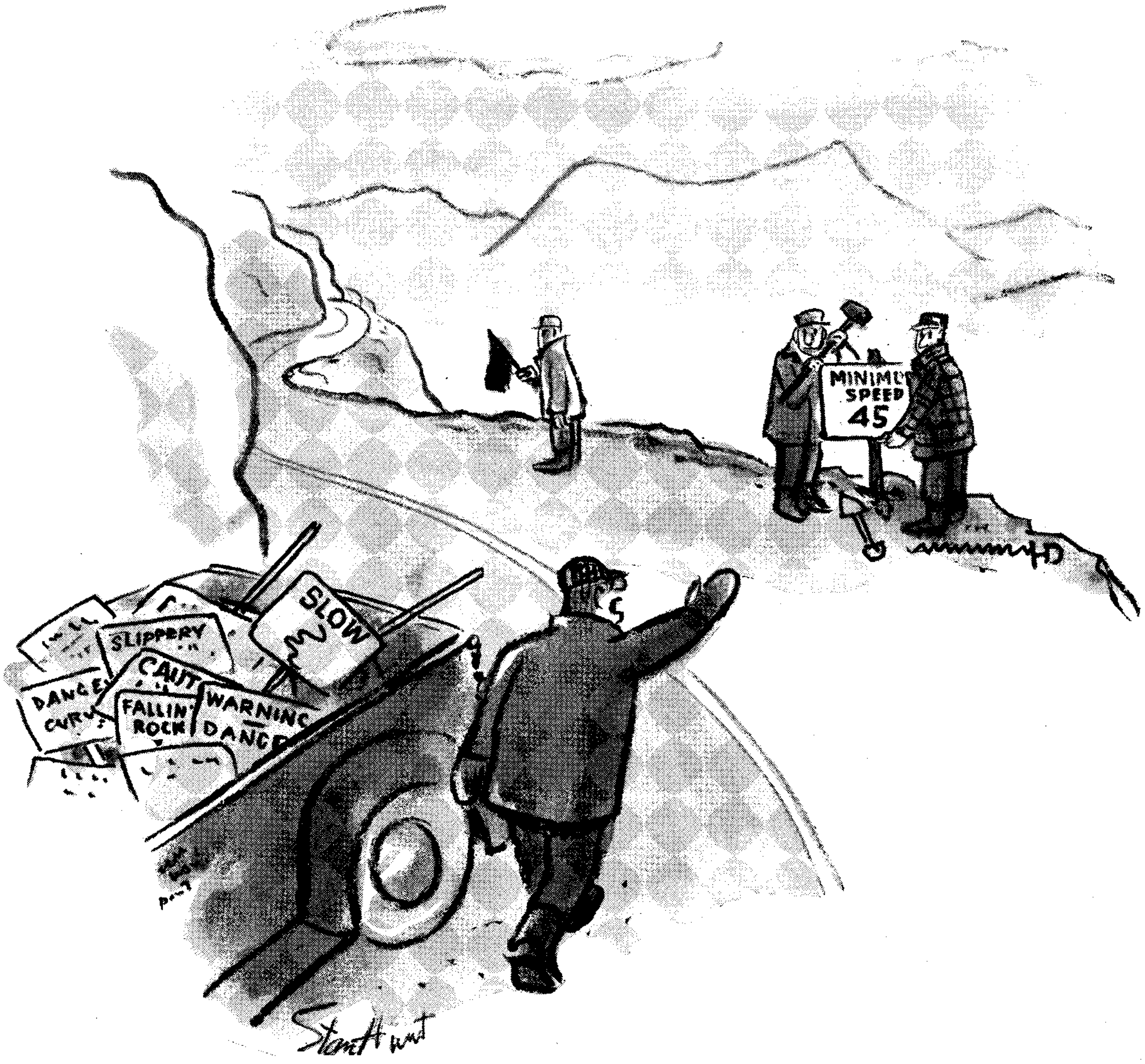
"My idea to come. You can have the big leg bones. Two pairs of them crossed over the mantelpiece."

"Toss you for it. Heads or tails?"

"No."

"All right, then."

THAT was twenty years ago. They grow summer barley up there nowadays, in fields behind



"Not that one, you fools!"

• •

barbed-wire fences. I've never lost the habit of surprise, when I drive my family down to my parents' house of a weekend sometimes, at seeing the crest of the hill in different colors from those I remember as a boy. In the middle of autumn, the chalk is plowed up from under the thin earth it mixes with, so that the slopes seem covered with the tired white-and-brown of old snow. At the start of spring, when the first shoots push through, the fields look like canvases scrawled over with a dryish brush in palest green; in June, the lushest month of the year in Southern England, the crop has darkly thickened, and the fresh winds up from the sea are swaying in it continuously; by early August, the whole of the hill has ripened gold. On some final summer evening, you can look up and see the stubble rows on fire, and the smoke hanging low over the flames or drifting into the hollows where the trees and bushes are. Even when the hill is green, it's never the green of grass. There's always something going on up there when we pass by. "It didn't use to look like that," I tell my children when they spot a red tractor at work, or a team of men spreading clouds of fertilizer; but they are too tired from the journey to want to ask how it was once. I see my wife smiling to herself, and I know that her memory of the hill is of the first time we explored each other's bodies in a sweltering sunlight, and were half afraid of the swishing sounds of vipers jostling the dry grass.

I remember this, and then I go on to remember what she still doesn't know of those several summers before. Colin and I left the hole in the hill open. He said we wouldn't bother to fill in the trench or put back the turfs we'd taken up so carefully. It didn't matter about the bee orchids we left to wither up; there were plenty more. We came down the hill with our bones, eager to see them in our rooms—our property. Walking downhill was difficult for him. I had to keep waiting for him to catch up. "You know what those old Bronze Age blokes died from usually, don't you?" he said. "Broken limbs. They'd chase about and fall over and break a leg. They didn't know how to mend them. They wouldn't be able to get up and look for stuff to eat. Fat chance I'd have had, if I lived then. Tell you what—if I ever get a girl, I'll bring her up here. Nobody about. Marvellous." When we got back, we shared out the bones from the sack. I brandished a femur at him, waving goodbye.

My mother disapproved of having the bones in the house. I ought to give them a decent Christian burial, she kept saying. I couldn't make her see the point that this wouldn't be right, that the man had lived long before Christ was born. Gradually, too, she came to disapprove of Colin, on account of the things we did together. She'd see us sitting on the beach among the boats, with a couple of girls, or smoking cigarettes and larking about outside the corner shop. For a few years, before he went away, we were inseparable friends. Most Saturday nights, after we'd been drinking, we'd go back to his place—never mine—so that we'd not have the embarrassment of his having to talk to my mother. On his dressing table would always be the skull, which he'd made into a reading lamp; he used to polish it with beeswax. "Tell you what the doctor said to me after that accident?" he said to me one night when we grew maudlin with beer. " 'You've no business to be alive, young man. No business whatsoever.' "

—Ted Walker

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Although the bill is "bad medicine," it is needed to deal with the country's fiscal "crisis," Mills said. If Congress rejects a rigid spending ceiling, he warned, "see what you do to the stock market and everything else we hold dear in this country."—*Washington (D.C.) Evening Star & Daily News.*

Like bingo nights and singles bars.

ANNALS OF EXPLORATION

AN ACCIDENT IN SPACE—I

AT a little after nine Central Standard Time on the night of Monday, April 13, 1970, there was, high in the western sky, a tiny flare of light that in some respects resembled a star exploding far away in our galaxy. At the Manned Spacecraft Center, near Houston, Texas, the glow was seen by several engineers who were using a rooftop observatory to track the Apollo 13 spacecraft, which had been launched two days before and was now a day away from the moon and two days from a scheduled moon landing. One of the group, Andy Saulietis, had rigged a telescope to a television set in such a way that objects in the telescope's field of view appeared on the screen. Above, the sky was clear and black, like deep water, with occasional clouds making ripples across it. Saulietis and his companions—who, incidentally, had no operational connection with the Apollo 13 mission but were following it for a related project—had lost sight of the spacecraft, two hundred and five thousand miles away. However, they had been watching the booster rocket that had propelled the spacecraft out of earth orbit and was trailing it to the moon; the booster had appeared as a pinprick of light that pulsed slowly, like a variable star, for it tumbled end over end as the result of dumping its fuel, and the sunlight glinted off it with varying intensity. Shortly before nine, the observers on the rooftop at Houston had lost track of the booster, for the pinprick had been almost at the limit of the resolving power of their equipment. Suddenly, near the middle of the TV screen, a bright spot appeared, and over the next ten minutes it grew to be a white disc the size of a dime. The rooftop watchers had no communications link with the Mission Control Center, about two hundred yards away—a large building consisting of two linked wings, with operations rooms in one, offices in the other—and they had no reason to connect the flaring light with the spacecraft or to be concerned with the safety of its crew—Captain James A. Lovell, Jr., of the United States Navy, who was in command, and the pilots for the command and lunar modules, John L. Swigert, Jr., and Fred W. Haise, Jr., both civilians. It was to be some time before either Mission Control—which had no telescopic means of watching Apollo 13—or the astronauts themselves realized that one of the ship's two oxygen tanks had burst, spewing into space three hundred pounds of liquid oxygen, which meant the loss of half the craft's supply of this element for generating electricity and water. The oxygen came out in one big blob, and in gravityless space it formed a sphere that expanded rapidly; the sunlight made it glow. In ten minutes, it was thirty miles in diameter. Then the white disc slowly disappeared—though traces of it were observed an hour later through a more powerful telescope in Canada.

Saulietis and the others assumed the white spot to be a defect in their television set, which had been flickering and blipping badly, so they went home to bed and thought nothing about the incident until the next morning. They were not the only ones who failed to grasp the situation. After two successful lunar landings, which had been preceded by two Apollo flights around the moon, no one at the Space Center was thinking in terms of accidents. Later, some of the first interpretations of what had happened would center on the notion that the spacecraft had been struck by a meteor—a borrowing from science fiction, for Jules Verne's space capsule in "From the Earth to the Moon" had almost been hit by one while it was approaching the moon. No one believed that there could be any flaw in the craft itself. Yet in the Mission Control Center, where dozens of automatic pens were scribbling data radioed from Apollo 13, at the time of the explosion the pens stopped writing for almost two seconds—a "drop-out of data" indicating a major problem with either the electrical system or the system of transmitting data from the craft. No one noticed.

Inside the Mission Control Center's Operations Wing, a chunky, monolithic three-story structure as white and silent as a block of ice—the geometric representation of an intelligence brooding on far-off space—the flight controllers were at least as thoroughly cut off from the world around them as sailors belowdecks on a ship at sea. There were no windows, as there are none on the lower decks of a ship—and, in a sense, the Operations Wing really *was* the lower decks of a ship, the upper deck being a couple of hundred thousand miles away in space. Astronauts are more like officers aboard a large ship than like solitary heroes, and that may account for some of the difficulty many people have in comprehending their roles. In the spacecraft and the Mission Control Center combined, there were about as many astronauts and flight controllers as there are officers aboard a big vessel, and they worked together as closely as officers belowdecks work with officers on the bridge. In fact, one of the controllers, the Flight Director, in some respects might

"Dear darling diary . . ."

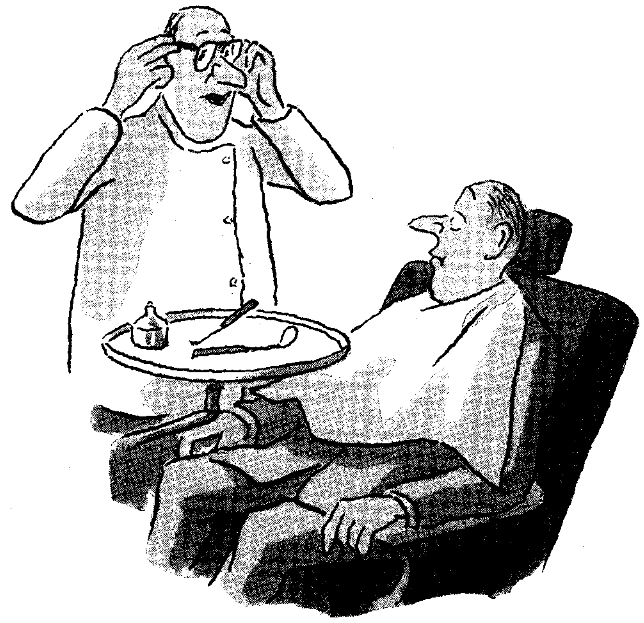
"While I'm at it, is there anything I can order you from L. L. Bean?"

• •

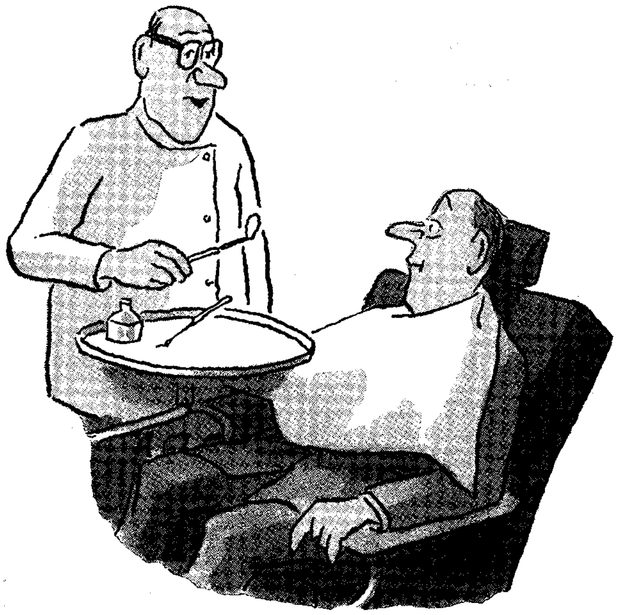
have been regarded as the real skipper of the spacecraft, for although the relationship between the astronauts and the ground crew was a delicate, interdependent one, the astronauts usually did what he advised, particularly in an emergency. Though the flight controllers were on earth, they had, by means of telemetry—data radioed constantly from the spacecraft—more information about what was happening aboard than the astronauts themselves had. The walls of the Mission Operations Control Room, on the third floor of the Operations Wing, were the same color as the inside of the command module—gray. Five big screens at the front of the room might have been windows looking out into space: the middle screen showed the earth on the left and the moon on the right, with a bright-yellow line representing the spacecraft's trajectory as it lengthened slowly between them. And some of the consoles at which the flight controllers sat duplicated equipment aboard the spacecraft.

The flight controllers, most of whom were in their twenties and thirties, sat in four rows. At the moment, they were relaxed—even bored. The first fifty-five hours of the flight had gone so smoothly that they had once sent word to the astronauts that they were "putting us to sleep down here." One team of flight controllers had been reduced to commenting on the number of "thirteens" that cropped up; for example, the time of launch in Houston—the official time for the flight—had been 13:13, or in our terms 1:13 P.M. About the only event requiring the controllers' close attention since Apollo 13 left earth orbit had been a small rocket burn the day before, called a "hybrid transfer maneuver," which had aimed the spacecraft for its target on the moon, the Fra Mauro hills—and, incidentally, had taken it off a free-return trajectory, the safe path most previous Apollos had followed so that in the event of trouble the spacecraft would, without navigational adjustment, swing around the moon and head back to earth. Now, a couple of minutes before nine, one of the flight controllers, the Retrofire Officer, whose responsibility it was always to have a plan ready, in case of trouble, for bringing the astronauts home, sent word to the Flight Director that another bridge was about to be burned: via a pneumatic-tube system connecting the consoles, he dispatched a routine memorandum to the effect that the spacecraft was nearing the spot where it could no longer reverse its direction and return directly to earth if anything went wrong.

There were a couple of dozen controllers on duty, of whom only about half were directly involved with the running of the spacecraft at any given time. In the front row, which was called the Trench, sat three Flight Dynamics Engineers, the men responsible for the ship's trajectory: from right to left, the Guidance Officer, or GUIDO, who was the chief navigation officer; the Flight Dynamics Officer, or FIDO, who plotted the trajectory and made sure the spacecraft followed it; and the Retrofire Officer, or RETRO, who was in charge of the spacecraft's reëntry into the earth's atmosphere. Most of the second row, behind the Trench, was taken up by the Systems Operations Engineers, who monitored the equipment inside the spacecraft: in the center, the EECOM, who looked after the electrical, environmental, and other systems in the command module, where the astronauts rode; next to him, the LM Systems Officer, or TELMU, who did the same thing for the lunar module, in which the astronauts would land on the moon; and then two Guidance and Navigation Control Officers—one, the GNC, for the command module, and the other, the CONTROL, for the lunar module—who were in charge not only of the guidance and navigation equipment in the two modules but of the propulsion system as well. To their left was the Spacecraft Communicator, known—from the old Mercury-capsule days—as the CAPCOM, the only man who could talk directly with the astronauts, and to his left was the Flight Surgeon. Behind the Flight Surgeon, in the third row, was the Instrument and Communications Officer, or INCO, who was responsible for the radios and telemetry transmitters aboard the spacecraft. Finally, in the center of the third row—



"I've been looking over the new cars lately."



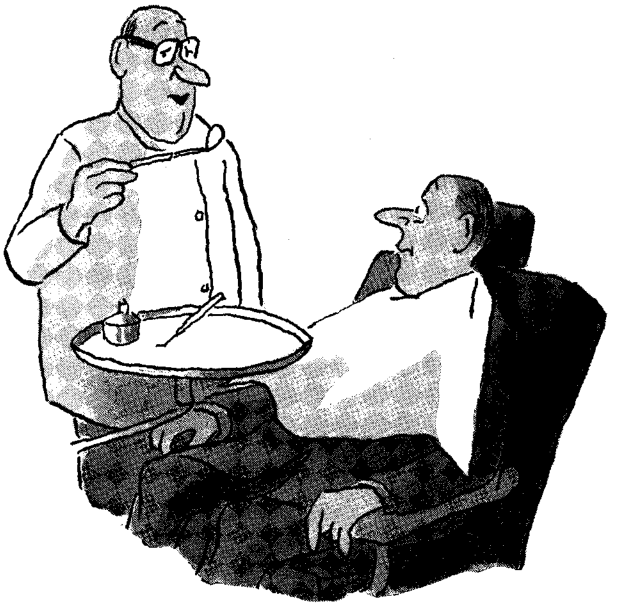
"And I've pretty much made up my mind to go for one of the inexpensive compacts."

a good vantage point for keeping an eye on everyone else—there was the Flight Director, the ship's earthbound co-captain. (In the fourth row sat administrators, Public Affairs Officers, and so on.)

There were four shifts, or teams, of flight controllers—White, Black, Maroon, and Gold—and at that moment the White Team was on duty. The controllers talked to each other over an intercom hookup called the loop. To cut down on what they called loop chatter, which had a way of sounding like random thoughts popping up in a single individual's mind, the controllers referred to each other by their acronyms or abbreviations: FIDO, GUIDO, RETRO, CAPCOM, EECOM, and so on. Apollo 13 was just plain "Thirteen."

On April 13th, about half an hour before the white spot was seen by Saulietis and his companions, the flight controllers were watching a television show, which the astronauts were broadcasting from the spacecraft, and which was projected on one of the big screens at the front of the room. As it happened, none of the three major networks carried the telecast—though they would show tapes of it later—and it concluded ten minutes before the occurrence of the episode that could have made it as dramatic as any performance in history. As the flight controllers leaned back in their chairs to watch, they thought the astronauts seemed happy. Captain Lovell, the commander, who was forty-two, and who had graduated from Annapolis in 1952, ten years before he became an astronaut, was cameraman and announcer for the show; he first panned the camera around the gray interior of the command module, a cone whose base was almost thirteen feet in diameter and whose height was ten and a half feet. It was about as big as the inside of a small station wagon, though the astronauts, who could float about, found it roomier than a similar space on the ground. Lovell was resting on the center couch. Beneath him was the service module, which contained, among other things, the electrical system, including the two big oxygen tanks. The cylindrical service module, with the conical command module at one end, formed a single pointed unit, in front of which was the lunar module, giving the spacecraft a total length of almost sixty feet. Above Lovell's head, at the apex of the cone, was a round hatch leading through a short tunnel to the lunar module. Lovell had flown in space three times, and this was the second time he had set out for the moon; he had circled it, in December, 1968, as a member of the Apollo 8 mission. This may have accounted for a certain bland professionalism he displayed as master of ceremonies. He began, "What we plan to do for you today is start out in the spaceship Odyssey and take you on through from Odyssey in through the tunnel into Aquarius." Odyssey was the code name for the command module, and Aquarius for the LM. (The latter was named for a song in the musical "Hair," which Lovell—who was Special Consultant to the President's Council on Physical Fitness and Sports—had not seen. When he caught up with the show later, he walked out.)

Lovell aimed the camera at Haise, the lunar-module pilot, who was hovering by the hatch, ready to lead the way into the LM. Clothed, like the others, in white coveralls, Haise was hard to make out, because the television relay was none too sharp. Haise, a native of Biloxi, Mississippi, is a slight man with dark-brown hair and a square jaw, who speaks with a slight drawl. Although he had become an astronaut only four years before, and this was his first spaceflight, he had made enough of an impression so that Lovell and the other Apollo 8 astronauts had seen fit to name a crater on the moon after him. Haise was not particularly busy at the moment—the LM was not scheduled to be powered up until they were in lunar orbit, a day hence—so Lovell had persuaded him to act as guide for his tour, and now Lovell, holding the TV camera at arm's length, followed Haise as he swam through the tunnel into the LM. There Haise demonstrated various pieces of equipment to be used on the moon, including a rectangular bag (called the Gunga Din) that he and Lovell would wear inside their helmets, so that they could drink while they walked about the Fra Mauro hills. "So if you hear any funny noises on television during our moon walk, it is probably just the drink bag," Lovell said. Haise was doing something in the middle of the LM now, but the flight controllers had trouble seeing exactly what it was. The CAPCOM asked if he was opening the food locker, and the flight controllers laughed, because Haise had a well-known penchant for food. Haise said



"You know—Pinto, Vega, one of those."

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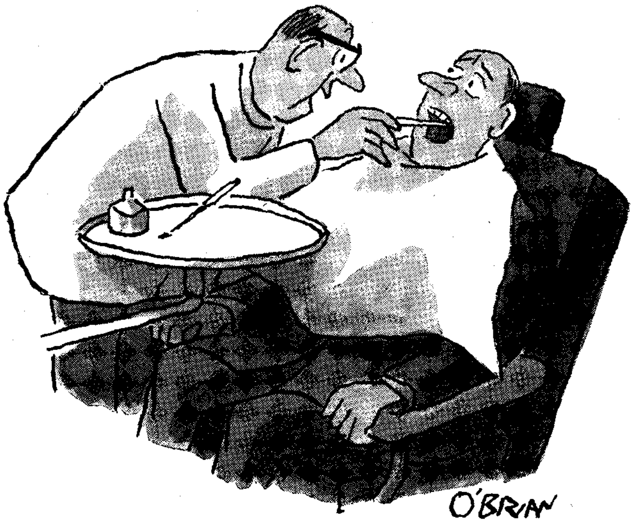


"Well, well! I don't know why I shouldn't treat myself to a Lincoln Continental."

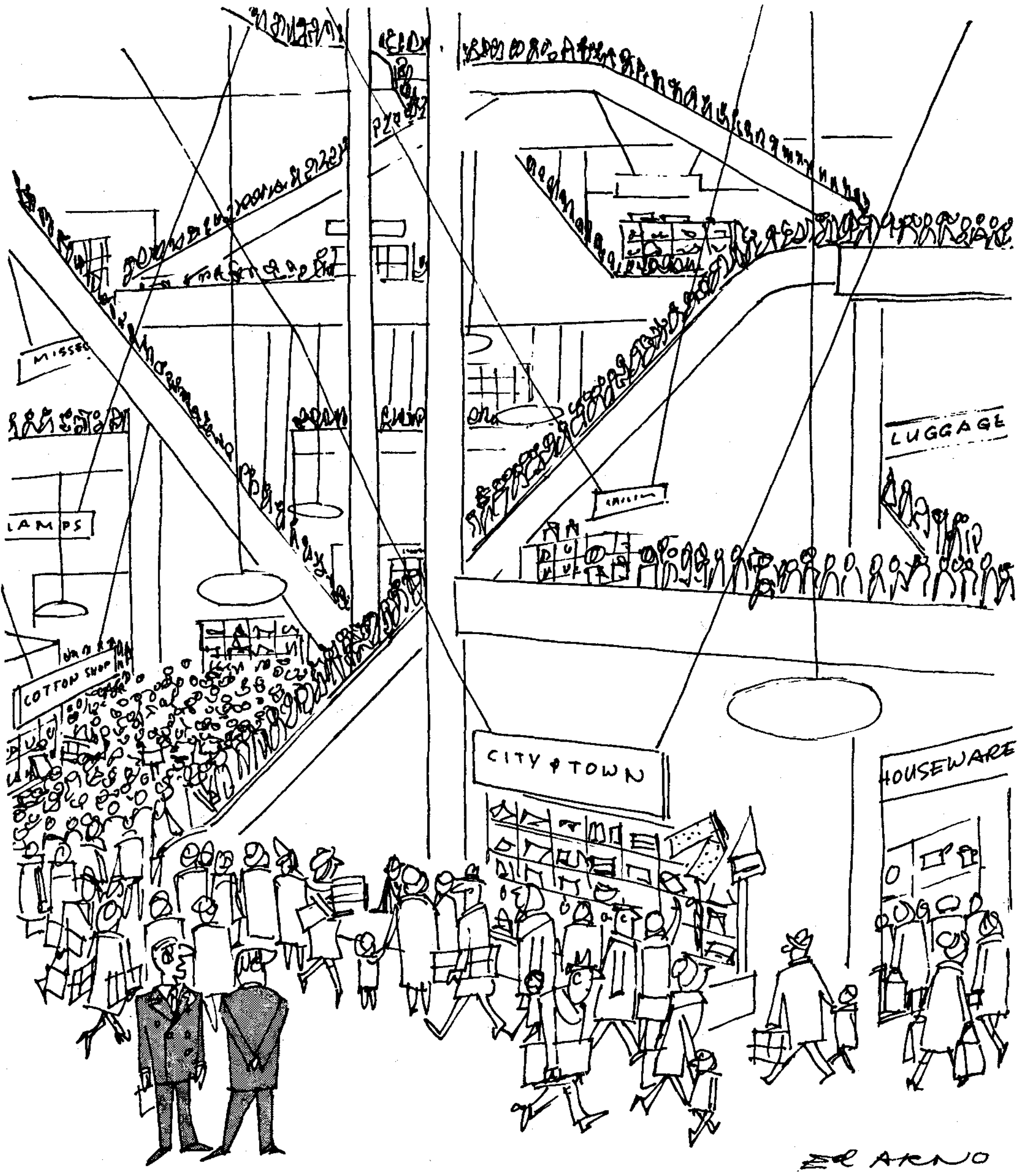
• •

that he was rigging his hammock for sleep, and the CAPCOM replied, "Roger. Sleeping and then eating."

Leaving Haise in the LM, Lovell went back through the tunnel and, in the command module, sought out the third member of the crew—Swigert, the command-module pilot. "There he is! We see him!" the CAPCOM said, and, sure enough, there he was, seated before the ship's controls in the middle one of the astronauts' three seats, surrounded on three sides by nine dashboard panels. Swigert, a sharp-faced, sharp-eyed man, who was born in Denver, Colorado, in 1931, and had become an astronaut with Haise in 1966, was too busy just then to do more than smile at the camera. He did not take a big part in the television show. This was his first spaceflight, as it was Haise's, but he felt himself to be under more pressure, because he had been merely the backup command-module pilot, and had been officially assigned to the flight only the day before it left, after the prime crew had been exposed to German measles and it was discovered that the prime command-module pilot was susceptible. Lovell had worked with Swigert for two days without letup before agreeing to take him on the flight. (Swigert had been in such a rush that he hadn't thought about completing his 1969 income-tax return, due in four days, until he was a quarter of the way to the moon.) During the first fifty-five hours of the flight, Swigert had run into a few minor difficulties; for instance, he had been having trouble reading the quantity gauge for one of the oxygen tanks, which had gone off-scale on the high side, and earlier that day the CAPCOM had told him he could expect frequent requests from the ground to turn on the fans in the tank to stir up the oxygen—what is called a "cryogenic stir"—for the purpose of obtaining accurate quantity readings. Now, as the television show continued, Swigert found a moment to hold the camera and trained it on the commander; Lovell appeared on the screen for the first time. A tall, sober-looking man whose face at times breaks into a broad grin, Lovell demonstrated a tape recorder that could play a number of songs, among them "Aquarius" and the Richard Strauss "Thus Spake Zarathustra" theme used in the film "2001: A Space Odyssey." At length, the CAPCOM broke in to suggest that Lovell conclude the program. The commander replied, "Roger. Sounds good. This is the crew of Apollo 13 wishing everyone there a nice evening, and we're just about ready to close out our inspection of Aquarius and get back for a pleasant evening in Odyssey. Good night." It was then 9:00 P.M.

As the show ended, Lovell joined Swigert at the controls in the command module, sitting in the left-hand seat, and helped him copy down an instruction from the CAPCOM for rolling the spacecraft to the right in order to photograph a comet named Bennett. In front of them were two red lights labelled "Master Alarm," which would flash on if the spacecraft computer detected a serious malfunction, and over their heads was an array of yellow caution lights to indicate minor malfunctions. One of these flashed on at five minutes past nine, and so did a similar one in Houston on the console of the EECOM, who was in charge of monitoring, among other items, the spacecraft's equipment for generating electricity. The EECOM on duty was Seymour Liebergot, a thirty-four-year-old electrical engineer from California State College at Los Angeles. The yellow light warned of low pressure in a hydrogen tank in the service module, which was crammed with equipment; in addition to the main propulsion system, there was the system for generating water and electricity, of which the balky hydrogen tank was a part. The generating system was simple and efficient: hydrogen and oxygen reacted inside units called fuel cells to generate electricity and, at the same time, to produce most of the spacecraft's water. Liebergot wasn't worried by the alarm, because the system was redundant: there were two hydrogen tanks, two oxygen tanks, and three fuel cells, and if anything went wrong gases could be routed from any of the tanks to any of the cells.

Liebergot had been manipulating the hydrogen quantity in the tanks all along, so the hydrogen warning was almost routine. It did, however, preëmpt the circuits of the warning system, so that a problem with the oxygen supply would not turn on a yellow light, as it was supposed to. To make sure he was getting the right information, Liebergot asked the Flight Director, Eugene Kranz, to get the astronauts to stir the hydrogen in both tanks; even though Kranz was only four feet behind him, Liebergot



"It looks booming, but unfortunately forty per cent of them are shoplifters and forty per cent are detectives."

• •

had to get his attention over the loop. Kranz, who was thirty-six, and is a graduate of St. Louis University, had been with NASA since 1960. As the Flight Director on duty, he was in charge of everything that went on in the Control Room and therefore had to approve all requests of this sort before they could be relayed to the spacecraft. Also, as Chief of the Flight Control Division, he was in over-all charge of the controllers. Liebergot now asked that in addition to the hydrogen tanks the oxygen tanks be stirred, for, like Swigert up in the CM, he had been having trouble all day getting an accurate reading on the quantity of Oxygen Tank No. 2.

If Liebergot had been able to look inside the two oxygen tanks, he would not have wanted to risk disturbing them. They, together with the rest of the electrical-generating system, were inside Bay 4 of the service module—one of six compartments that ran the length of the twenty-five-foot module. The interior of Bay 4, a place of silvery insulation and golden wires, was divided into compartments. The three fuel cells were in the forward one; the two hydrogen tanks were in the rear; and in the middle were the oxygen tanks, two silvery spheres, twenty-six inches in diameter and made of a tough nickel-steel alloy called Inconel, which were strong enough to contain the oxygen under nine hundred pounds of pressure per square inch. They had an outer and an inner shell, and the space between was filled with insulation—some of it inflammable. On top of each tank was a capped dome that sealed an opening for pipes and for wires that brought electricity to instruments inside the tank—fans, heaters, and the sensors for the quantity, temperature, and pressure gauges.

What would have alarmed Liebergot if he had been able to look inside the tanks was that the wires in Oxygen Tank No. 2 were largely bare of insulation. This situation, attributable to both imperfect design and human inattention, had existed for more than two weeks—since March, when a ground crew at Cape Kennedy had piped liquid oxygen into the tanks in a countdown demonstration test. The oxygen and the hydrogen were cryogenic, or cooled to a liquid state, in order to keep them at sufficiently low volume so that they could be compactly stored; the temperature of the oxygen at filling time was two hundred and ninety-seven degrees below zero Fahrenheit. When the test was over, the engineers had been unable to get the oxygen out of Tank No. 2. This trouble may have arisen because the cap on top of the tank had been jolted so that pipes and wires inside were loosened—which may also be why Liebergot was now having trouble with his tank readings. In any event, the ground crew had tried to force the oxygen out by turning on the heaters and fans inside the tank; the fans would stir up the oxygen and the heaters would warm it to make it expand, thus forcing it out. The heaters were left on for eight hours—a longer period than such heaters had ever been on before—and during that time nobody was aware that the temperature inside the tank was getting higher and higher. The ground crew was not worried, because they knew there was a thermostatic safety switch in the tank's interior that was supposed to turn the heaters off if the temperature rose above eighty degrees, the safe limit. So confident were the designers of the equipment that although they provided a thermometer to give a temperature reading from inside the tank, this did not register above eighty-five degrees. What the designers had overlooked, though, was that the switch they speci-

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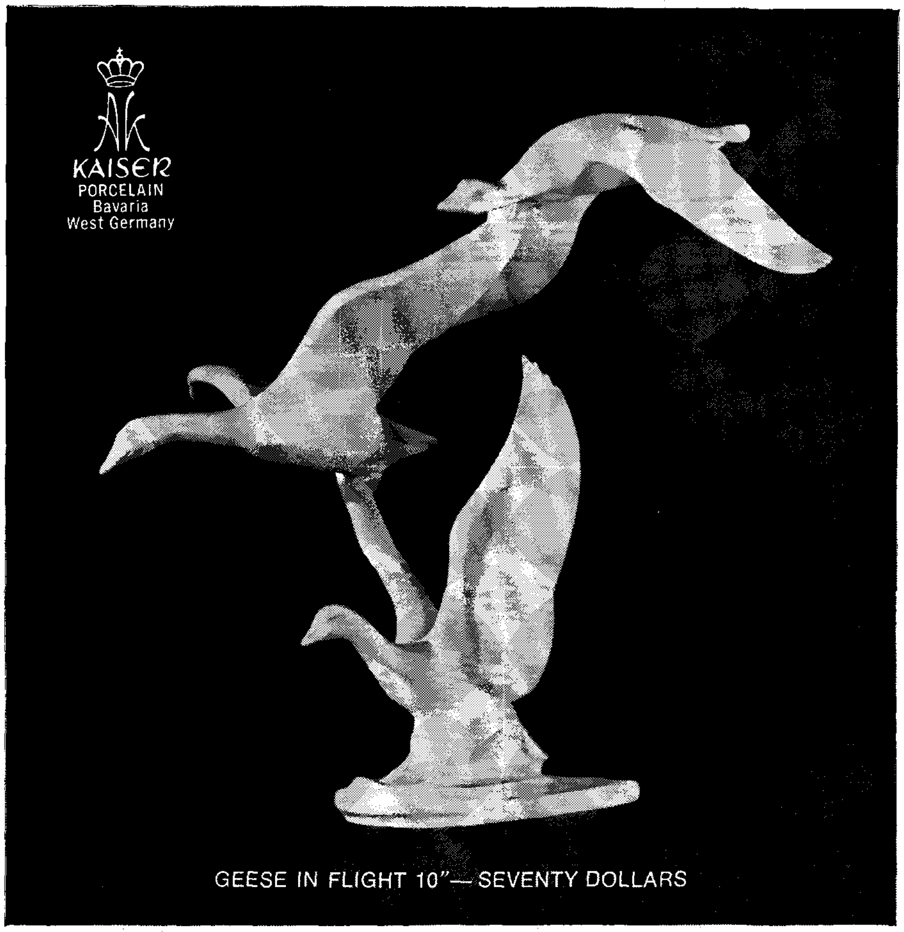

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fied was built to operate on the twenty-eight-volt current of the spacecraft's power supply, and that when the tanks were tested at Cape Kennedy they were powered from a sixty-five-volt supply. Consequently, the safety switch on Tank No. 2 failed. (The designers had overlooked the deficiency because they thought the switch would be kept cool during tests by being immersed in the supercooled oxygen.) As was determined much later by experimentation with similar equipment under similar circumstances, the switch undoubtedly fused shut under the current overload and couldn't turn off the heaters. The fact that it had failed could have been discerned had any of those in charge noticed that an electrical gauge on the equipment showed that the heaters were still drawing current for hours after they should have turned off, and thus were still in operation; apparently, no one looked at the gauge. The heat might well have gone up to a thousand degrees—enough to burn the insulation off the wires. After that, if electrical equipment inside the tanks was turned on and the wires happened to come close together, a spark could pass between them.

When Liebergot requested the cryogenic stir, Kranz, the Flight Director, said he would like to hold off awhile on relaying the message, because he wanted to give the astronauts time to settle down after their TV show. Kranz, a big-boned, trim man with fair hair cropped so close that from certain angles it was barely visible, often suggested a tough Marine Corps unit commander. He was wearing a flashy, iridescent white vest, in honor of his team of flight controllers, the White Team. In about an hour, Kranz's team would be handing over control to the Black Team, and already Black Team controllers had begun to arrive and draw up chairs so that they could look over the shoulders of their White counterparts.

Kranz was delaying action on Liebergot's request until Haise had returned to the command module. To determine whether he had started back yet, Kranz asked the TELMU, who monitored the data on the LM, whether the LM's hatch was still open. The TELMU thereupon checked the electrical-power readings for the command module, from which the inert LM was drawing the small amount of power it needed. By pressing a combination of buttons in front of him, each of the flight controllers could throw onto a small television screen in front of him any one of two hundred and fifty charts giving data on the spacecraft's

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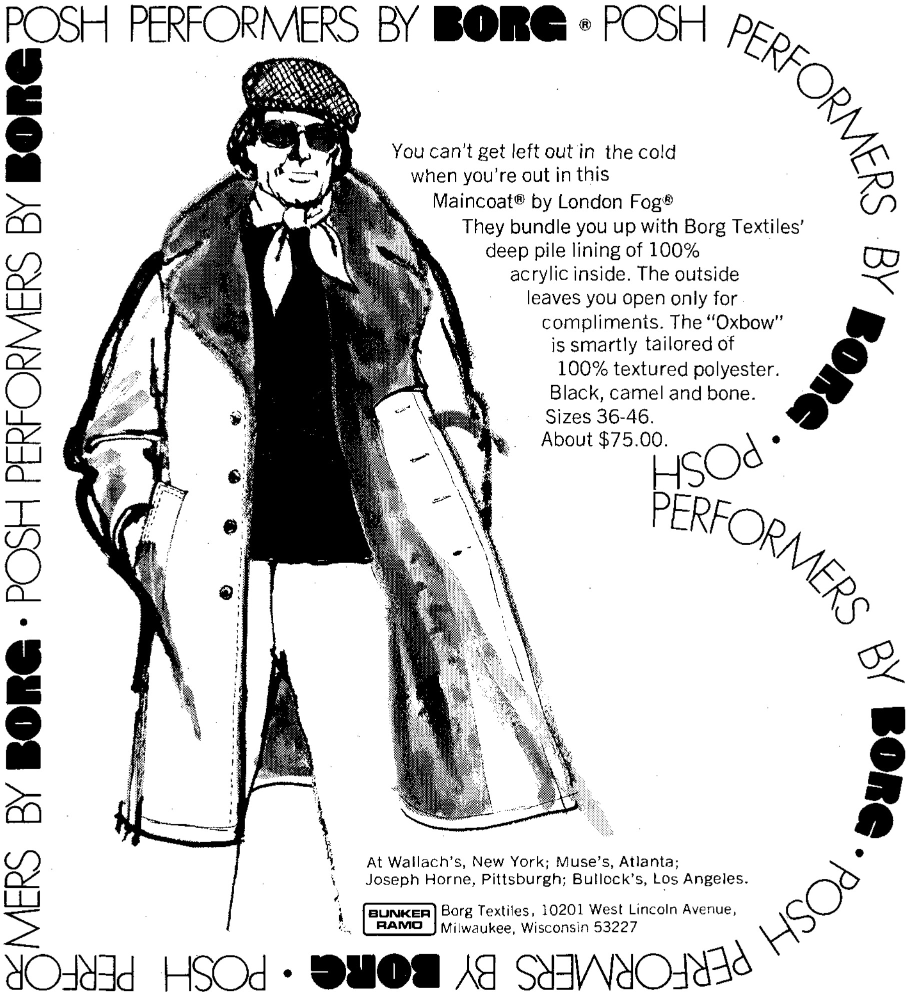

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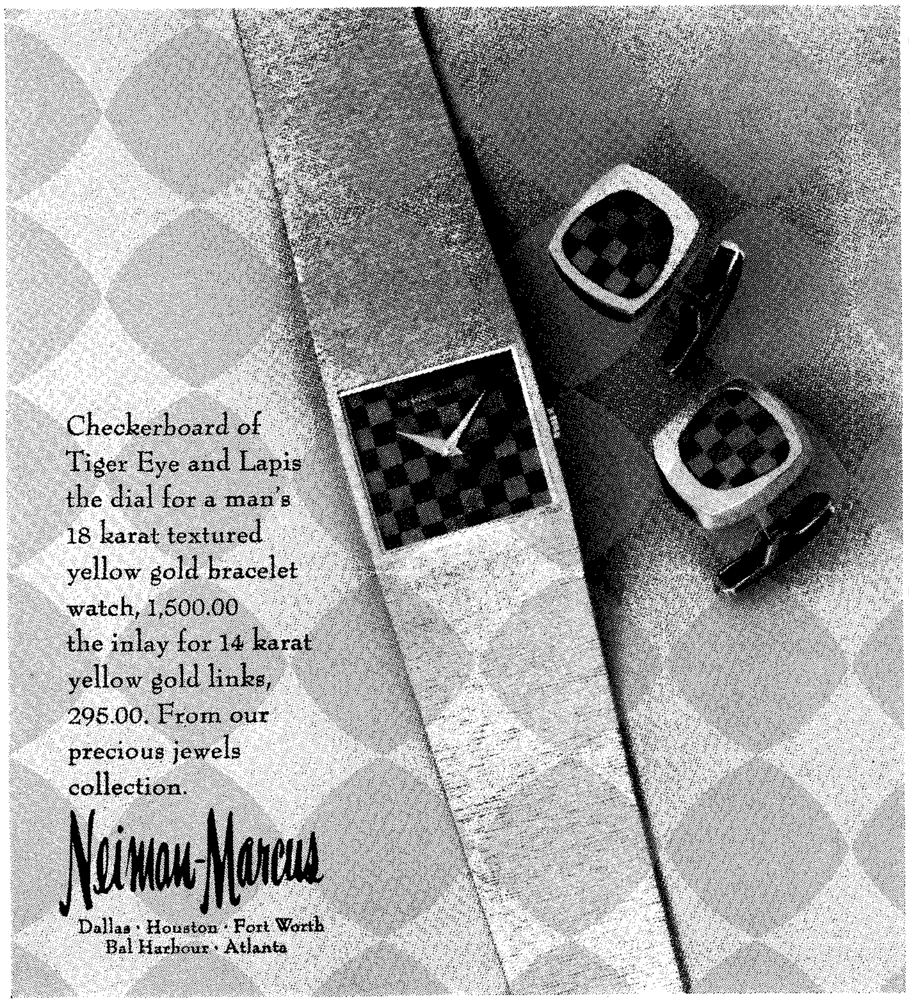

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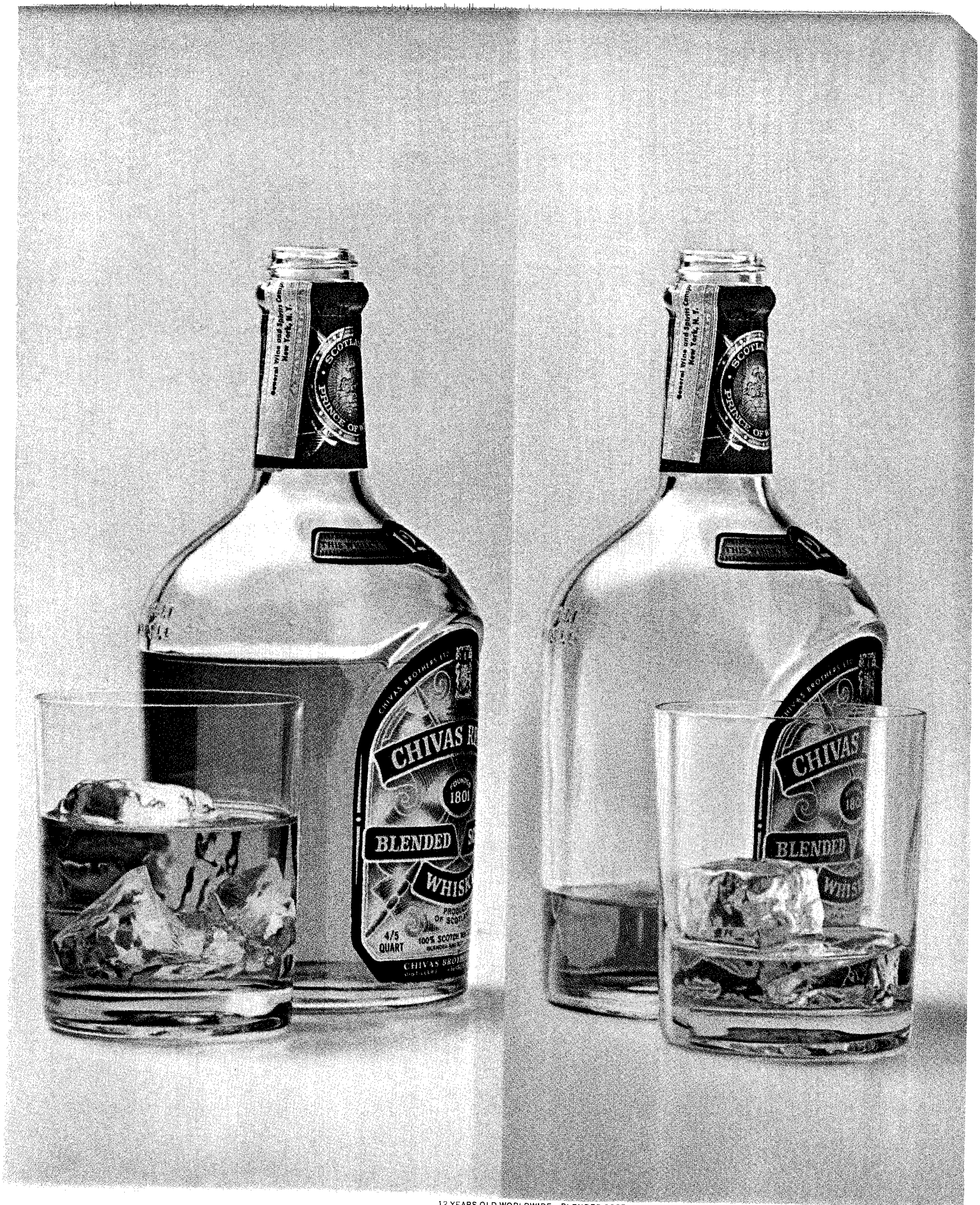
condition; these were prepared by computers on the ground floor of the Operations Wing, where the telemetry was received. There had been a slight drop in the power output, so the TELMU guessed that the LM's hatch was closed—since the lights that turned on when it opened were now drawing no electricity—and therefore that Haise was on his way back to the command module. Accordingly, Kranz told the CAPCOM to radio to Swigert, the command-module pilot, the message to stir the tanks. Swigert, looking up into the apex of the command module, could see Haise coming back through the short tunnel, and that was about all he could see, for he was hemmed in by over five hundred dials, buttons, knobs, switches, and thumbwheels. Most of them were guarded by little U-shaped wickets, lest an astronaut bump against one inadvertently. Swigert's movements were gingerly; as the new crew member, he was especially anxious to perform as he should. When he received Liebergot's message, he pressed four switches to his right. In the Control Room, Liebergot sat forward to get a better look at the screen on his console, which would now show the pressure, quantity, and temperature readings of the tanks.

Nothing much happened for sixteen seconds. Then, inside Oxygen Tank No. 2, an arc of electricity shot between two naked wires. In the next twenty-four seconds, the arc heated the oxygen, and its pressure rose rapidly. Because the hydrogen-tank low-pressure signal had preëmpted the system, no caution lights flashed, and because Liebergot was concentrating on the readings for the hydrogen tanks, which were on the right side of his television screen, he didn't notice the rapidly increasing numbers in one of the oxygen-pressure columns, three inches to the left of where he was looking. During the time the pressure in the oxygen tank was increasing, the only person in the Control Room to notice that anything was wrong was William Fenner, the GUIDO, who saw what he called an "event"—an unexpected number—on his console. It signalled what he called a "hardware restart," which meant that the spacecraft computer had found a problem and was going back over recent events to find out where the trouble lay. It never found out, but the restart provided Kranz with a false trail to follow later.

On the basis of recorded data, of evidence brought back by the astronauts, and of extensive post-mission analyses, it is possible to reconstruct with a fair degree of certainty what



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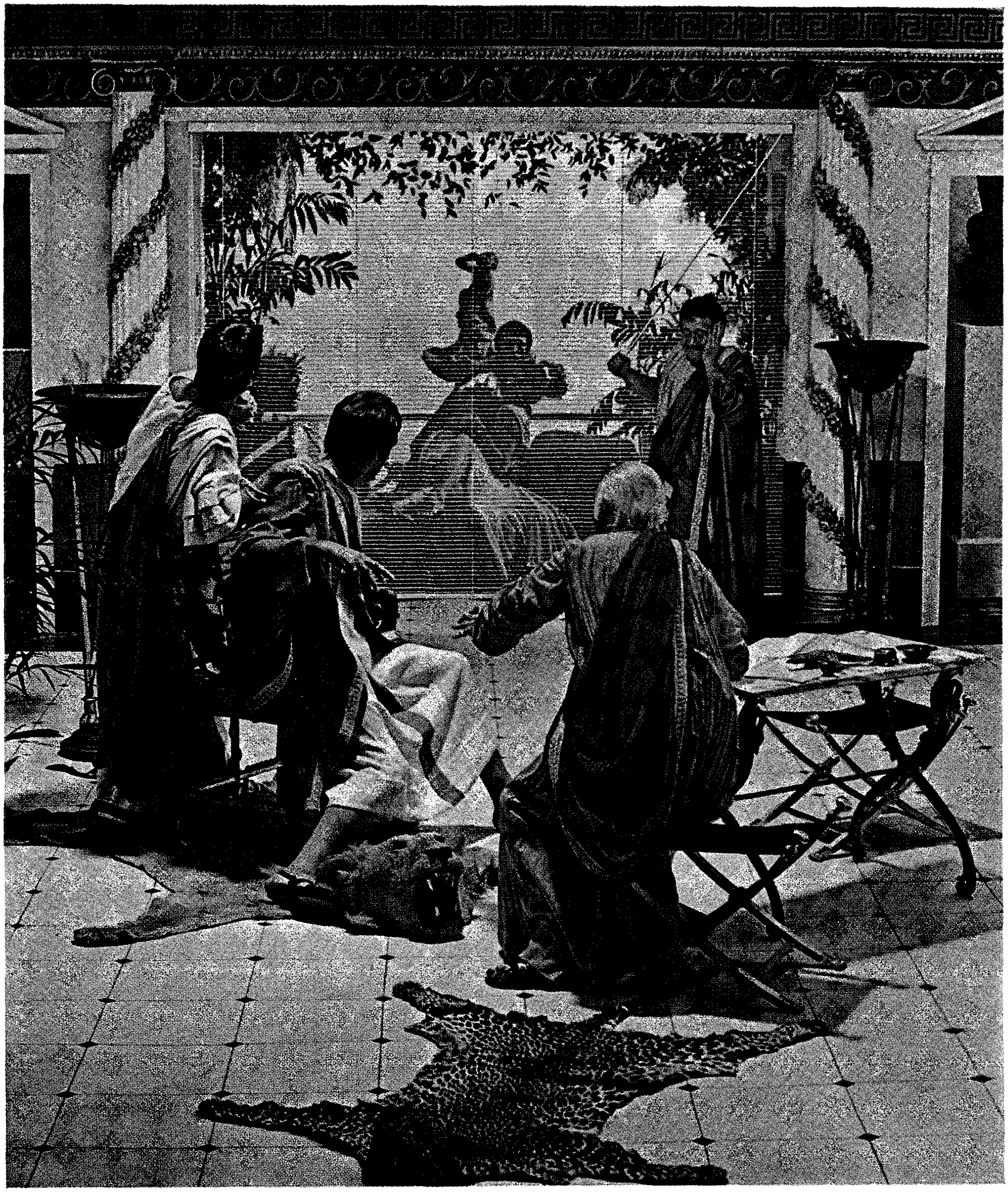

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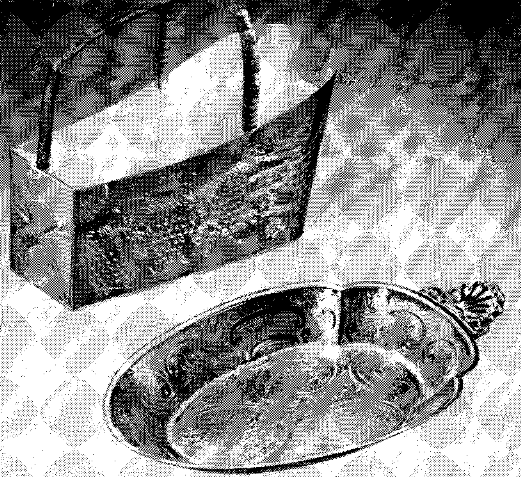

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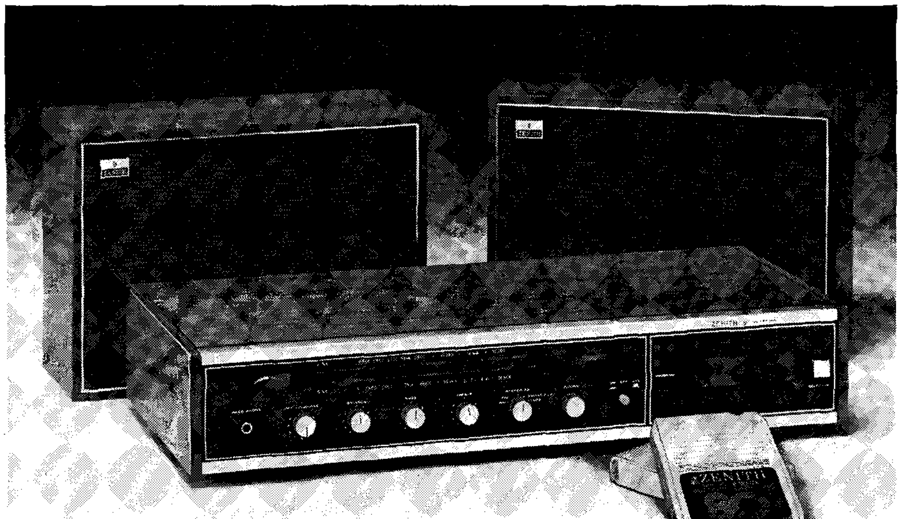

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happened during this two-minute period. At the end of twenty-four seconds, the oxygen pressure had blown the dome off the top of the tank. The layer of insulation between the inner and outer shells of the tank undoubtedly caught fire, with flames, fanned by the rush of escaping oxygen, spewing as from a blowtorch all over the inside of Bay 4 of the service module. The silvery sheets of Mylar insulation—heat-resistant but nevertheless inflammable—lining the inside of the bay probably caught fire, and the resulting gases blew out the bay's cover, which was one of six panels making up the service module's external hull. It was lucky the panel blew out when it did, for if the pressure had been allowed to build up much more, the command module itself, plugging the front end of the service module like a cork, could have blown off instead. Later, in describing what happened, NASA engineers avoided using the word "explosion;" they preferred the more delicate and less dramatic term "tank failure," and in a sense it *was* the more accurate expression, inasmuch as the tank did not explode in the way a bomb does but broke open under pressure.

Whether called an explosion or a tank failure, such an event is less noticeable in space than it would be on the ground, where air transmits sound and shock waves. Therefore, none of the astronauts were aware that one of the oxygen tanks had ruptured. Nevertheless, each of them was instantly made aware, in one way or another, that there had been an untoward event. First, Swigert reported over the radio that they seemed to have a problem. His voice was so calm that the CAPCOM, Jack R. Lousma, could not tell which of the astronauts was speaking, and Lousma knew the astronauts well, because he was an astronaut himself. What had disturbed Swigert, as he later recalled it, was not so much the sound of a perceptible bang as the sensation of a sort of shudder that ran through the spacecraft. He could not make a precise distinction, he said, because the borderline between feeling a vibration and hearing it is sometimes imperceptible. What he felt may in fact have been not unlike the disconcerting shudder that first puzzled some of the passengers aboard the Titanic as the ship scraped against an iceberg. Swigert was strapped into his seat, and so was better able to feel the shudder than Lovell, the spacecraft commander. The latter, who was floating just above his seat, said he had not felt the shudder but *had* heard a distinct bang. Lovell's first thought was

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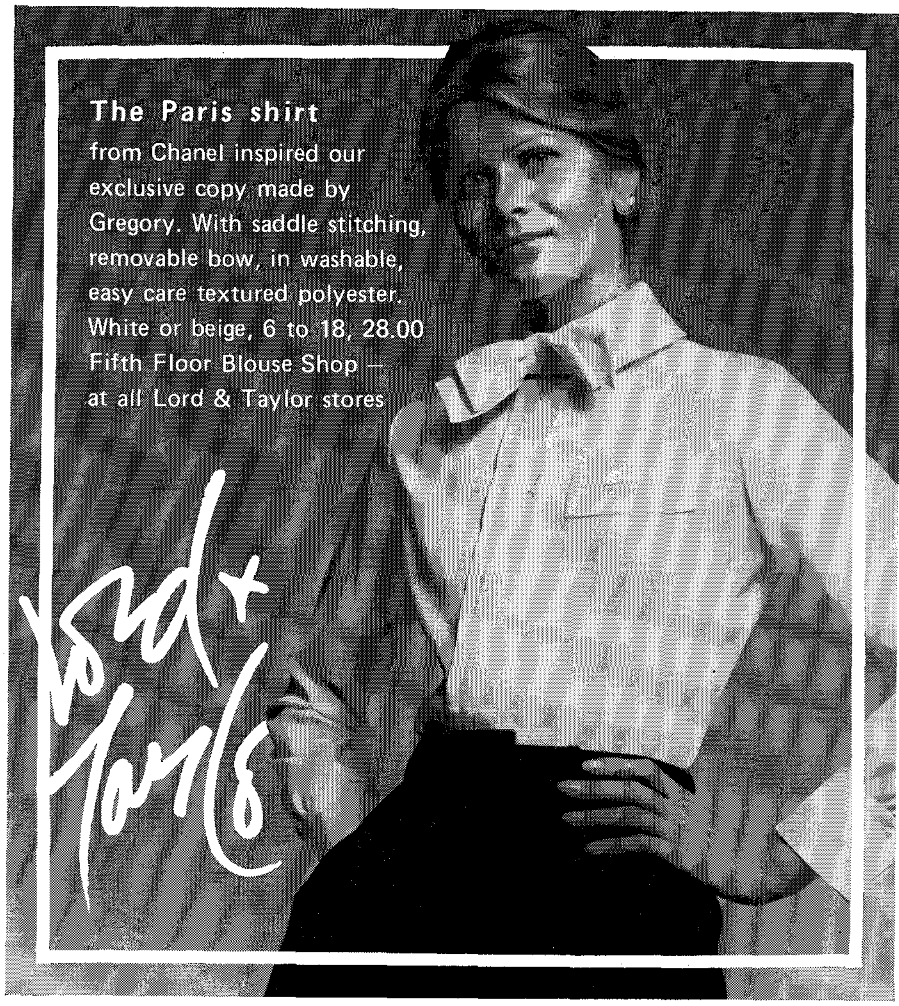

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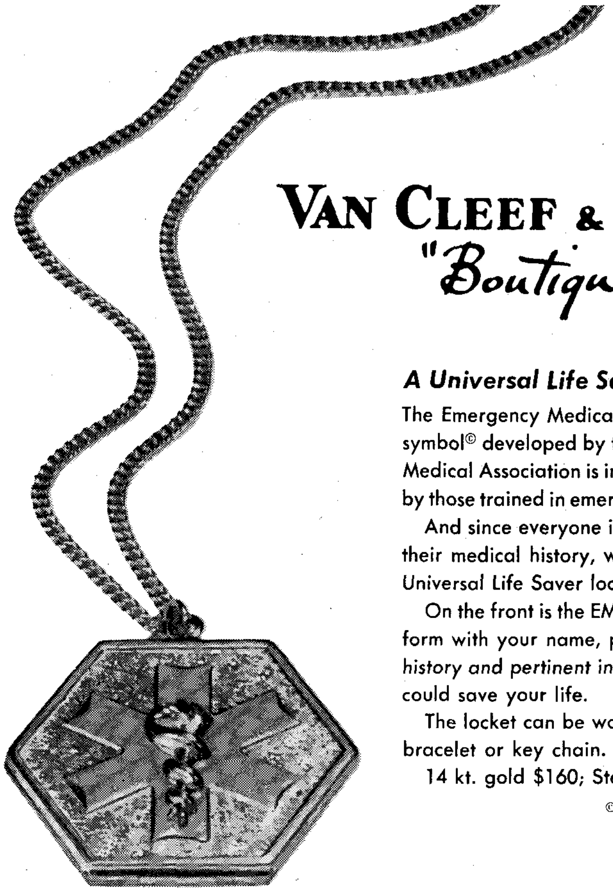

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that the bang had been made by Haise opening a valve in the lunar module. At thirty-six, Haise still looked like the youthful, irrepressible sort of person who might make a loud noise without warning. However, Haise was at this moment emerging from the tunnel, and Lovell could tell by the look on his face that he, too, had been jolted by something. Far from causing the bang, he had been startled when the tunnel shook up and down—a motion he thought ominous, for normally when the tunnel shook it was from side to side. He immediately felt that something fundamental was wrong.

Both Lovell and Swigert thought that the bang—or shudder—had come from the lunar module, and as Haise emerged from the tunnel Swigert shot out of his seat and slammed the command-module hatch shut behind him. Haise scrambled to his seat—the right-hand one—for the master alarm was now sounding in his earphones. Swigert had noticed an amber caution light glowing overhead. It didn't signal trouble in the oxygen tank, because that alarm system was still tied up by the low-pressure warning in the hydrogen tanks; rather, it signified trouble with the electrical system, the controls for which were near Haise. About this time, the Flight Surgeon, Dr. Willard R. Hawkins, noticed that the pulse readings for all three astronauts had shot up from about seventy to over a hundred and thirty.

THE first disaster in space had occurred, and no one knew what had happened. On the ground, the flight controllers were not even sure that anything *had*. One reason for their ignorance was the imperfect nature of the telemetry from the spacecraft, which could not tell them directly that an oxygen tank had blown up. It could only report what the temperatures and pressures were in the tanks, whether certain voltages were within the proper limits, and whether certain equipment was on or off. This information had to be interpreted before the flight controllers could know what was going on, and the flight controllers were slow to make the correct interpretation, because, like everyone else at NASA, they felt secure in the knowledge that the spacecraft was as safe a machine for flying to the moon as it was possible to devise. Obviously, men would not be sent into space in anything less, and inasmuch as men *were* being sent into space, the pressure around NASA to have confidence in the spacecraft was enormous. Everyone placed particular faith in the spacecraft's redundancy:

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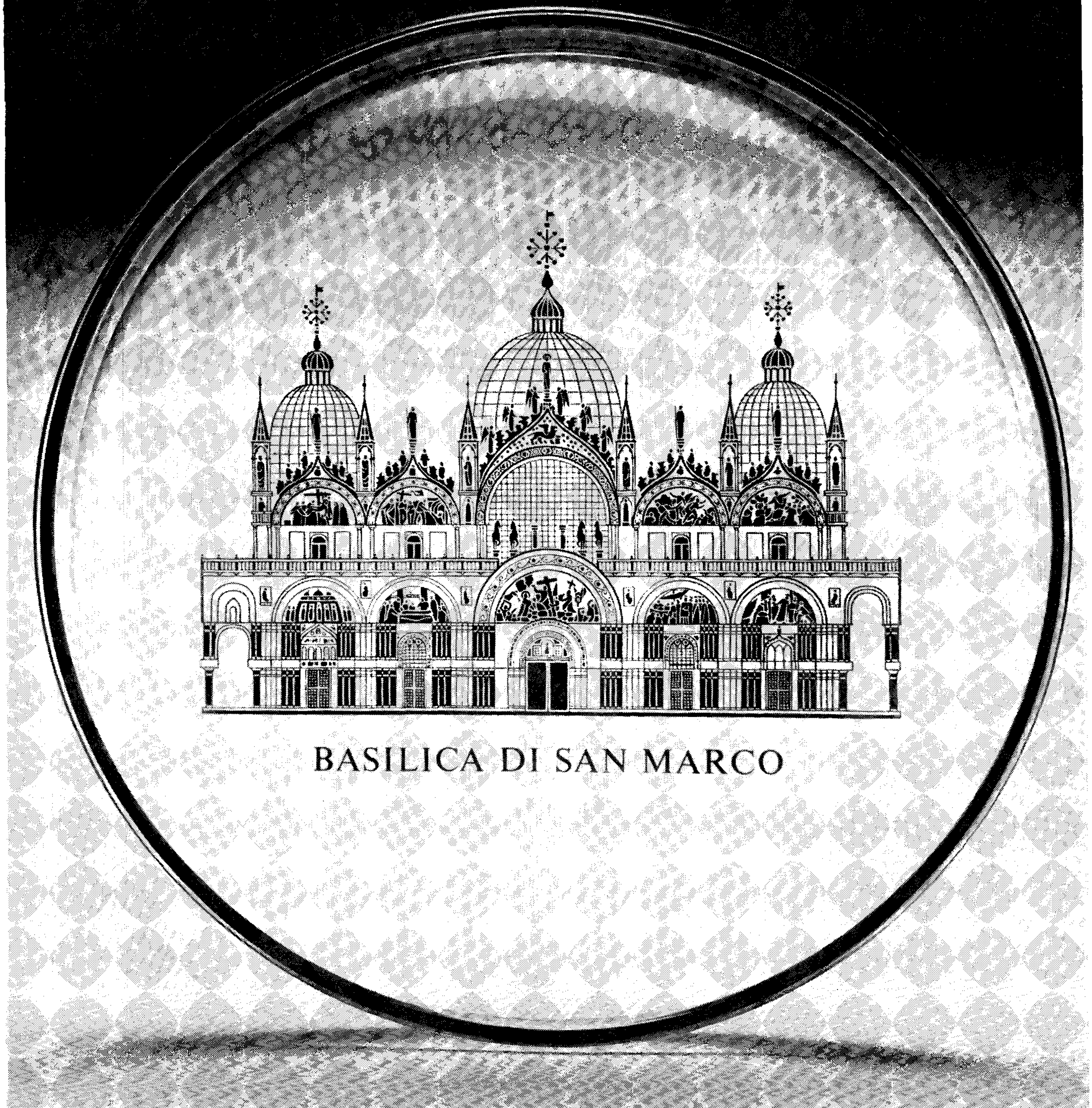

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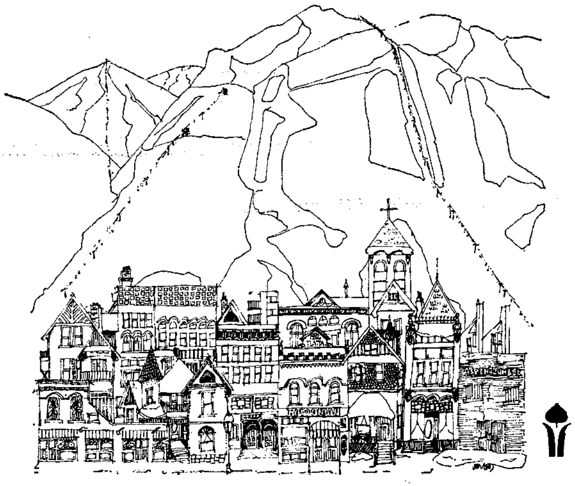

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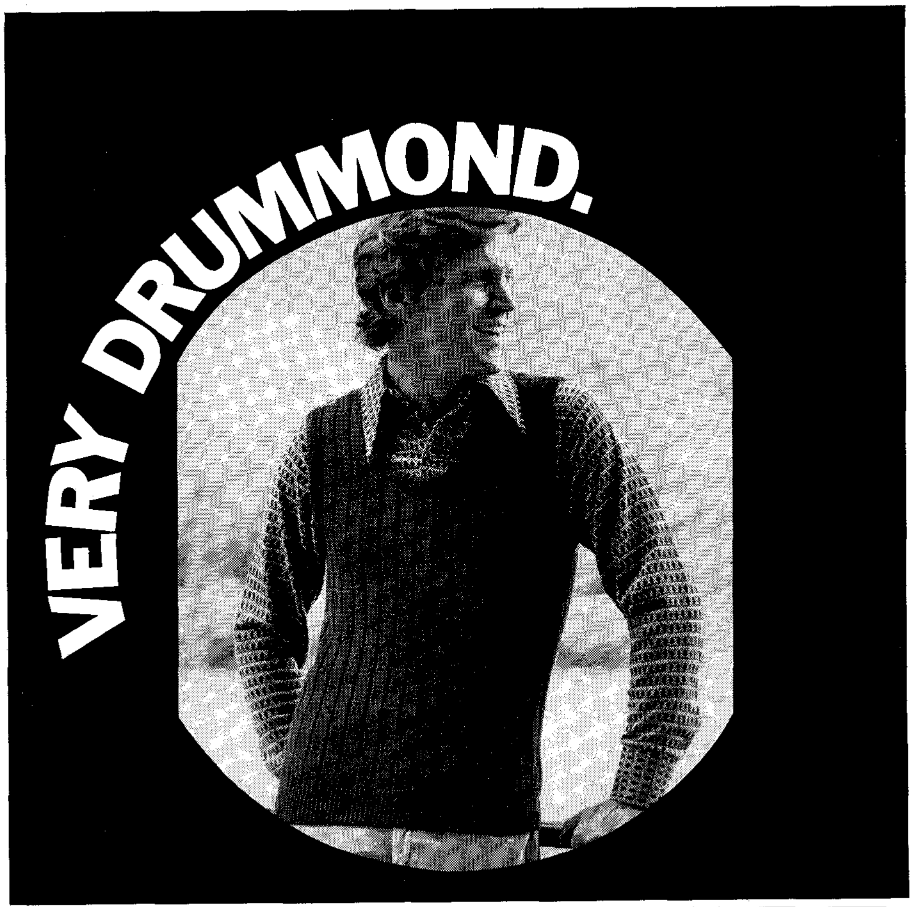
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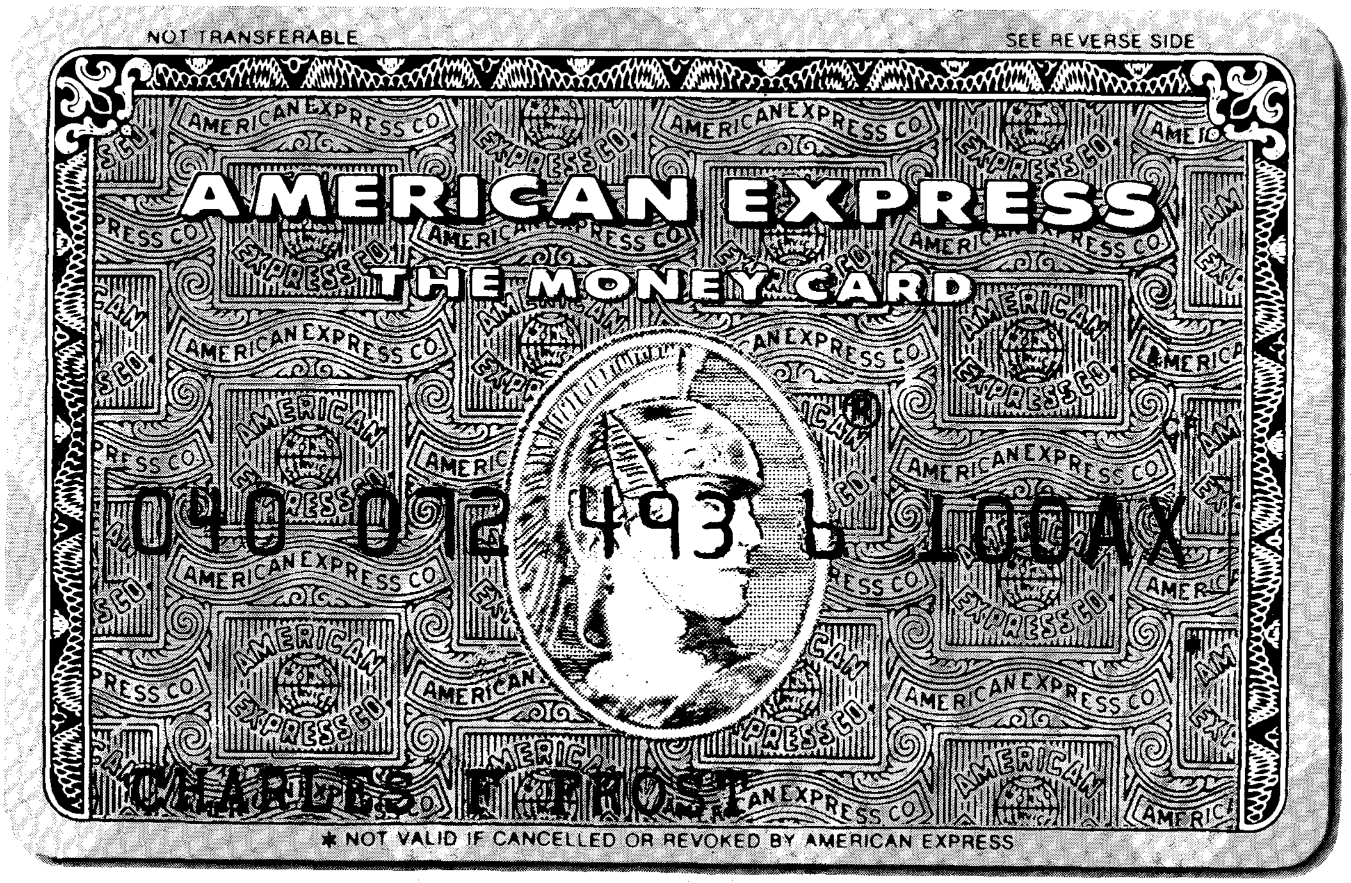
there were two or more of almost everything. Even the flight controllers' own training contributed to their confidence. For three months before the flight, they had flown the mission over and over in rehearsals called simulations. For these, a team of flight controllers took their places at the consoles in the Control Room while the astronauts got inside simulators—working models of the spacecraft, very much like the Link Flight Simulators that student airplane pilots use. Both groups were connected to computers that had been programmed to create problems likely to come up on the mission. The previous moon flights had gone so well that the flight controllers had complained on an earlier occasion to the men planning the simulations that these were too tough to be authentic. Accordingly, the simulations in preparation for Apollo 13 had dealt only with problems that were considered likely to arise; the controllers hadn't wasted time on what one engineer called "four-point failures—way-out disasters."

Before the flight controllers could admit the full scope of the present disaster, they went to great lengths to find explanations that would not involve a major failure of the spacecraft. It took them a quarter of an hour to get a rough idea of what had happened, and about an hour more to admit that the spacecraft was damaged beyond repair. At the outset, Liebergot, the EECOM, wasn't particularly alarmed. Because he had happened to miss seeing the sudden rise in pressure in Oxygen Tank No. 2, it simply didn't occur to him that the tank had blown out. There was such a cascade of problems that, not having noticed where they started, he didn't know where to begin to look for their source. Since he had no reason to think in terms of the oxygen tank in the first place, he had to track the trouble backward step by step all the way through the electrical system. The only clue he had to start with was the electrical warning Haise had reported and a similar light flashing on his own console. When he tracked it down, he found that it signalled what he called "a Main Bus B undervolt." A main bus is like a set of wall plugs. (Electricians also call it a distribution terminal board.) Electricity from the fuel cells—the generators—was fed into the buses, and then power was tapped out of them by the equipment that needed it. For redundancy, there were two main buses, A and B, and what Liebergot had found was that Main Bus B had suffered a significant drop in power, so that the equipment connected to it, which was half the equipment in the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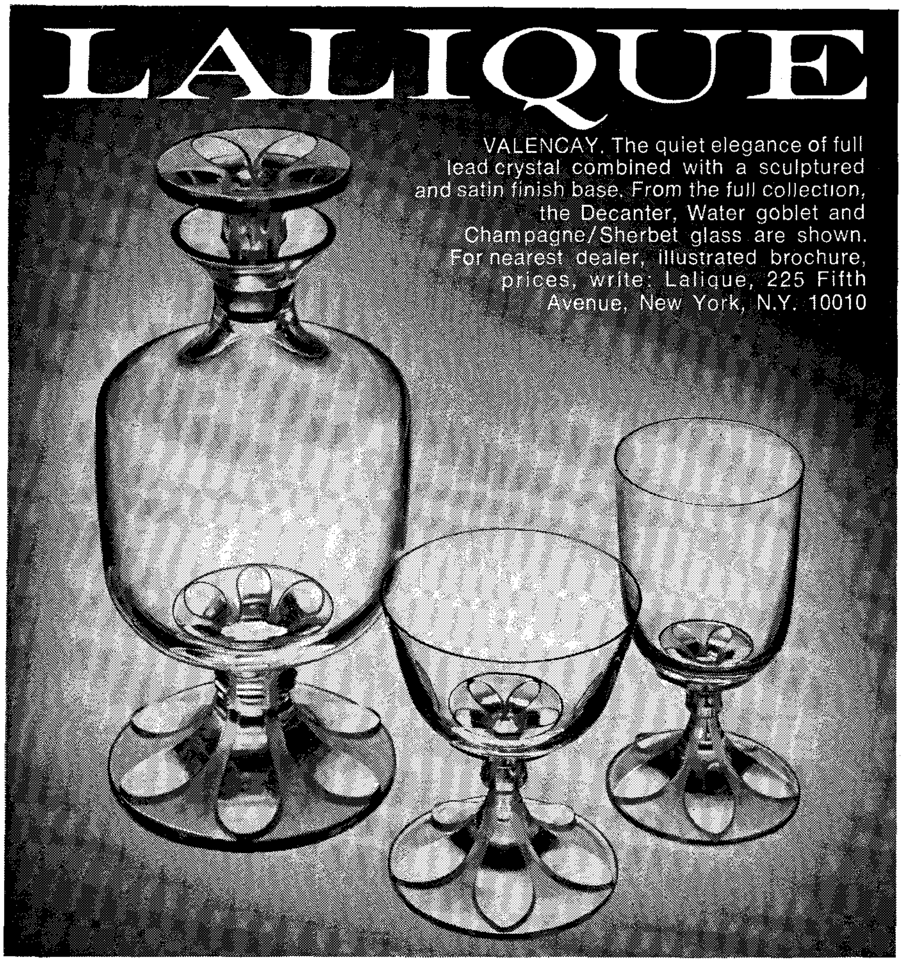
spacecraft, was in danger of failing. Up in the command module, Haise already had a sinking feeling, for, according to the mission rules, both buses had to be operating if the astronauts were to get the go-ahead to land on the moon.

Then there was a moment of relief. Haise saw the warning light above his head flicker out, and down in the Control Room the same thing happened on Liebergot's console. Lovell reported to the CAPCOM that the power in the bus was back to normal. Over the loop, Liebergot suggested to Kranz that the trouble might not have been an undervolt at all but, rather, a problem with the instruments reporting the problem. In the next hour or so, they came back over and over again to this wishful explanation—what flight controllers call an "instrumentation failure." Following this false trail, they told each other that perhaps everything was all right after all—though Haise now told the CAPCOM that "a pretty large bang" had been associated with the incident. Oddly, Kranz had not heard the astronauts mention a "bang" before. Now a light flickered on one of the panels on his console to indicate that one of the flight controllers—the INCO, who was in charge of the radios aboard the spacecraft—wanted to talk to him.

The INCO told Kranz about a communications "funny"—an aberration that doesn't clear up immediately, as opposed to a "glitch," which is a transitory one. At the time of the bang, the INCO reported, there had been an unexplained change in the width of the radio waves transmitted from the spacecraft: they had suddenly switched from a narrow beam to a wide one. Kranz was still not alarmed. The spacecraft radio was transmitting with the high-gain antenna—a sort of stick with reflectors that had to be aimed as precisely as a rifle—and it crossed Kranz's mind that since the antenna ran on power from Main Bus B, the undervolt might somehow have caused the change; if that was so, then the funny should correct itself now that the undervolt had. Much later, it became apparent that when the side panel of the service module had been torn off and hurtled into space it hit the antenna, causing a change in the nature of the radio signal.

Less than a minute had passed since the accident. A voice from the spacecraft now said that the bang must have affected the gauge that reported the level of Oxygen Tank No. 2—first it had oscillated between twenty and sixty per cent, but now it was off-scale on the high side. This still did not cause Kranz or Liebergot to think that there might be a problem with the oxygen



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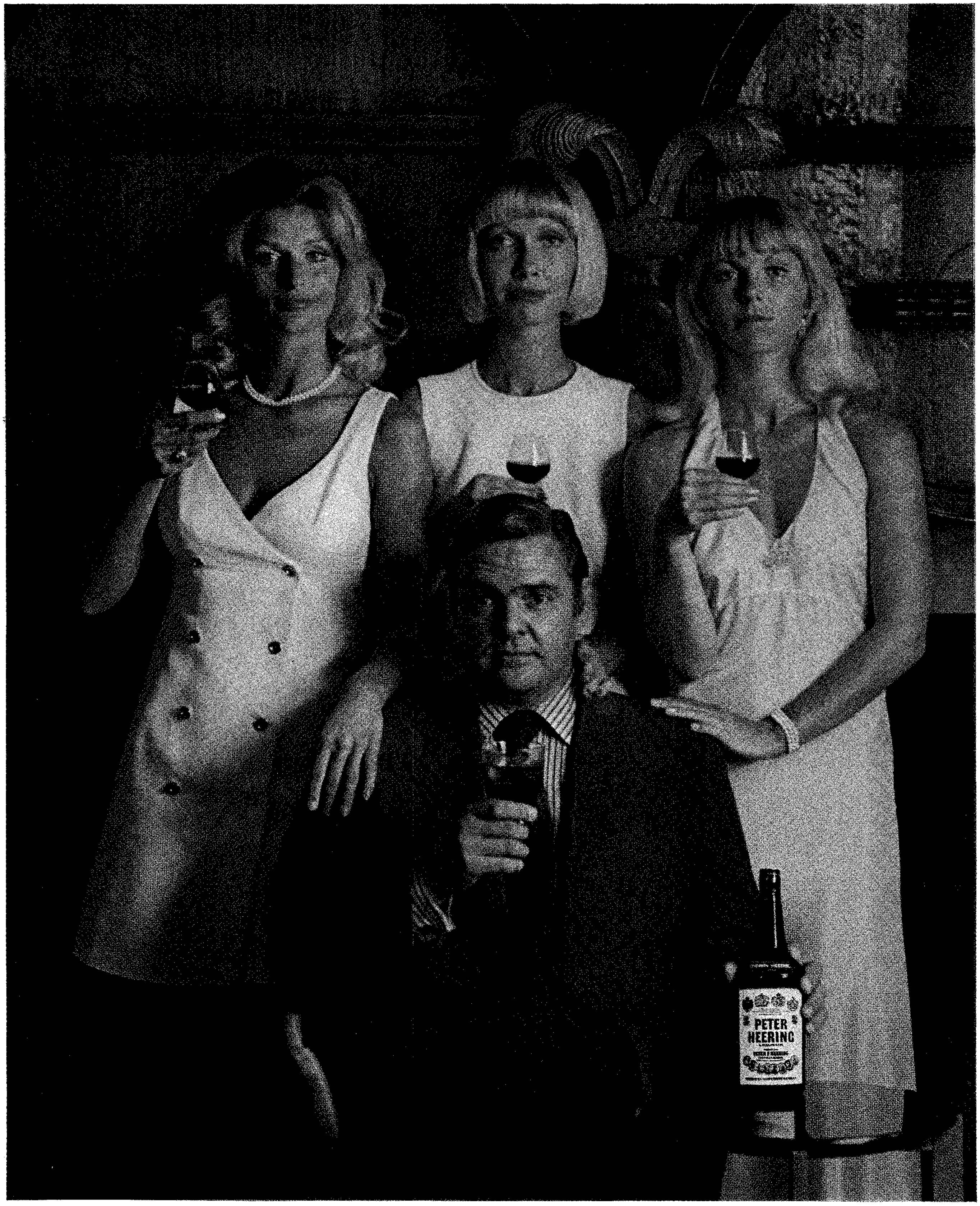

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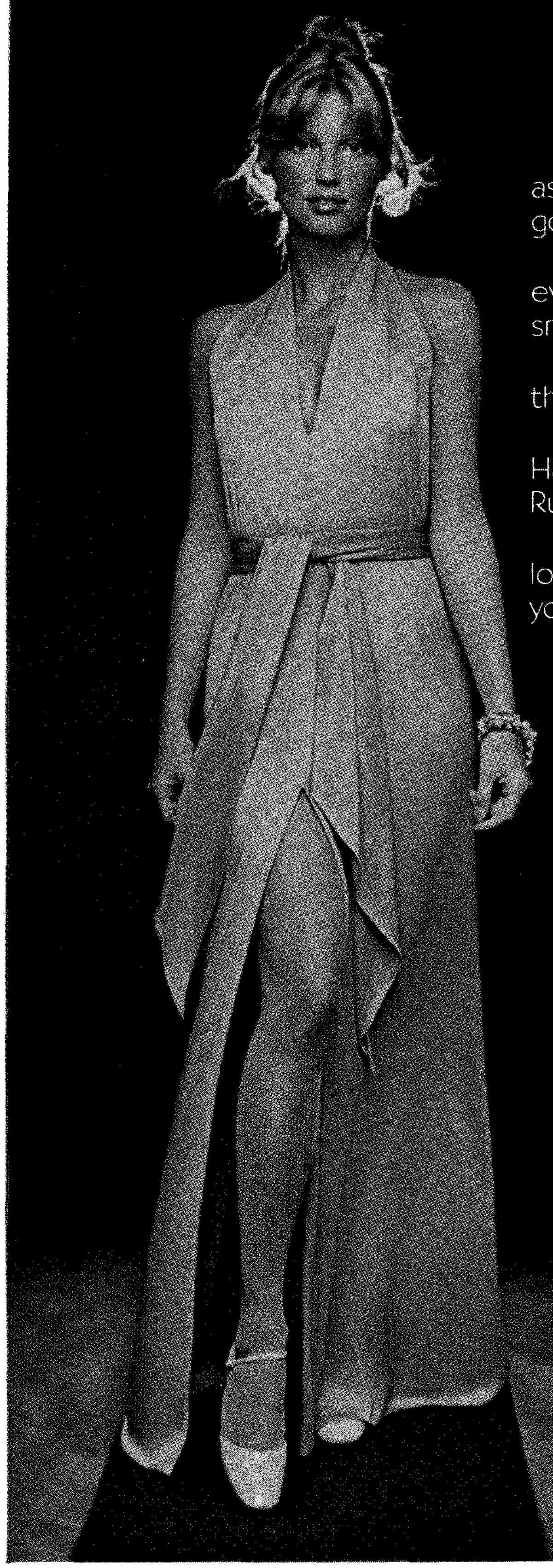

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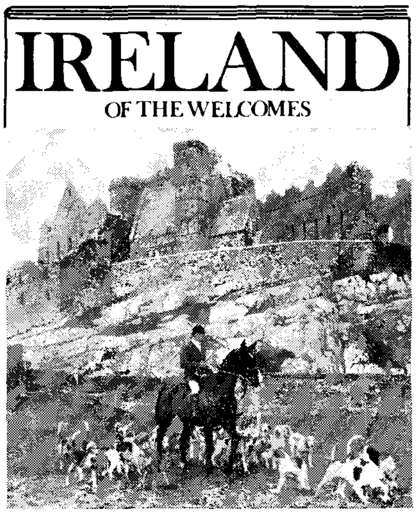
tank. They had been having trouble with the oxygen gauges all along, and they thought that the same trouble had cropped up once more. It was hard for anyone to get rid of the idea that the instruments were lying to them. Just then, Lovell reported that Main Bus B had no power in it at all and Main Bus A was beginning to show an undervolt, too; that is, one main bus had gone dead and the other was losing power. If both buses died, the command and service modules would be without any electrical power except a small amount available from three storage batteries to be used during the return through the earth's atmosphere. Liebergot was confused. The two main buses, themselves paired for redundancy, were drawing their power from *three* redundant fuel cells; if one bus died, there was every reason for the other to hold up. While Liebergot pondered, there was a long silence, broken at last by Lovell, who asked, a little anxiously, "O.K., Houston, are you still reading Apollo 13?"

Lousma replied, "That's affirmative; we're reading you. We're still trying to come up with some good ideas here for you." Then, putting his hand over the microphone, Lousma said hurriedly to Kranz, "Is there any kind of lead we can give them, or are we looking at instrumentation problems, or have we got real problems, or what?"

About six minutes had passed since the accident.

OVER the loop, Kranz asked Liebergot for recommendations. Kranz had once said that the hardest part of being a flight controller was being "the last man in the decision chain." That occurred, Kranz said, when a problem was passed to a flight controller at the last minute and he had to solve it all by himself; if he made a mistake, he did it in front of the whole world, and possibly jeopardized the mission. This was Liebergot's situation now. On his telemetry screen, he could produce far more information about the spacecraft's electrical system than the astronauts themselves had; the trouble was that he had no idea where to start looking. Half of the lights before him were amber, and he recalled that the only other time this had happened was shortly after lift-off during the Apollo 12 mission. He also recalled that on that occasion the spacecraft had been hit by lightning—a recollection that did him no good whatever, since there was no lightning two hundred and five thousand miles out in space. He now set about trying to piece together what he knew. The main question he had to answer was why there had been an undervolt in Main



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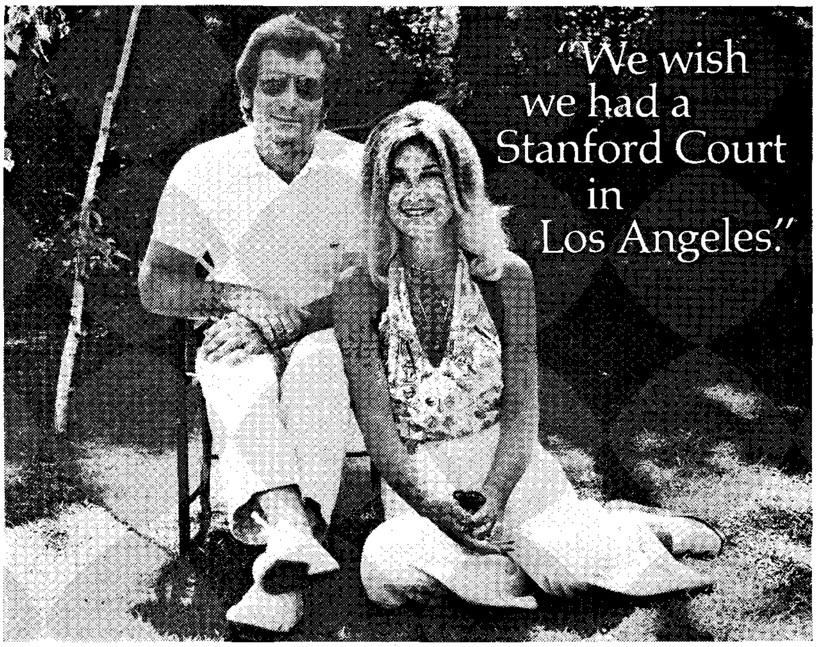

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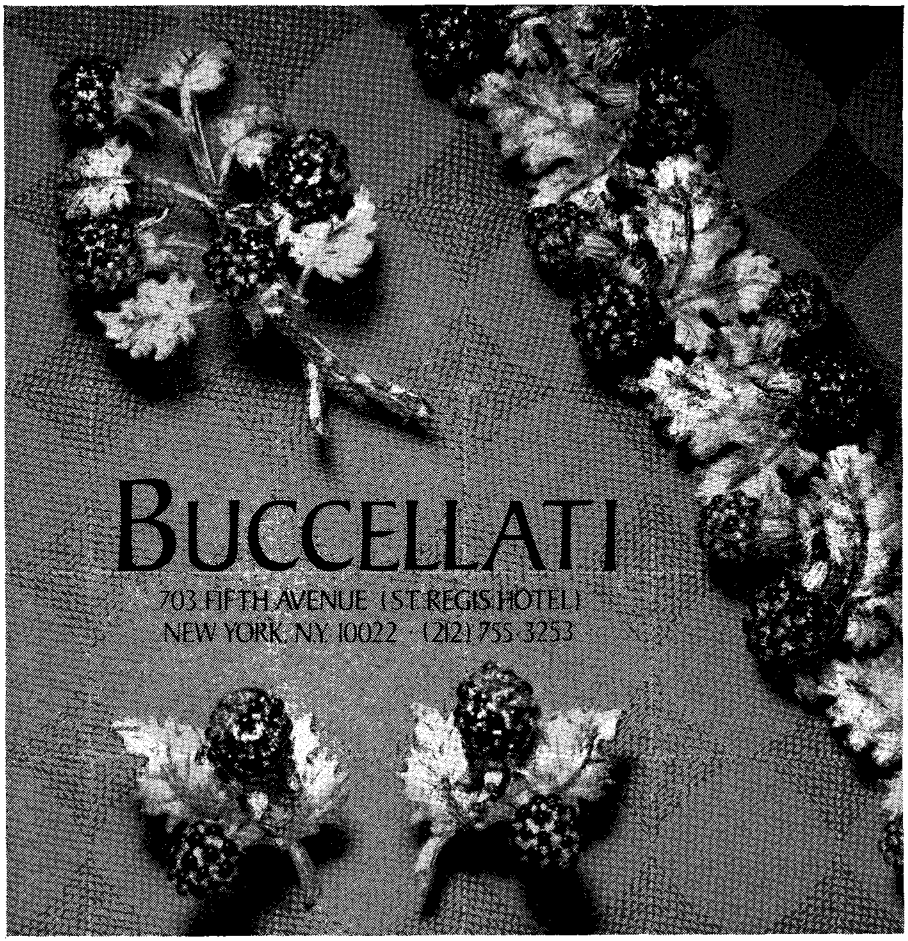

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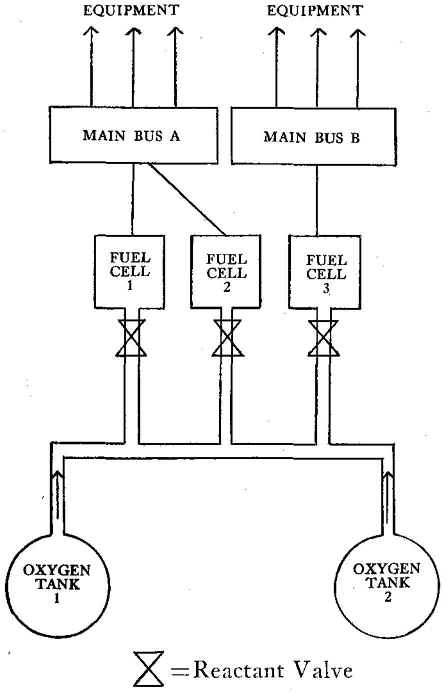
Bus B. Spread out before him on the console was a diagram of the spacecraft's electrical system. It made a sort of chain, leading from the hydrogen and oxygen tanks to the fuel cells and from those to the buses, and ending with the equipment in the spacecraft that was receiving—or was supposed to be receiving—power. At the moment, they were connected like this (the hydrogen tanks are not shown):



Fuel Cells 1 and 2 were supplying electricity to Main Bus A, which was still working. Main Bus B, however, was drawing its electricity from Fuel Cell 3 alone, and it didn't take Liebergot long to find out that Fuel Cell 3 had stopped generating power. Then he learned that Fuel Cell 1 was generating no power, either. It looked as if the spacecraft had lost two fuel cells—an unprecedented situation. The spacecraft was getting along solely on the electricity that Fuel Cell 2 was supplying to Main Bus A—and, inexplicably, the power put out by the one remaining good fuel cell was beginning to drop, too, though not yet enough for Liebergot to worry about.

The two apparently dead cells, Liebergot knew, drew their oxygen from the same two tanks, but since the good cell drew its oxygen from them as well, he didn't give the tanks much thought. There was little reason to, for although the two tanks were not, strictly speaking, redundant—they shared the system of pipes leading to the fuel cells—there were so many safety valves that they might as well have been. They were separated by valves that insured that the oxygen would flow only *out* of them, and, as a further safeguard, each fuel cell could be cut off from the oxygen by a valve of its own, called a reactant valve. The protection afforded by all these valves was critical, because in addition to fuelling the electrical system and producing water, the two tanks provided all the command module's oxygen for breathing. (In the cabin, there was a small emergency supply in a tank called the surge tank, and in three one-pound bottles, but this had to be conserved for breathing when the command module plunged alone through the earth's atmosphere.)

The implication of two dead fuel cells was so staggering in itself that Liebergot couldn't bring himself to believe that such a state of affairs was possible. At NASA, backups don't fail. Liebergot was encouraged in his disbelief by the flight controllers' operating procedure, which required them to make presumptions against such failures—partly because of the admittedly imperfect quality of telemetry. According to the standard procedure, before Liebergot could think about such a thing as the oxygen he had to make sure that the fuel cells really were dead. Perhaps there had been an instrumentation failure, or perhaps there was some other simple explanation. Until he was certain, Liebergot didn't even report the loss of the cells. "You can't alarm the crew unnecessarily—you'll look like a big ass unless you're sure," he later said.

One simple explanation that occurred to Liebergot was that the jolt or the bang, whatever it was, at eight minutes past nine had disconnected the two fuel cells from the two buses. He therefore suggested to Kranz that Swigert check on whether the cells were in fact hooked up to the buses. Any connecting or disconnecting that the astronauts did was by means of switches at their consoles; the switches for the cells and buses were in front of Haise but within reach of Swigert, and Swigert now flicked them down and back. (Flight controllers call such flicking "cycling the switch.") Swigert reported no change in the electricity level of the buses. That meant that the trouble did not lie in anything as simple as broken connections. Liebergot couldn't make any sense out of it. He wished he could be almost anywhere else. He couldn't, of course, because, among other things, Lousma kept asking Kranz if there were any more recommendations he could pass on to the astronauts, and Kranz kept asking Liebergot. Liebergot felt rather cornered. He was the one on the spot, and all the electrical engineers in the world couldn't help him. At length, because it was possible to switch circuits

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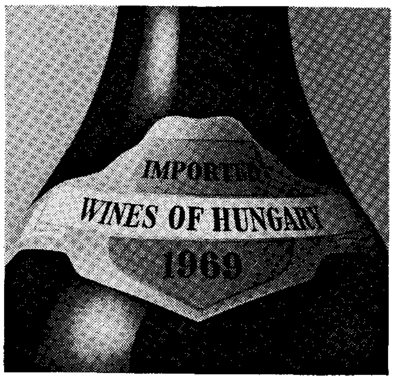

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THE NATIONAL OBSERVER
Skyjacker's Odyssey
An Eminent Trichologist

What is this animal?

Some people say it's difficult to place The Observer in a convenient niche, relative to other periodicals. They're quite right, of course. In an ebbing age of reptiles it's tough to classify an innovative mammal. Well now— I don't really mean to call all our competitors iguanas or crocodiles. But I do mean to say we're remarkably different. Even at first glance The Observer is physically different from a newsweekly, or any other magazine. And it doesn't look like any local paper. But our basic difference lies deeper—in what we're doing.

We've found a special reader need—and we're filling it. At Dow Jones we say that while our sister paper, The Wall Street Journal, is for the business of making a living, The Observer is for the business of living.

What that means, actually, is that in this era when people everywhere are faced with an increasingly de-personalized society—and sensing the alienation that comes with it—The National Observer specialty is *personal journalism.* And that's not by accident; its time has come.

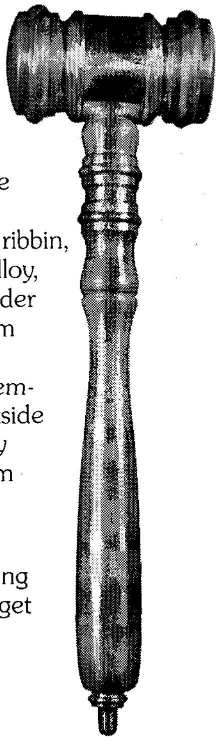
Personal journalism means, first of all, that we find news in the central, personal concerns of our readers. That produces front-page stories on the war of the spouses, how to baffle burglars, the boredom epidemic, ways to race through college in three years. On inside pages it produces useful coverage of new variable-interest mortgages, the pantyhose panic, those atypical national parks which aren't overcrowded, how women's lib is neglecting the elderly. If it sometimes seems we are putting out not merely a newspaper but a unique magazine on newsprint—well, we are. (And perhaps one day other publications will be seeking niches near us.)

We still heed the breaking news of each week. Taking advantage of our printing presses scattered across the nation, we can turn around on a dime—and frequently do. Frankly, we're convinced readers are turned off on much news, as traditionally defined by journalists. The ins and outs of the Common Market. Politics in Saigon. Even the latest grandiose program unveiled in Washington. So we are selective. And what we emphasize, when we can do an honest job of it, is digging beneath the generally recognized events to discover what impact it will have on you. Then we move on to original reporting on consumer affairs, coverage of the emotional beat, fresh information and ideas on entertainment, travel, culture. In issue after issue you'll find The Observer printing not just the news, but the things you're immediately interested in, reports that can help you cope with the business of living: educating your children, fighting inflation, finding leisure-time activities, managing your family, understanding social change.

The human form is visible

Observer journalism is personal in another sense: our writers are alive, kicking, and highly visible. Too many publications, it seems to me, are like canned paté. These are prepared by subtle formula, and may be delicious, but every bite predictably tastes the same.

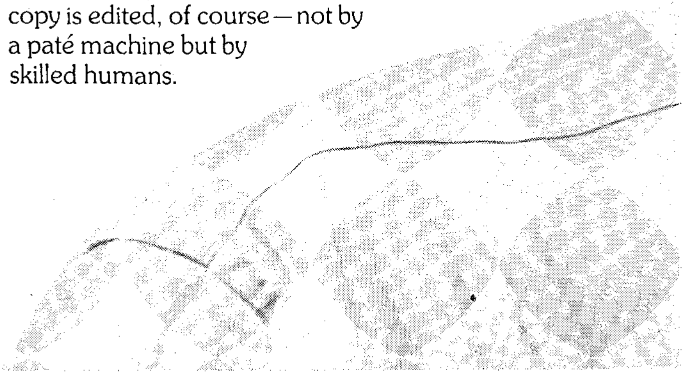
It's different at The Observer. A story by Diane Shah (on, say, her survival hike with a bunch of businessmen) will capture you with its sensitivity and humor, its felicity of phrase. An article by Nina Totenberg (on, say, behind-scenes turmoil in the Supreme Court) will grab you with the hard reporting that has won her—and The Observer—two consecutive Gavel awards from the American Bar Association.

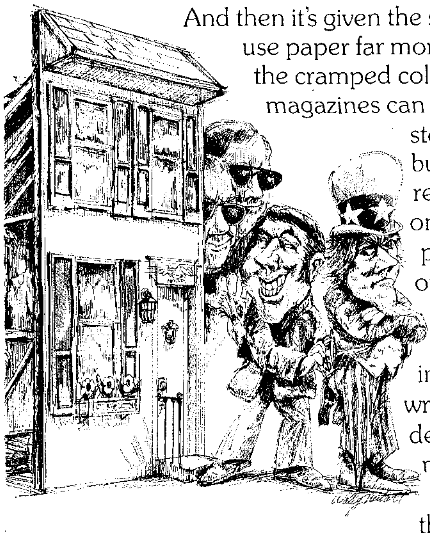


The diversity of the staff we've assembled is no accident either. It gives us the literary allusions of Princeton graduate Peter Chew, the acid Arkansas pen of Wes Pruden, the investigatory patience of Gus Gribbin, and the lucid reporting of Mike Malloy, who rose from millhand to short-order cook to UPI bureau chief in Vietnam before joining The Observer. We're equally proud of some 50 other members of our staff—and scores of outside contributors. Most of our fresh story ideas originate with them—not from my mandate.

We put it together differently

We give each writer enough reporting time—often a month or more—to get beyond superficial preconceptions and reach objective facts. Then we grant enough writing time—often a week or longer—to fashion the story in highly personal style. This copy is edited, of course—not by a paté machine but by skilled humans.



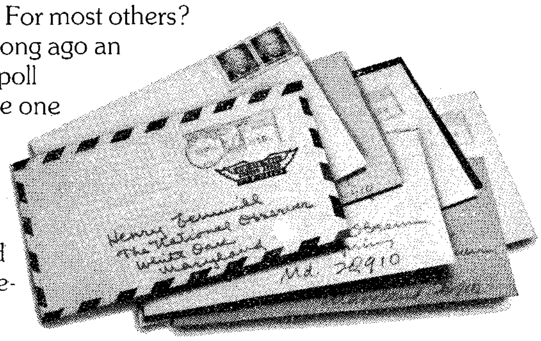


And then it's given the space it deserves. We use paper far more generously than the cramped columns most magazines can afford. Our cover stories need not be buried inside; they can really begin out front on the first of our big pages, with plenty of room for eye-catching graphics. (Our artists are as individual as our writers.) With equal deliberation, our make-up avoids the crowded jumble of the daily paper. We ve designed a showcase for maximum impact of rsonal journalism.

aturally, our writers love all this. When writers love what ey are doing, readers can notice the difference.

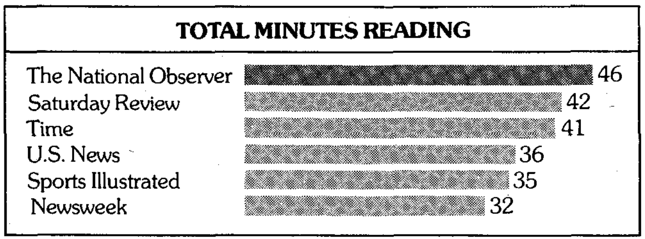
Reader reaction

Is it working? Not for everybody, certainly. A few readers complain our crossword puzzle is too tough, or our culture coverage too avant-garde, or our reporting on changing sexual behavior too startling. Some subscribers cancel because we're "too liberal," some because we're "too conservative." For most others? Well, not too long ago an independent poll showed we are one of the three most-trusted newspapers in America, and we intend to continue deserving this trust.



In its opinion pieces The Observer hews to no editorial line, but offers the varied views of its staff and outsiders, often dashing off in opposite directions. That's because we believe, in all candor, that society is swirling in currents too deep for us to pass final word on what to think. What we can do is help people cope by stimulating thought.

This intricate business of living has no precise, permanent recipe. Our exploratory approach—person-to-person—does evoke a tide of rapport with our readers. It can be measured in cold statistics by an upsurge in subscription renewals and newsstand sales. More pleasurably it can be sensed in the letters that flood in. Finding readers' views as interesting as our own, we've cleared space for a substantial sampling every week. Often these are not coolly addressed to The Observer's editor, but warmly to our individual writers. Virginia Knauer writing from the White House about auto repair to our Survival Tactics columnist Jim Driscoll. Jack Valenti writing about movie ratings to Expanding Arts columnist Cliff Ridley. H. B. Fulton Jr., first officer on a Boeing 727, writing to Dan Greene about hijackings. C. A. Amenta, D.D.S., writing to Pat Young about preventive dentistry. All of these were responding to evocative stories.



Source: W.R. Simmons, 1972

Yes, it does seem to be working. Figures from independent research show readers devote more time to The Observer. More than to Time, Newsweek, U.S. News, Saturday Review, Sports Illustrated. All of whom are nice company in the jungle.

I've tried to be informative, pertinent and maybe a little impertinent. If you are left with questions—or an inclination to argue—write to me at The Observer. I'd be glad to entertain your thoughts, since you've entertained mine.

Henry Gemmill
Editor

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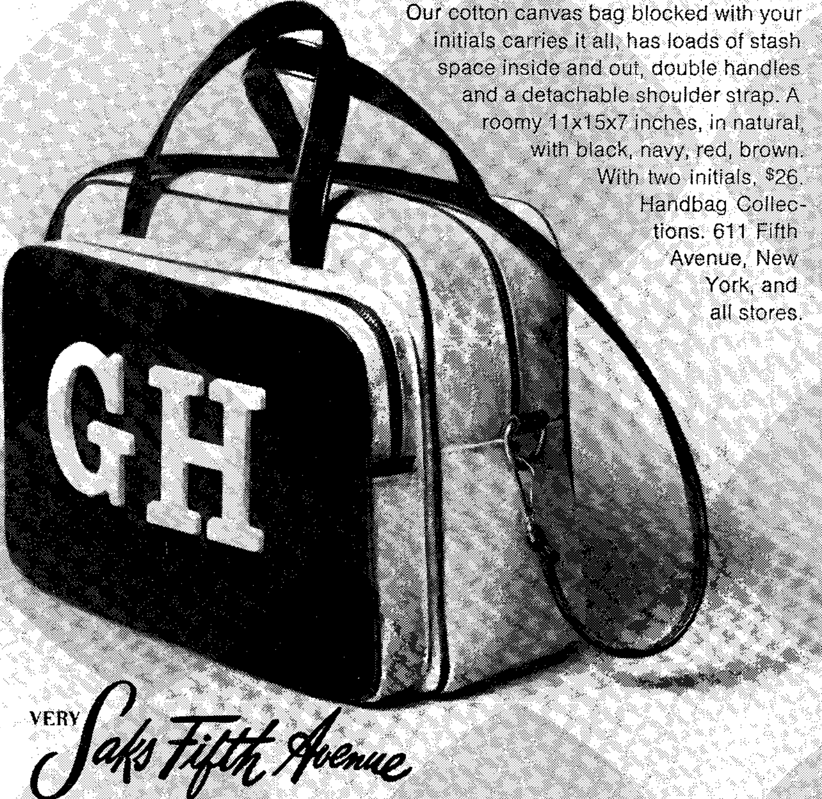

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among the fuel cells and buses, he suggested that the astronauts switch the lines from the two dead cells so that each fed the other bus. That way, Liebergot figured, something might develop to give him a clearer picture of what was going on. Also, fuel cells, like flashlight batteries, sometimes worked better if they were changed around. Kranz, however, refused to go along with the suggestion. He had to be cautious, because nobody knew what was wrong and he didn't want to do anything that might make matters worse. At the moment, all the power in the spacecraft was coming from Main Bus A, and he didn't want to risk disturbing it. For the time being, Kranz planned to be very deliberate and very methodical about authorizing any changes. Less than seven minutes had passed since the bang.

The only other idea that Liebergot could come up with just then was that in order to keep up the power in the good bus—which was continuing to drop—the astronauts might augment it by feeding into it electricity from one of the storage batteries that were supposed to supply power to the spacecraft during its reëntry through the earth's atmosphere. There was, it seemed, very little choice; in fact, as Liebergot made the suggestion, he could see on his telemetry screen that the astronauts were already hooking the battery to the bus.

ALTHOUGH the brunt of the difficulties fell on the EECOM, all the other flight controllers were having trouble, too. Their voices over the loop were almost unnaturally calm, but one of them said later that he could tell from their tones that "a lot of stomachs were turning over." At the moment of the bang, the spacecraft began pitching and yawing about like a depth-charged submarine. Two identical balls set in the dashboard, one in front of Lovell and the other in front of Swigert, appeared to spin erratically. They were the flight-director attitude indicators, or F.D.A.I.s—sort of three-dimensional compasses that showed which way the spacecraft was pointing. Appearances to the contrary, the balls were actually still, as the compass card in a ship's binnacle is; it was the spacecraft that was doing the turning. The guidance computer in the spacecraft, which normally held it steady by automatically firing sixteen small thruster rockets outside the service module whenever necessary to correct its attitude, had been unable to stop the wobbling. Now Lovell was trying to do so by firing the thrusters manually, using a pistol-grip

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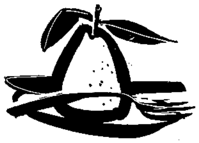
hand control at the end of the armrest on his couch. He wasn't having much luck, for the spacecraft kept buffeting and yawing as if something was venting from it and imparting an unwanted thrust. Part of Lovell's difficulties stemmed from the fact that the sixteen thrusters operated electrically; each of the main buses supplied current to fire half of them, and the eight thrusters dependent on Main Bus B weren't working. The good bus couldn't accommodate all sixteen, so Buck Willoughby, the Guidance and Navigation Control Officer, who sat on Liebergot's right, had to figure out which were the best thrusters to keep operating; he had to make sure that one thruster was working in each direction for the three motions of the spacecraft—up and down, left and right, and roll.

The GNC had a special interest in getting Lovell to steady the spacecraft, for once it had been brought to the right attitude Lovell could set up the gentle roll—the passive thermal-control roll—that kept it turning once every twenty minutes, so that the sun would heat it evenly on all sides. The delicate electronic instruments for guidance and navigation, which were the GNC's responsibility, and some of the spacecraft's propulsion systems were especially sensitive to extremes of temperature, and without the regular thermal roll the part of the spacecraft left facing the sun could get as hot as two hundred and fifty degrees, and the part left facing away could get as cold as absolute zero. However, even after Lovell had plugged the thrusters into the buses in the way the GNC thought best, he still couldn't control the spacecraft's attitude.

The wobbling was causing other problems as well, for if the spacecraft should happen to roll into certain attitudes the guidance system would lock. The heart of the guidance system was the inertial-measurement unit, a spherical structure in the lower equipment bay, at the foot of the center couch, containing the guidance platform. This was a small metal block that swung freely on three gimbals (like those that keep a ship's compass level), so that a set of gyroscopes could maintain it in the same position in relation to the stars regardless of the attitude of the spacecraft. Its attitude was electrically relayed to the ship's guidance computer. The platform had been aligned with certain stars before launch, and it was still aligned with them, for whenever the spacecraft rolled, pitched, or yawed the spinning gyroscopes adjusted the gimbals to keep the platform true. The trouble was that if the three gimbals lined up in certain ways, they would lock and the spacecraft would suddenly be without any reference point in space. In effect, the astronauts would be without a compass. Two or three times, the GUIDO broke in on the loop to tell Kranz that the spacecraft was wobbling toward what he called "gimbal lock," and at the warning Lovell would point the spacecraft in another direction as hastily as a helmsman would steer a ship away from a reef.



A spacecraft is such a welter of interdependent elements that any one problem can set off a whole series of other problems. The erratic spinning threatened radio communications, because it was next to impossible to keep the antennas aimed at the earth. After the accident, the INCO, the radio controller, who sat at Kranz's left, had advised shifting from the high-gain antenna—the stick that had been jarred at the time of the bang—to the omnidirectional antenna system, which didn't have to be pointed so precisely. There were four omnidirectional antennas—big scimitars—spotted around the spacecraft, and normally as it rolled the INCO would keep switching on the one that happened to be on the side nearest the earth. However, with the wobbling, there were times when neither the INCO nor the astronauts knew which antenna was facing the earth. Sometimes communications stopped altogether.

The astronauts were so busy avoiding gimbal lock, checking antennas, and transferring thrusters and other equipment from one bus to the other that they didn't have a chance to worry much about exactly what sort of danger they were in, and most of the flight controllers didn't, either. However, one person who had a little time on his hands for worrying was the TELMU, Robert Heselmeyer; because he was a lunar-module man, he was somewhat removed from the situation. Although the LM was powered down, it was using a little electricity drawn from the command module to warm some of its equipment. Heselmeyer sat in silence as he watched the current being fed to the LM go down and down. When the current stopped altogether, he reported the fact to Kranz. Kranz asked Heselmeyer to get back to him later, because he had enough on his hands at the moment. Heselmeyer continued to worry, for it had crossed his mind that if anything serious happened to the command module the astronauts might have to use the lunar module as a life-

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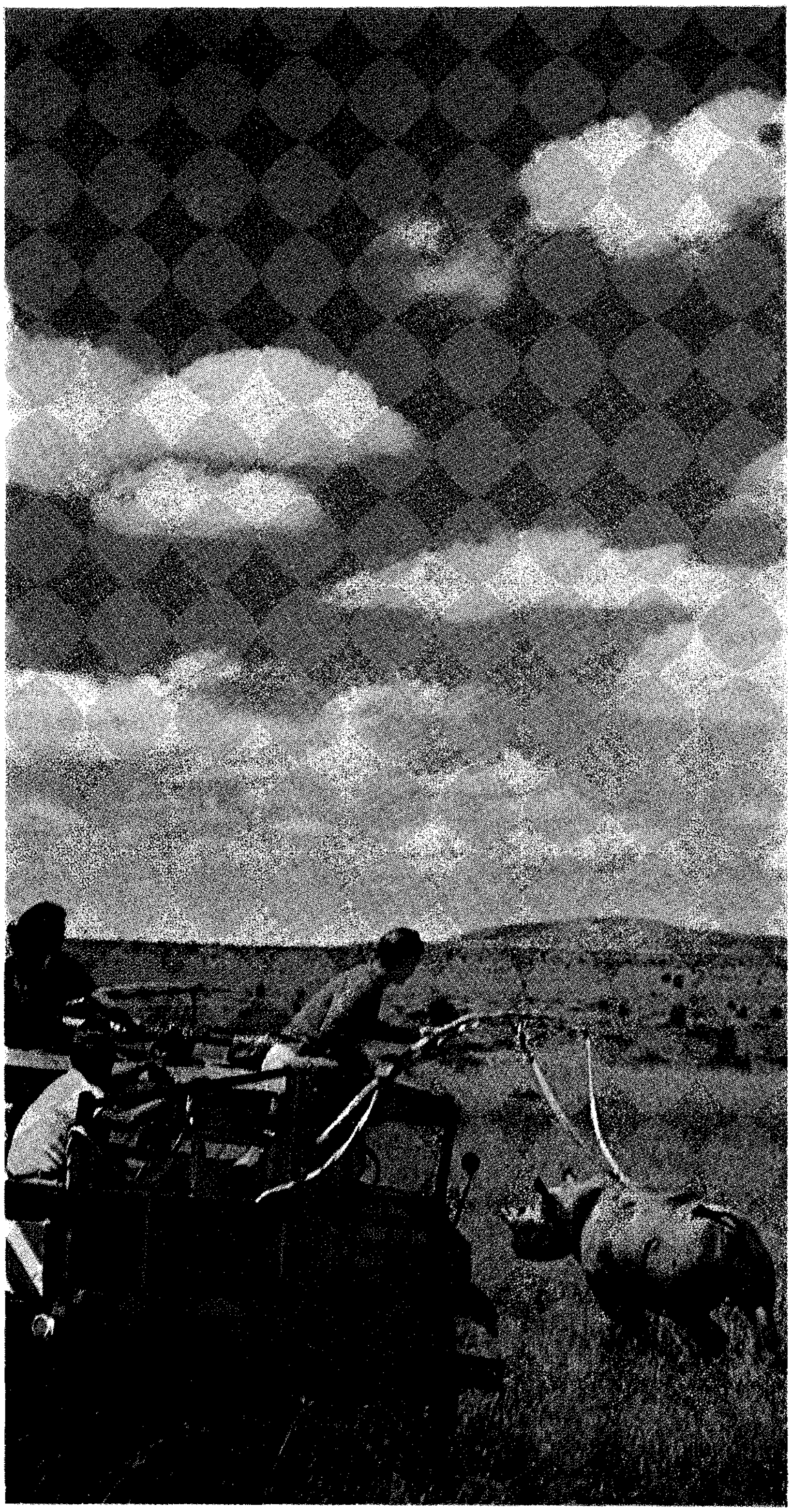

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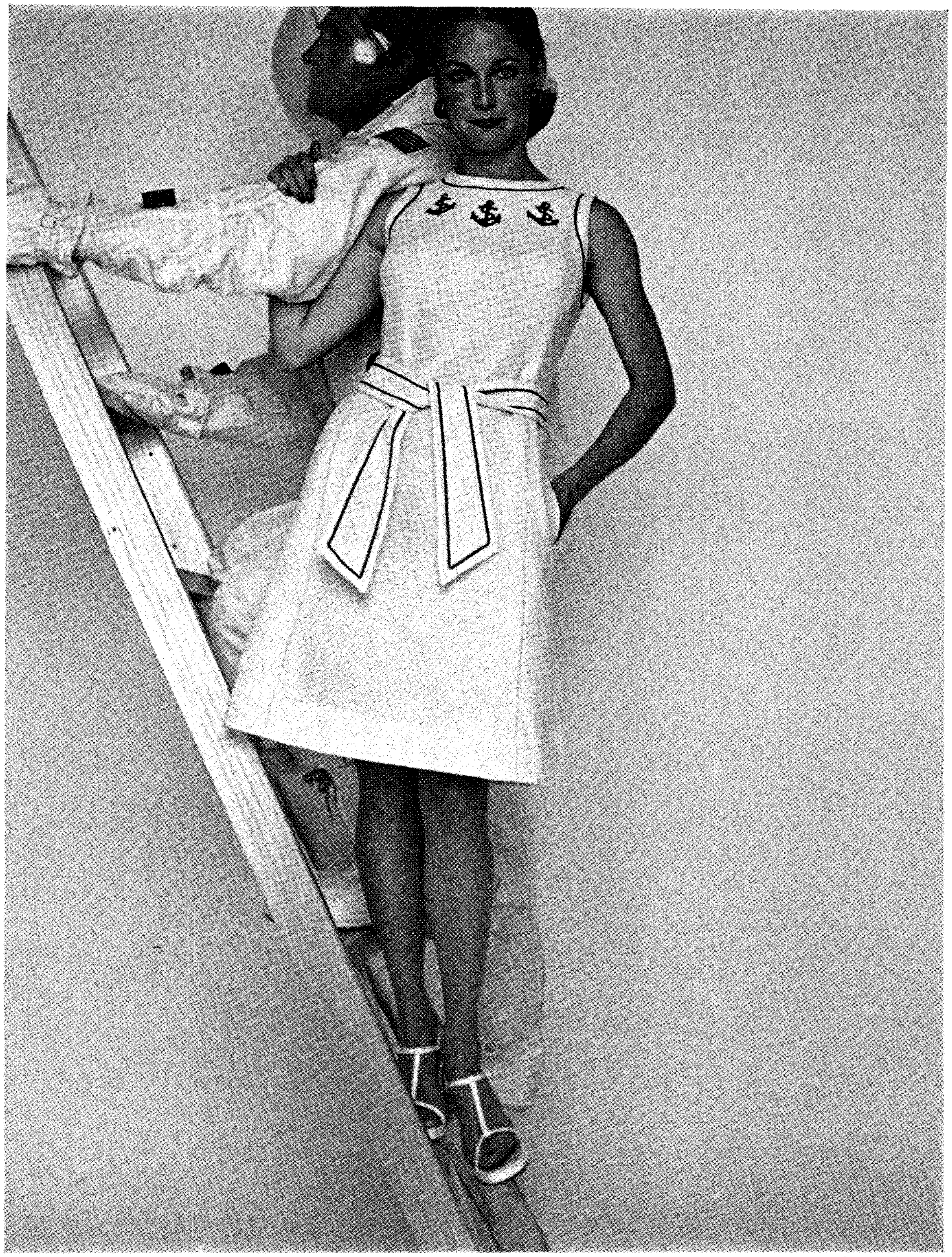

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boat. He rummaged around on his console for instructions on such lifeboat procedures.

Liebergot, who was still trying to come up with some ideas for reviving the two apparently dead fuel cells, suggested to Kranz that they both be unhooked from the buses, in the hope of separating bad equipment from good. Kranz, who was still being cautious and didn't want to disturb too many things at once, agreed to disconnect only Fuel Cell 1, which was attached to the good bus A. Part of his thinking was that by isolating one section of the system and then another it might be possible to pinpoint the trouble spot.

In the meantime, Liebergot had requested Lovell to read to the ground all the gauges having to do with the electrical system, to see if they bore out the information that the ground was receiving. Lovell at last got as far as the pressure gauges for the oxygen tanks. "Our Oxygen No. 2 Tank is reading zero. Did you get that?" he said. Now he floated up out of his seat and pressed his face against the window so that he could look backward toward the service module. He saw a thin sheet of vapor, like a cirrus cloud. "It looks to me that we are venting something," he reported. "We are venting something out into space." Now he understood why he had been unable to steady the spacecraft: venting imparted motion as surely as firing a rocket. Thirteen minutes had passed since the bang. To Lousma, the CAPCOM, this was the most chilling moment of the flight. Although Lovell's voice was calm, what he was saying was as alarming as if a ship's captain had reported seawater rushing in through the hull—only the astronauts wouldn't be able to jump into anything as hospitable as even an Arctic sea.

Lovell had no doubt that what he had seen venting was a gas, for in space liquids form hard nuggets, not thin sheets of cloud. And he had a pretty good idea that the gas was oxygen, for he now noticed that not only was the pressure in Oxygen Tank No. 2 at zero but the pressure in Tank No. 1 was dropping as well; it was oxygen from this tank that was leaking into space at the moment. Lovell felt that it was just a matter of time before the command module itself would go dead.

The other flight controllers, unlike the CAPCOM, so far had no such forebodings. As the disaster unfolded step by step, they continually seemed to be left incredulous, one step behind. One reason for their incredulity was that they were missing a key fact: they did

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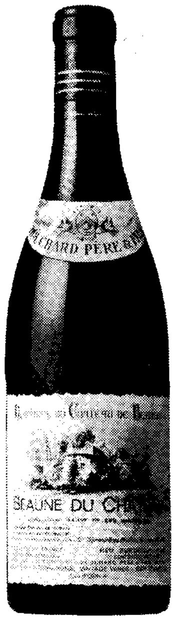

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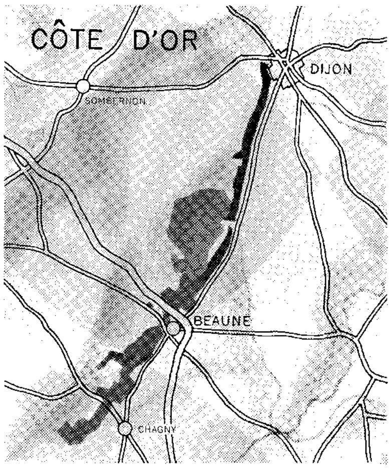

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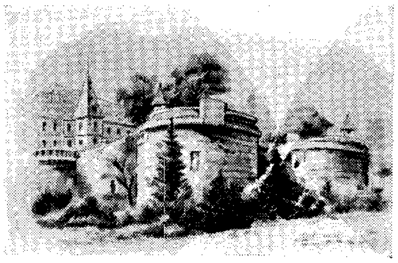

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not know that the original tank failure had been a *violent* one. Liebergot was thinking in terms of a gentle leak, and he did not suspect that the rupture of Tank No. 2 had been explosive; what had actually happened was that it had ripped out pipes and valves between the two tanks, in an area called the manifold, where several pipes joined, also causing the oxygen in Tank No. 1 to slowly dissipate. And there was something else the flight controllers didn't know: the jolt had shut the reactant valves on Fuel Cells 1 and 3—the immediate cause of the power failure, as the valves cut off the flow of oxygen to the two cells. The command and service modules' electricity would last only as long as oxygen from Tank No. 1 continued to reach Fuel Cell 2. As the oxygen in the service module was what the astronauts were breathing, it had already crossed Liebergot's mind that the astronauts could be what he called "belly up" in a matter of hours. He couldn't quite believe it, though, because of his trust in the soundness of Tank No. 1. Kranz gave a short talk to the flight controllers over the loop, urging them to keep cool; guessing would just make matters worse, he said. Optimistically, Liebergot checked to make sure that there was no instrumentation problem.

The astronauts, however, by now had no illusions. Haise said later, "The ground may not have believed what it was seeing, but we did. It's like blowing a fuse in a house—the loss is a lot more real if you're in it. Things turn off. We believed that the oxygen situation was disastrous, because we could *see it venting*. The ground may have been hoping there was an instrumentation problem, but on our gauges we could see that the pressure was gone in one tank and going down in the other, and it doesn't take you long to figure out what happened."

The chief reason the flight controllers didn't tumble to the seriousness of the oxygen problem was that the correct answer was also the unthinkable one. In a number of respects, the situation was like the sinking of the Titanic, another craft that was admired as a nation's greatest technical achievement. The ship had reputedly been unsinkable, because its hull was divided into redundant watertight compartments, but the collision with an iceberg sliced open too many of them, and it sank. A remark made later by a NASA engineer was strongly reminiscent of the worldwide reaction to the earlier accident: "Nobody thought the spacecraft would lose two fuel cells and two oxygen tanks. It couldn't *happen*." Swigert

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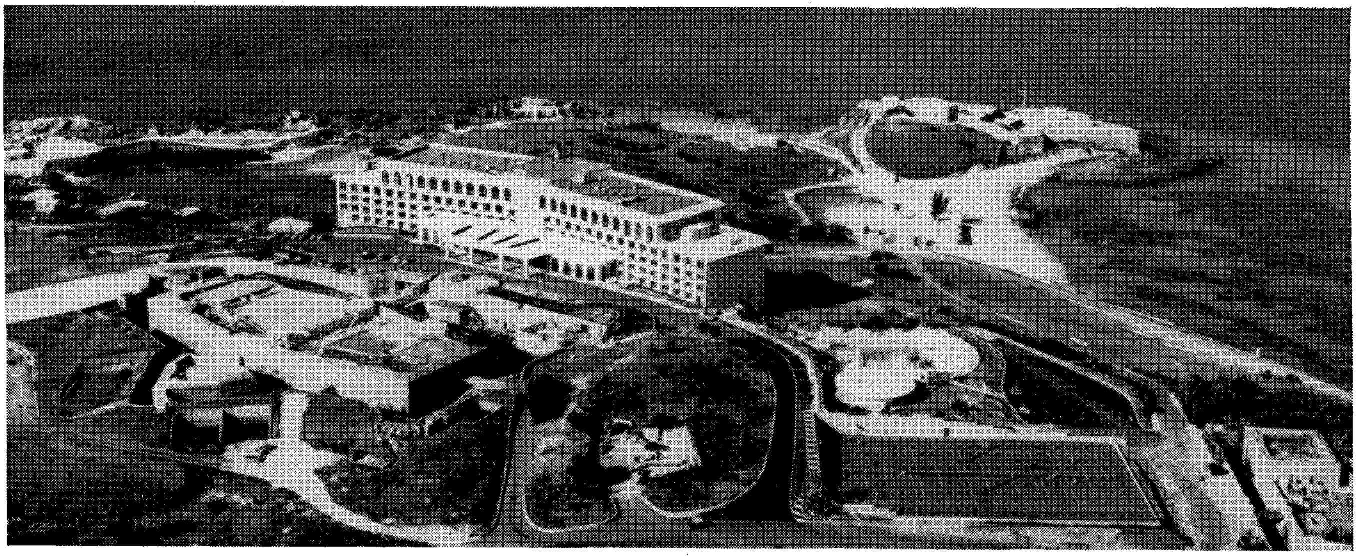

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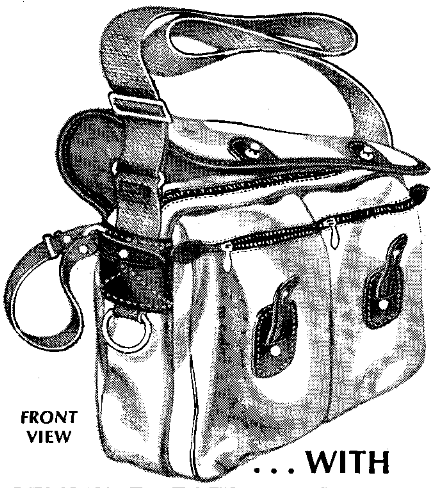

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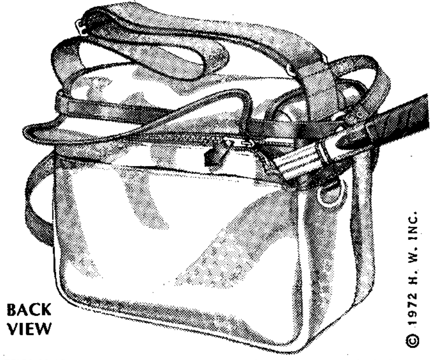

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himself wrote afterward, "If somebody had thrown that at us in the simulator, we'd have said, 'Come on, you're not being realistic.' "

FOR some time, the flight controllers, in their pursuit of solutions, attempted to go in two directions at once: they tried to save the moon-landing mission while simultaneously preparing for the worst. About four minutes after the astronauts reported the venting, Liebergot suggested to Kranz that the crew start powering down the command module, to put less strain on the surviving bus, which was continuing to lose power. Liebergot told Kranz he wanted the astronauts to work their way through the first half of page 5 of what was called the Emergency Power-Down Checklist, which told how to turn off equipment in the proper sequence so that an instrument wasn't switched off before another one that depended on it. For the moment, the procedure should ease the power crisis. In the spacecraft, the astronauts, to find the proper checklist, had to riffle through twenty pounds of instruction sheets before they got the right ones. Kranz still had no intention of giving up the ship; he made sure no equipment was turned off that would preclude landing on the moon—a possibility he had by no means abandoned. Like Kranz, Liebergot was hoping there was still some way of saving the mission, and as he went about selecting more equipment for the astronauts to turn off he was thinking, in another part of his mind, of possible ways to get more oxygen out of Tank No. 1, so that they could power up again.

The power shortage in the command module was now well beyond the help of the reëntry battery, so Liebergot ordered the astronauts to disconnect it. He had suddenly begun to fear that nothing could be done—that it was just a matter of time before the command module lost all its power. In that case, the astronauts would have to use the LM as a lifeboat to bring them back to earth. Then, just before they hit the atmosphere, they would have to abandon the LM and find some way to fly the dead command module, which was the only part of the Apollo spacecraft with a heat shield capable of withstanding the high temperature of reëntry. If they were to do that, they would need every ampere of electricity in the reëntry batteries. For the same reason, Liebergot urged that the astronauts immediately isolate the supply of oxygen in the surge tank, which was normally connected with the service-module supply. Kranz, who was still thinking in

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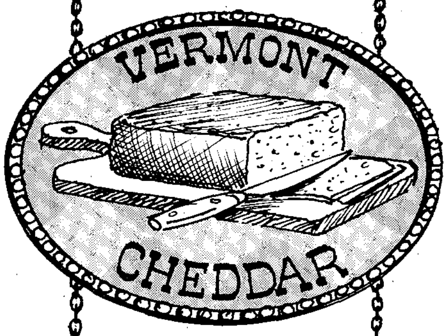

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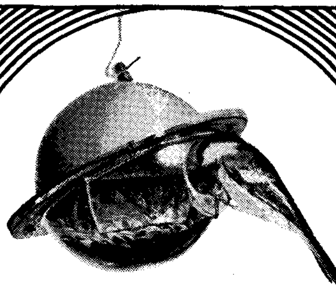

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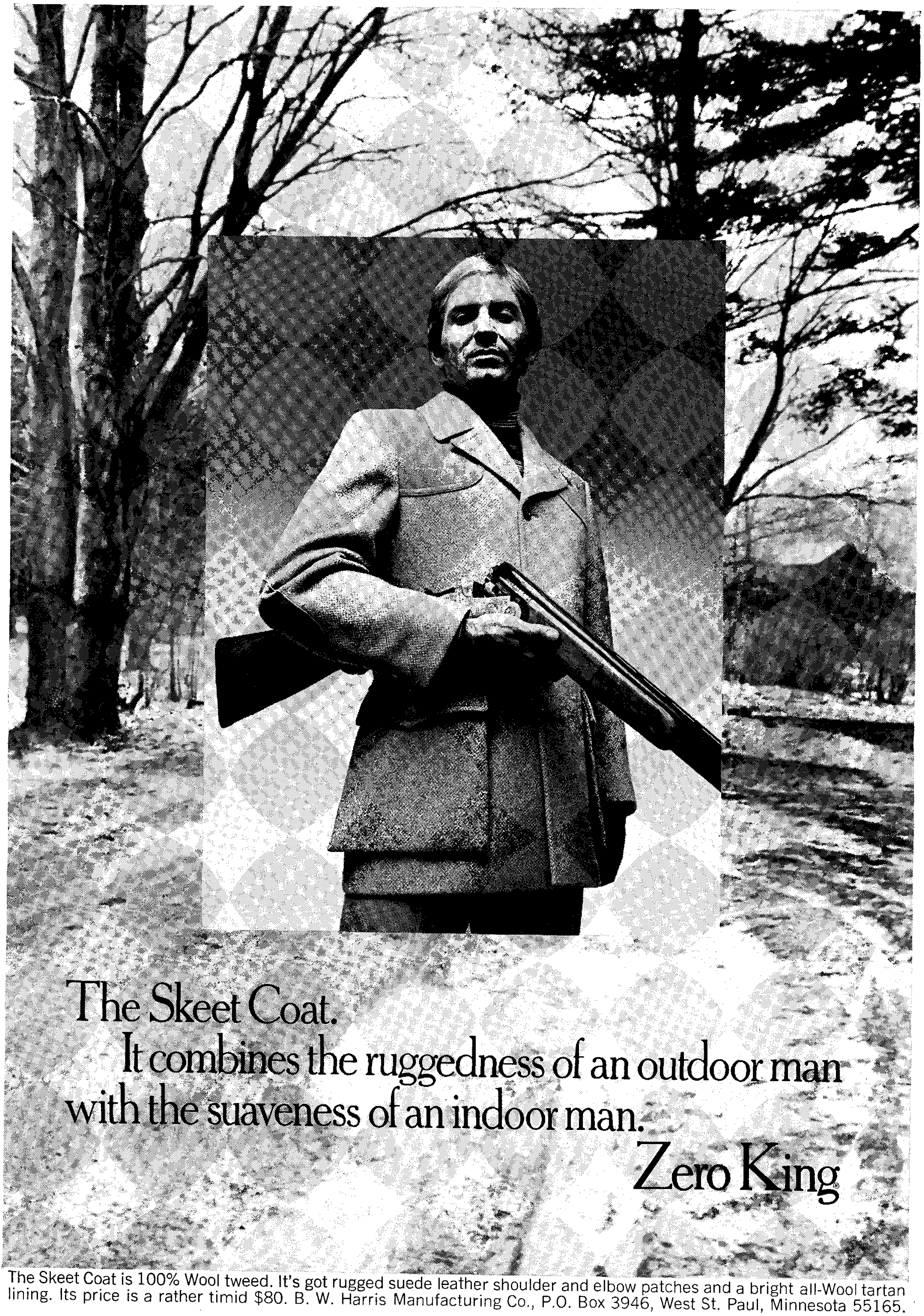
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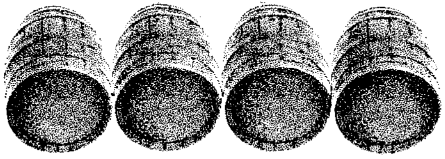

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terms of conserving the oxygen in Tank No. 1, wanted to know why Liebergot was ordering the change, and the EECOM replied that he was now more worried about conserving the reëntry oxygen. Kranz saw what he was driving at.

As is bound to happen on any ship with a bad leak, a certain amount of confusion arose. Once, the astronauts turned off a switch that incidentally cut out the gauges for the oxygen tanks; Liebergot quickly got them to turn it back on again. As a result of that contretemps, Kranz requested the astronauts to read back to the ground the dials of all the two hundred and fifty instrument gauges on two of their dashboard panels, for it was imperative that the flight controllers who would be figuring out how to bring the dead command module back through the atmosphere know exactly what the situation was. The astronauts began their reading-back at 9:59 P.M., and it went on for ten minutes.

As additional precautions, Kranz requested that a two-hundred-foot radio antenna (called a deep-space dish) in Australia be added to the global network tracking and communicating with the spacecraft, and that additional computers at the Goddard Space Flight Center in Maryland be what he called "cranked up"—made ready for use. He also telephoned the Real Time Computer Complex on the ground floor of the Operations Wing to ask that an additional big I.B.M. computer be brought onto the line. The computer complex gets its name from the fact that it processes data in "real time," the flight controllers' term for instantaneously. And since the average Apollo flight transmits fifty-five million bits of data, this takes some doing. Most NASA engineers believe that it was the United States' superiority in computers, more than anything else, that gave this country the ability to land men on the moon when it did. The figuring for the first Soviet manned orbital flights may well have been done by teams of men using desk calculators. The technicians in the R.T.C.C. have consoles much like the ones in the Control Room upstairs, and, indeed, many of the computer technicians are the counterparts of—or, as they put it, they "interface with"—the flight controllers. (The interfacing is done over an intercom.) Through a glass partition, the technicians overlook a brightly lit room filled with computers; each computer consists of a couple of dozen cabinets arranged in a rectangle, like refrigerators in a showroom, and, like refrigerators, they need to

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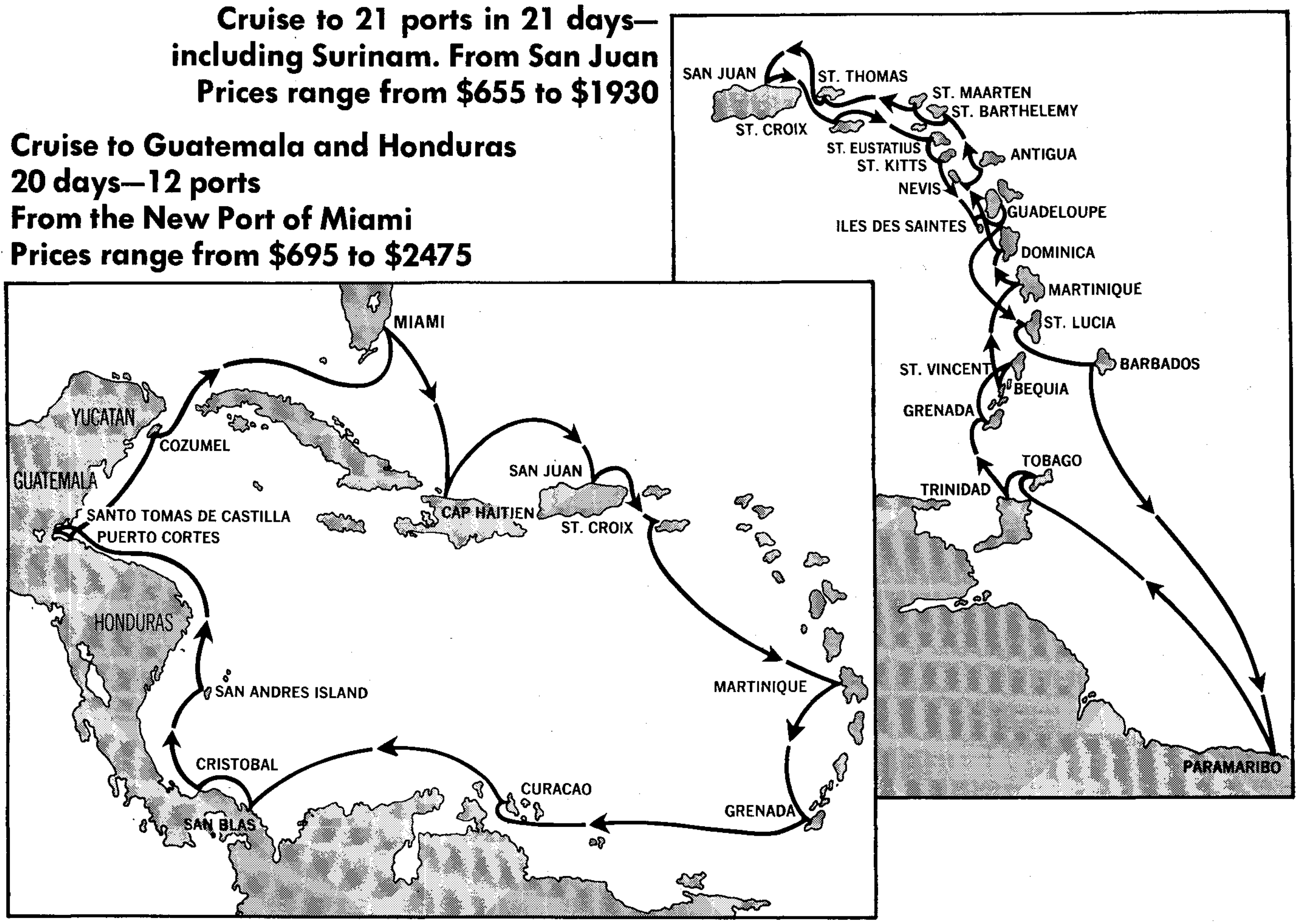
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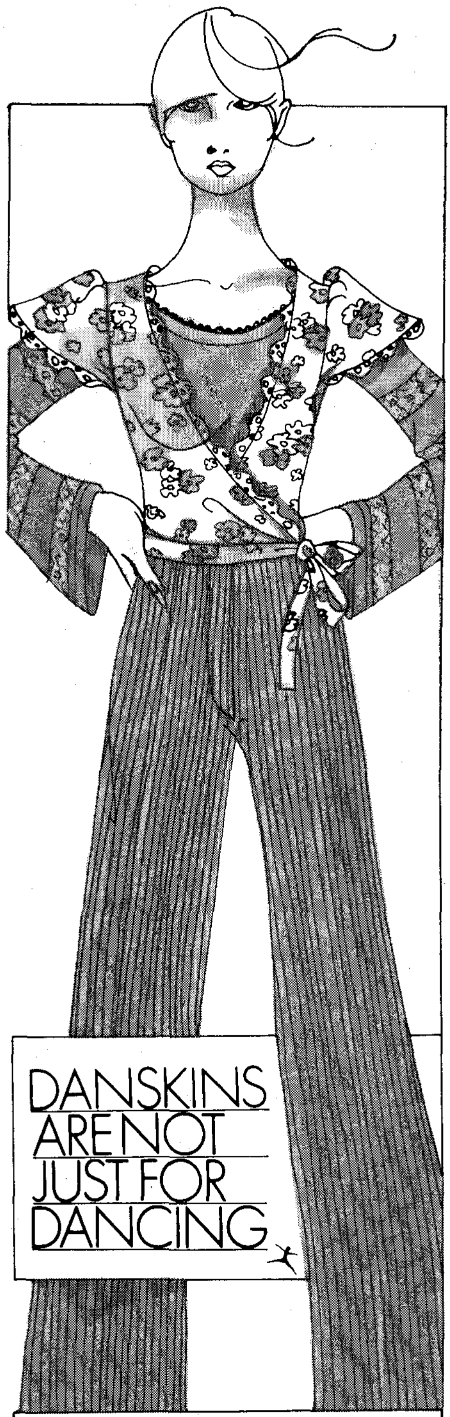
As Kranz and Liebergot went about their preparations for the worst, they clung to their faith in the spacecraft's recuperative powers. Kranz said later, "We were still hoping to come up with the right configuration of tanks, fuel cells, and buses, and fly out of the woods with the oxygen in Tank No. 1." He held on to this hope in spite of the fact that the pressure in the tank had dropped from nine hundred pounds per square inch, which was normal, to only three hundred. Liebergot at last recommended that the heaters and the fans for Tank No. 1 be turned on, so that the heat could increase the pressure and the flow of oxygen into the fuel cell. Liebergot studied his telemetry screen. He saw a sudden jump in the amount of current leaving the good bus, and knew that the fans and heaters were on. He did not, however, see any compensating jump in the oxygen pressure; in fact, it was continuing to drop at about the same rate. If any-



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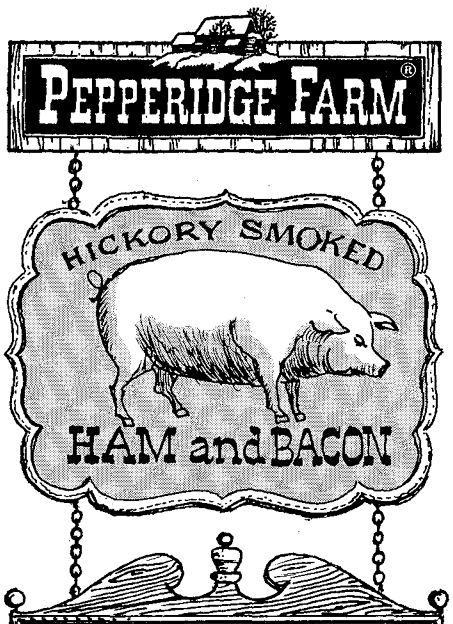

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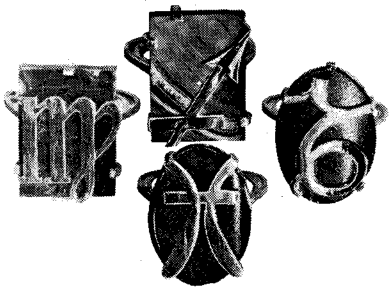
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thing, the drop was a little faster; the heat almost certainly accelerated the leak. As he watched, the pressure dropped three pounds per square inch, and this made Liebergot pessimistic once more. He said to Kranz, "You'd better think about getting into the lunar module and using the LM systems."

Forty-seven minutes had passed since the accident. Kranz now turned his attention to the lunar module. He told Heselmeyer, the TELMU, to get some men started figuring out the minimum power-up of the LM needed to sustain life. Kranz wasn't yet through with the command module, however. He asked Liebergot if he had any more suggestions for restoring the oxygen pressure. Liebergot had not, but he canvassed some of his associates—each of the flight controllers was backed up by a team of experts in the Staff Support Rooms, just outside the Control Room—and one of them came up with the idea that the oxygen leak might not be in the tanks at all but, rather, in one of the fuel cells. Fuel Cell 3 seemed like a good candidate, since it had been the first to fail. Liebergot immediately called Kranz and suggested that the astronauts close that cell's reactant valve, and so cut it off from the tanks. If the associate was right, the leak would stop. It was the last hope for a simple way out. The reason nobody had suggested shutting the reactant valve earlier was that it was an irreversible act: the fuel cell would be permanently out of service, and there would be no possibility of landing on the moon. Kranz had at last stopped thinking about a lunar landing. However, Haise, on whose side of the spacecraft the reactant-valve switches were, had no intention of taking an irrevocable step that would abort a four-hundred-million-dollar mission all by himself—his own pessimistic evaluation of the situation to the contrary—and, accordingly, he asked the CAPCOM to repeat the order, to make sure there was no mistake. It would have saved him some uncertain moments if he had known the valve was already shut—and had been since the bang—but then nobody knew that. Liebergot gazed at his electronic screen to see what effect isolating the fuel cell would have on the oxygen leak. It would take a while to find out. In fact, it took longer than he expected, because Haise, reluctant to perform this irrevocable act, had to be given the instruction a third time before he flicked the switch for the valve. After an interval, Liebergot was able to determine that the oxygen was still going down at the same rate. At last, Kranz and Lieber-

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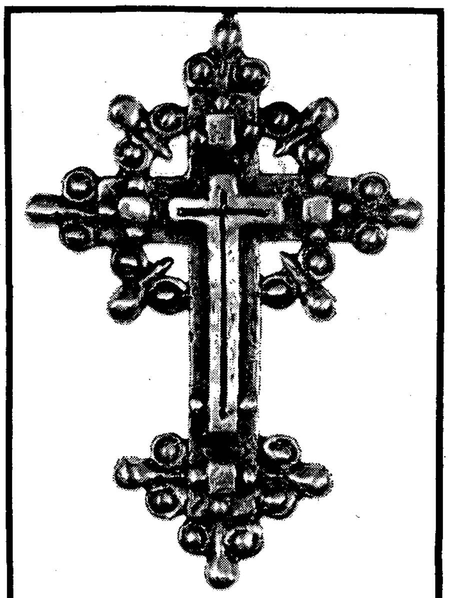
got were face to face with the possibility that they were dealing not with a leak but with some sort of explosion that had knocked out the entire oxygen system. At last, they were compelled to accept the fact they had resisted for so long—that their main craft's redundancy had failed them. Fortunately, that craft was better prepared than most sinking vessels. NASA had provided it with the ultimate in redundancy—a whole other craft.

SOME time later, when Kranz was asked whether he had ever feared for the lives of the astronauts, he replied, "Yes and no." Then he added, "I guess the answer is no, because I have worked with the lunar module more than any other Flight Director. I had the utmost confidence in the LM and in the flight controllers. I knew that the life-support system was good, the communications were good, and the guidance system was good, and that it could make long rocket burns. I was sure it would prove to be a reliable spacecraft."

Once again, Kranz was more confident than his flight controllers, for Heselmeyer, who, as TELMU, was in charge of the LM's electrical and environmental system, was not at all sure that the LM, which was designed to support two men for about two days, had enough consumables to support all three astronauts during the entire journey back to earth. "Consumables" was NASA's term for the fuel, water, and power that the spacecraft consumed and the oxygen and water that the astronauts consumed. A less euphemistic term might have been "essentials." It looked as though the TELMU was going to have to make the LM's consumables last *three* men for *four* days, because the Retrofire Officer, Bobby Spencer, who was in charge of emergency-return plans, and who had sent Kranz the note just before the accident that the spacecraft was close to the point where it could no longer return directly to earth, was talking now more and more in terms of going home around the moon. In the interval since he had sent the note, the spacecraft had travelled about three thousand miles. The moon was now only forty-five thousand miles away, and the earth five times that distance behind the spacecraft. When the spacecraft left the earth, it had been travelling at about twenty thousand miles an hour, to escape the planet's gravity, but as it rose higher above the earth its speed slowed—like that of a tossed-up ball near the top of its rise—to a little over two thousand miles an hour. Now it was about to pick up speed again as it



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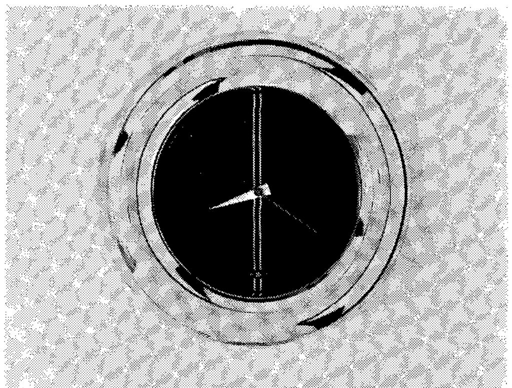

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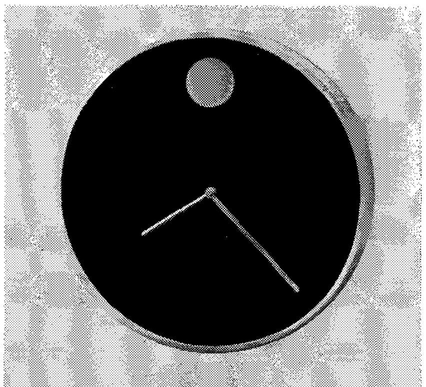

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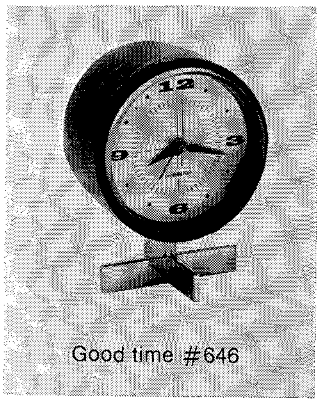

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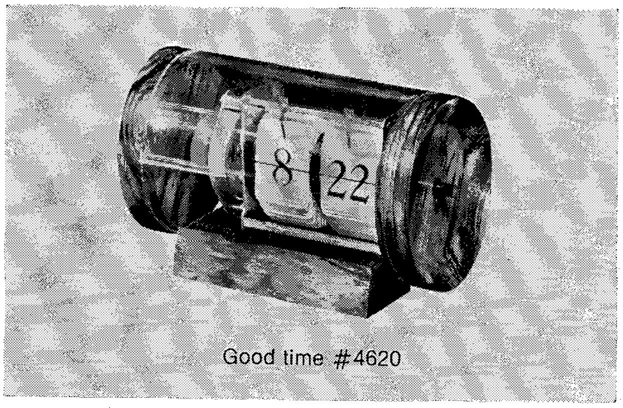

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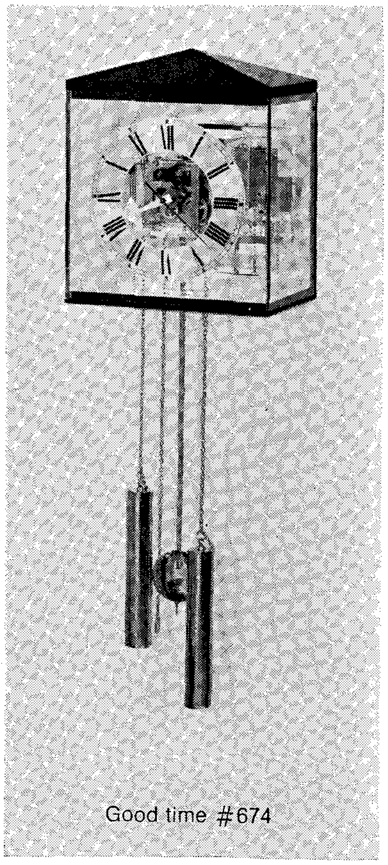

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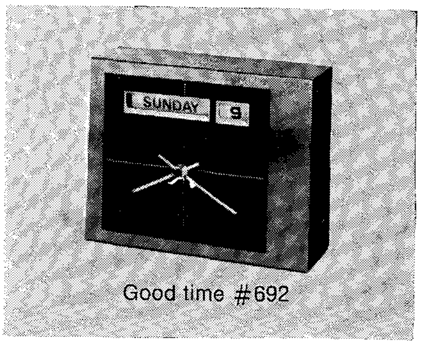

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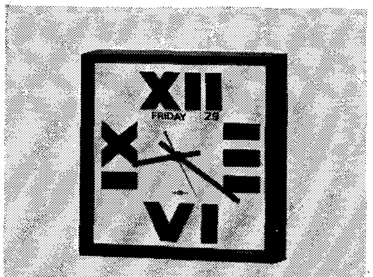

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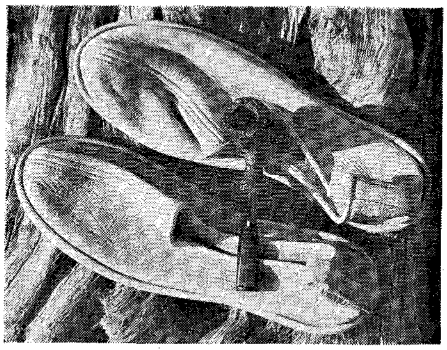

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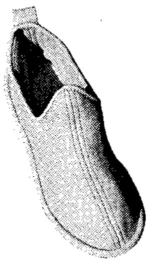

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fell toward the moon. If the direction couldn't be reversed, the TELMU was going to have to stretch the LM's human consumables threefold and its power twofold.

Like everyone else at NASA, those who were concerned with the LM's consumables had never dreamed that a command module would go completely dead, let alone do so at the point where it had the farthest possible distance to travel back to earth. (The only worse time for the accident to have occurred would be when the astronauts were on the moon, in which case the command module would have been without its lifeboat.) One flight controller later made much the same observation as Swigert: "This particular situation was so far down the line that it was exceedingly unlikely, and if anyone had asked us to simulate it ahead of time we would all have said he was being unrealistic." (For much the same reason, there hadn't been enough lifeboats aboard the Titanic, and the passengers had had no boat drill and so didn't know how to use them.) NASA engineers had been relying for some time on the fact that they could use the LM as a lifeboat in an emergency, but they had not paid much attention to what they called "the lifeboat mode." The few simulations of such a problem they had run had been short-term affairs, because they had always assumed that if anything should happen to the command module the astronauts could repair it and be back inside it in a few hours. Aside from some tests a year earlier at the time of Apollo 9, which didn't quite cover the present situation, no one had ever experimented to see how long the LM could keep men alive—the first thing one needs to know about a lifeboat.

In fact, the lifeboat mode was considered such an unlikely eventuality that ordinarily during the long coast to the moon, when the lunar module was inactive, the LM's consoles in the Control Room were not manned. By a lucky chance, a TELMU—Heselmeyer—happened to be present at the time of the bang (he had come in to supervise what was known as a "LM housekeeping"), and a few minutes later Kranz had come on the loop to say that he wanted the LM consoles manned around the clock from then on. Heselmeyer's initial estimate of the LM's consumables was so chilling that he called the RETRO and tried to talk *him into doing a direct abort—aiming* the spacecraft toward the earth and blasting home with the big rocket in the service module. Theoretically, it could still be done. A direct abort could

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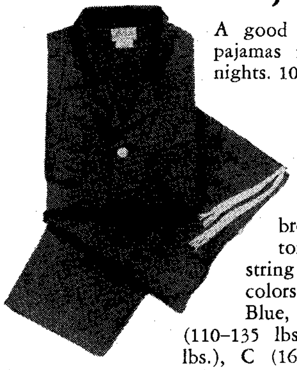

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take as little as a day and a half, which would be much better from the TELMU's point of view than a trip around the moon, which he estimated would take about four days.

This conversation took place over a secondary loop—one of several telephone hookups that the flight controllers could talk on among themselves without interrupting the main loop of the Flight Director. The Retrofire Officers were not happy about the TELMU's request. There were two RETROs now, for Spencer, the one on duty, had been joined by the Lead Retrofire Officer, Charles Deiterich, who would have the chief responsibility for planning the route back. Deiterich—a tall, laconic man with a droopy mustache, who was a graduate of the University of St. Thomas in Houston and had joined NASA in 1964—told Heselmeyer that at the moment the spacecraft was so close to the moon's gravitational pull that in order to blast the command module straight home the lunar module would have to be jettisoned, because the main rocket was not strong enough to reverse the direction of the entire spacecraft. Liebergot, who was listening in on this conversation, now said that he could not approve any plan that meant getting rid of the LM. Deiterich added another argument against the direct abort: the spacecraft was getting very close to the point at which a maximum burn of the main service-module rocket not only wouldn't reverse the spacecraft's direction but would simply slow it so that it crashed into the moon. And—assuming that point hadn't been reached quite yet—if for any reason the big rocket couldn't be brought up to full thrust, the spacecraft would crash into the moon anyway. As Deiterich listened to the conversation from the spacecraft, he wondered if the rocket could be fired at all, in view of the electrical failure. Heselmeyer went back to considering ways of stretching the LM's consumables over the estimated four days. To get some help, he put in a call to the Spacecraft Analysis Team (SPAN), a group of engineers in a nearby Staff Support Room who were in constant touch with the prime contractors of the spacecraft—for the LM, the Grumman Aerospace Corporation in Bethpage, New York, and for the command and service modules the North American Rockwell Corporation in Downey, California. At Grumman and North American, there were subsidiary SPAN groups in touch with a number of subcontractors; Heselmeyer's questions were referred to, among others, technicians at the

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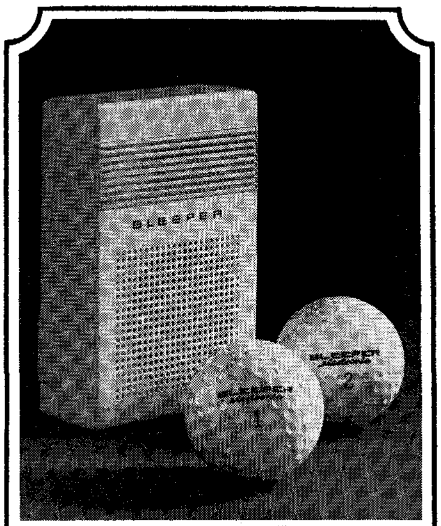

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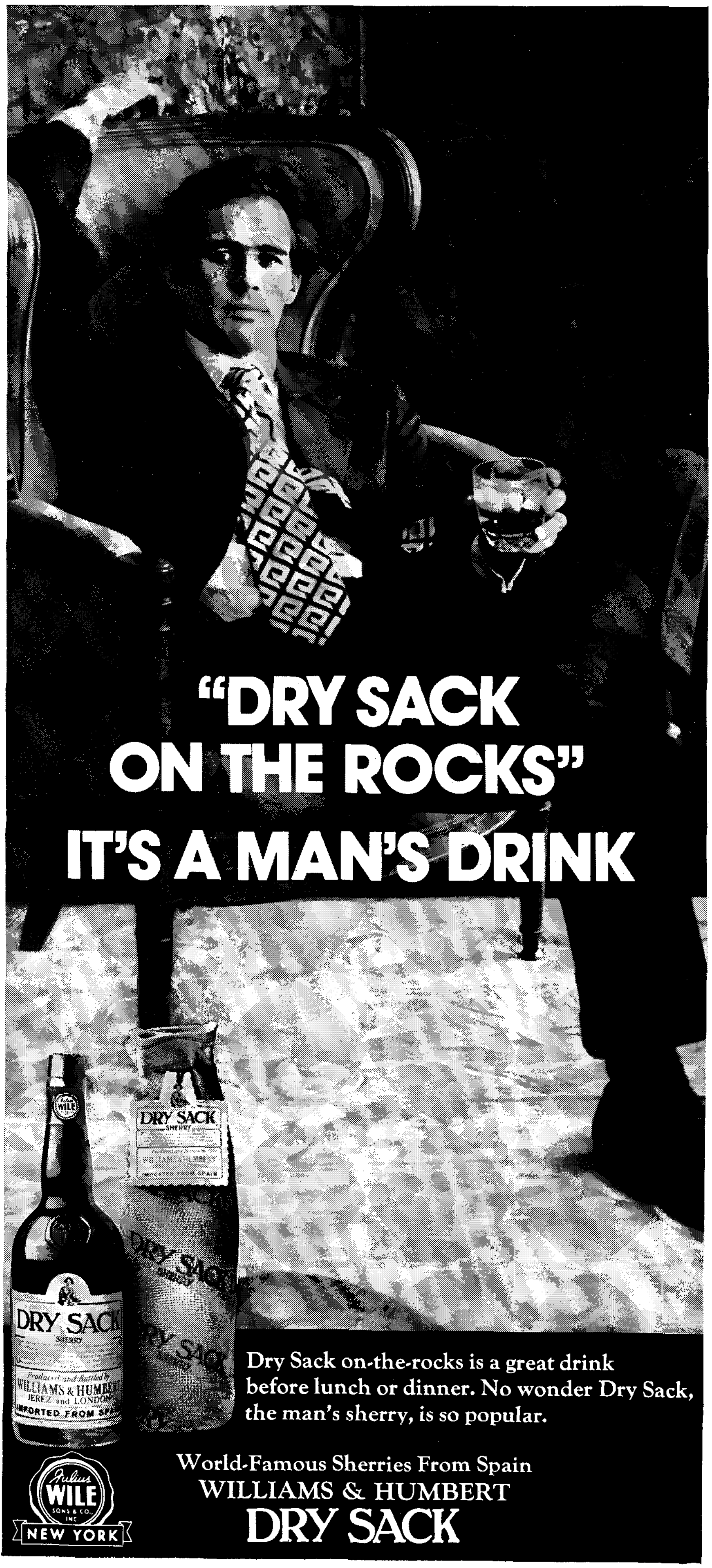
Hamilton Standard Division of the United Aircraft Corporation at Windsor Locks, Connecticut, the subcontractor for the LM's environmental-control subsystem. (Through this cross-country network, the SPAN engineers would get the flight controllers answers to about a hundred and fifty questions; the wires were already humming between the SPAN room in Houston, the SPAN room at North American, and one in Boulder, Colorado, at the Beech Aircraft Corporation, the subcontractor for the hydrogen and oxygen tanks in the service module.)

Before altogether ruling out the direct abort, Deiterich got the technicians downstairs in the R.T.C.C. to run several possible direct-abort trajectories through their computers, and he passed on a list of seven potential landing sites to the Recovery Operation Team, which was in charge of picking up the astronauts when they splashed down. The Recovery Officers, who were in a glassed-off room to the right rear of the Control Room, were even worse prepared for the emergency than the TELMUs. Because of the success of previous spaceflights, NASA had felt justified in sticking to its timetable of gradually lessening the number of rescue ships. During the Mercury and Gemini programs, when astronauts were orbiting the earth, there had been twelve or so recovery ships stationed around the world at such intervals that no matter where the spacecraft came down there would be a ship within a few hundred miles. However, as spacecraft began going all the way to the moon the number of ships had been reduced, on the theory that in the event of trouble there was more chance to guide a spacecraft to a specific landing site, fewer degrees of latitude on which to spread out the ships, and more time to dispatch a recovery force to meet it; airplanes could drop frogmen to open the capsule's hatch at any point on earth in a matter of hours. No one seriously believed that a crippled spacecraft falling from the moon might need more than frogmen to meet it. By the time Apollo 11 made the first landing on the moon, the number of recovery sites had been cut down to four—what Recovery Officers called the Mid-Pacific Line, the West-Pacific Line, the Atlantic Ocean Line, and the Indian Ocean Line. By the time of Apollo 13, all four of these stations still existed in the minds of Recovery Officers, but only one of them, the Mid-Pacific Line, had any ships at it. When the Recovery Officers were told that they might have to have a rescue force at any one of seven places within as little as thirty-six hours,



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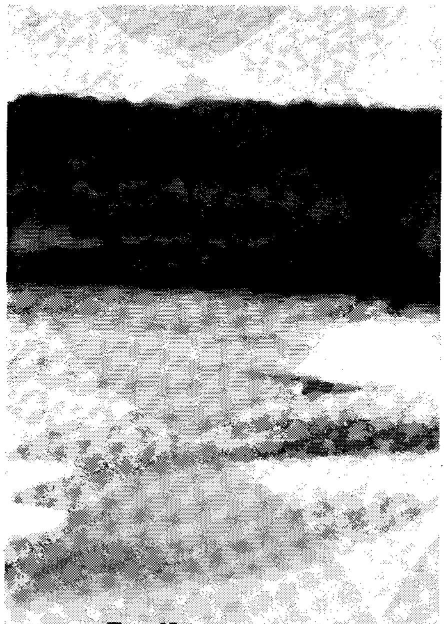

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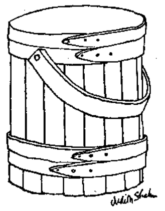
they swung into action. First, they called the Department of Defense to see if any United States Navy recovery ships happened to be near any of the targets; they also surveyed "non-dedicated" Navy ships and merchant shipping around the world for what they called "ships of opportunity"—a hair-raising idea at NASA, where nothing is supposed to be left to chance. Twelve countries volunteered ships. The nearest ship of opportunity to the Atlantic Ocean Line turned out to be a carrier, the U.S.S. America, which had just left Puerto Rico and couldn't get to the site until twenty-four hours after a splashdown there.

AN hour and nine minutes after the bang, the White Team handed over control of the spacecraft to the Black Team. Some minutes before this, Kranz had announced over the loop that the TELMUs and Recovery Officers who were working on plans for a direct abort back to earth could forget it—they did not know what shape the main rocket in the service module was in, and they had more confidence in the LM's main rocket, the Descent Propulsion System. The spacecraft would be going around the moon. There was relief in the Recovery Room, if nowhere else.

Kranz had decided to go ahead with the change of shift despite the crisis, because he felt that he had gone as far as he could and that it was time for a fresh team. Flight controllers take great pride in handing over to a new team on time, regardless of the circumstances. As Chief of the Flight Control Division, Kranz had spent a lot of time training the controllers to achieve what he called "uniformity of decision" from one shift to the next, so that handovers would be smooth, and so that Mission Control would speak in a consistent way to the astronauts. Each type of flight controller had its leader—a Lead RETRO, a Lead GUIDO, a Lead EECOM, and so forth—who reported directly to Kranz, and Kranz saw to it that the men who performed the same job on different teams shared offices, so that the four RETROs, for example, would come to know each other and each other's way of doing things extremely well. For the same reason, Kranz encouraged all his flight controllers to be well acquainted, and he believed them to be an even closer group than the astronauts (against whom they sometimes played touch football), for whereas the astronauts were divided into a number of three-man Apollo teams, the flight controllers—more than a hundred of them, including associates—flew all missions together.



One of the most difficult arts for flight controllers to master, Kranz felt, was the ability to turn a problem over to someone else when a fresh approach was called for. As Liebergot handed over his console to the new EECOM, he felt his throat tighten up so that he could barely talk—a reaction he says he is likely to have immediately after an emergency. He thought he was lucky that his voice hadn't cracked before. He felt like a Jonah, however, as he walked away from his console, reflecting that major electrical problems always seemed to turn up when he was around: he had been on duty when Apollo 10 lost a fuel cell, and he had been present when Apollo 12 was hit by lightning. He would have felt even more like a Jonah if he had known that the routine cryogenic stir he ordered had triggered the tank failure—which, of course, was in no way his fault. After he found out, he was heard to remark that if he had just let things be the oxygen tank would have blown up on the next EECOM.

Liebergot followed Kranz and the rest of the White Team down to a meeting room on the second floor, one of the Staff Support Rooms. There Kranz and his men spent the rest of the night going over the events of the last hour to see what more they could learn from them, and planning what to do next to terminate the mission safely. (A Public Affairs Officer at the time referred to this task as "looking toward an alternate mission"—as though the astronauts had just taken it into their heads to go somewhere other than to the moon.) The Black Team picked up so smoothly where the White Team had left off that the astronauts in the spacecraft were unaware of the change of shift. The new Flight Director, Glynn Lunney, continued Kranz's efforts to power down the command module while simultaneously seeking ways to restore the pressure in the good oxygen tank. On the admittedly unlikely theory that the leak might be in Fuel Cell 1, Lunney ordered its reactant valve closed. (Again, as in the case of Fuel Cell 3, the valve already was shut.) As before, Haise asked to have the order confirmed and reconfirmed. After he had shut the valve and found that it made no difference, Haise decided that the time had come to abandon ship. "Right about then, it

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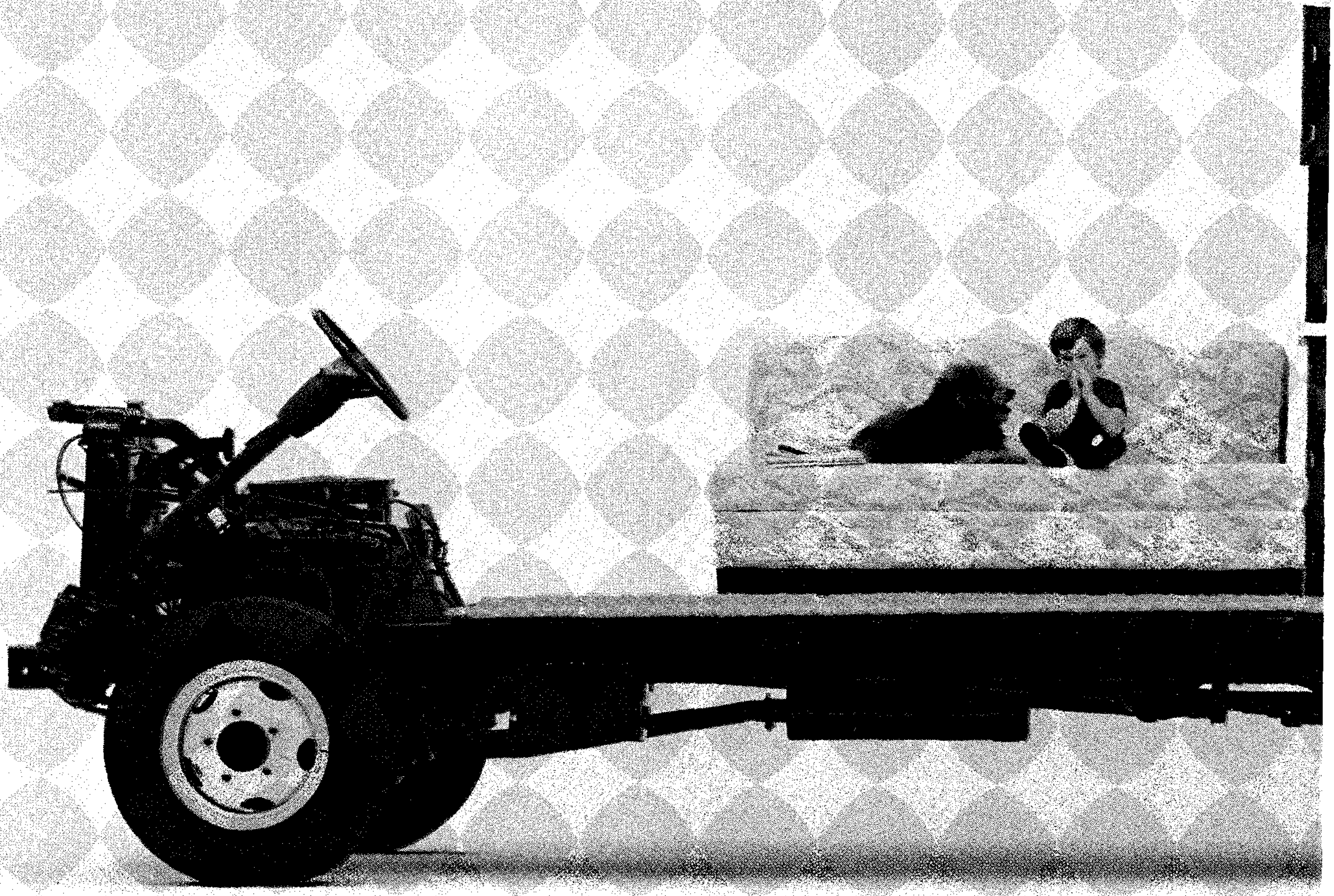

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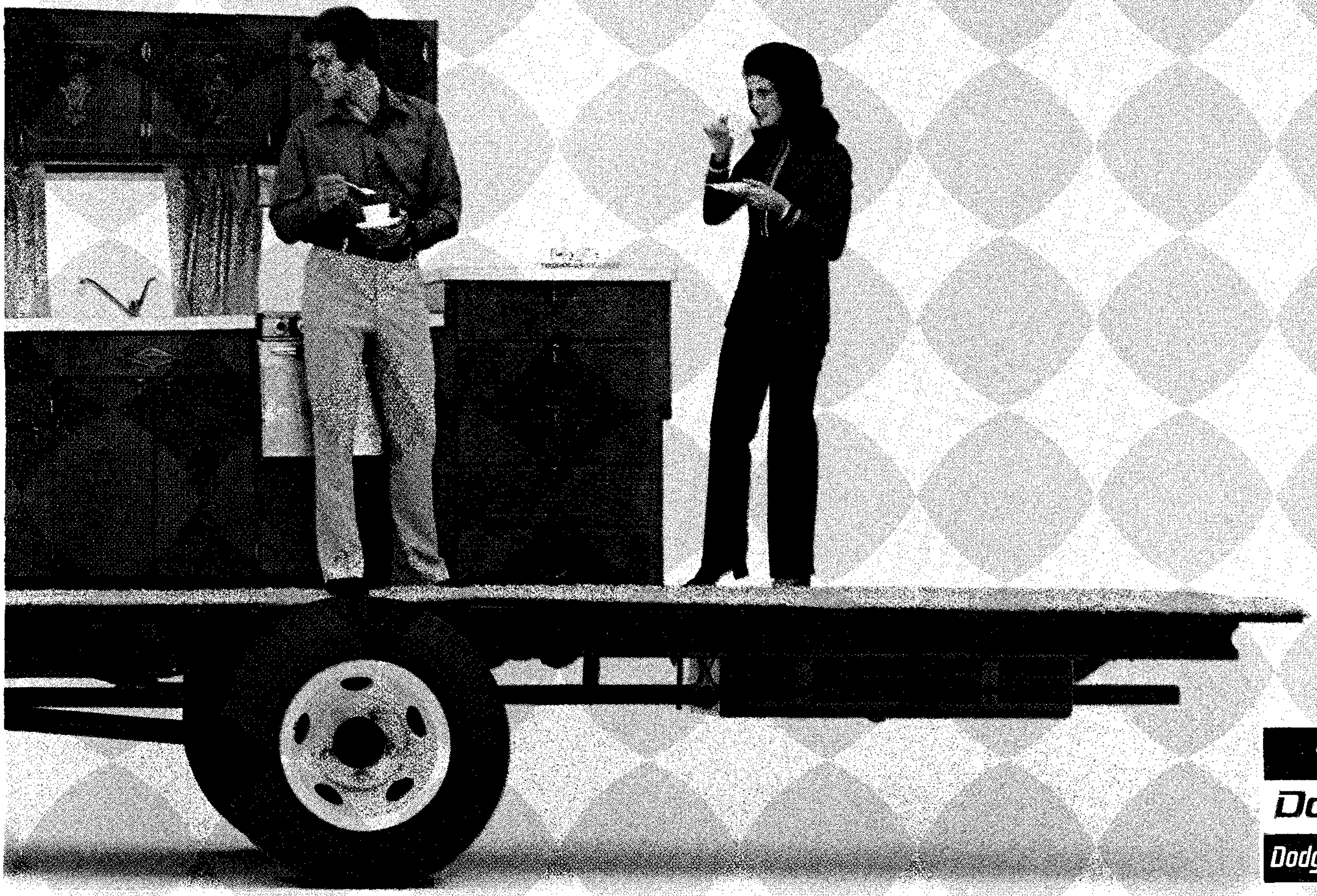

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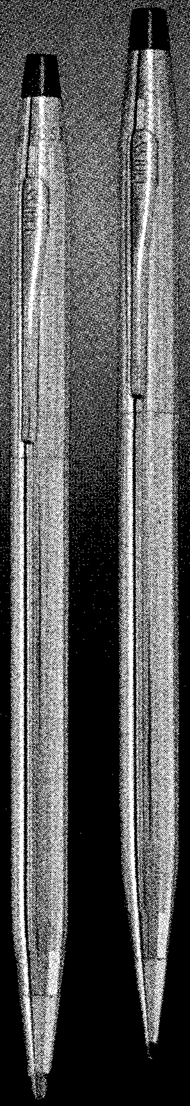

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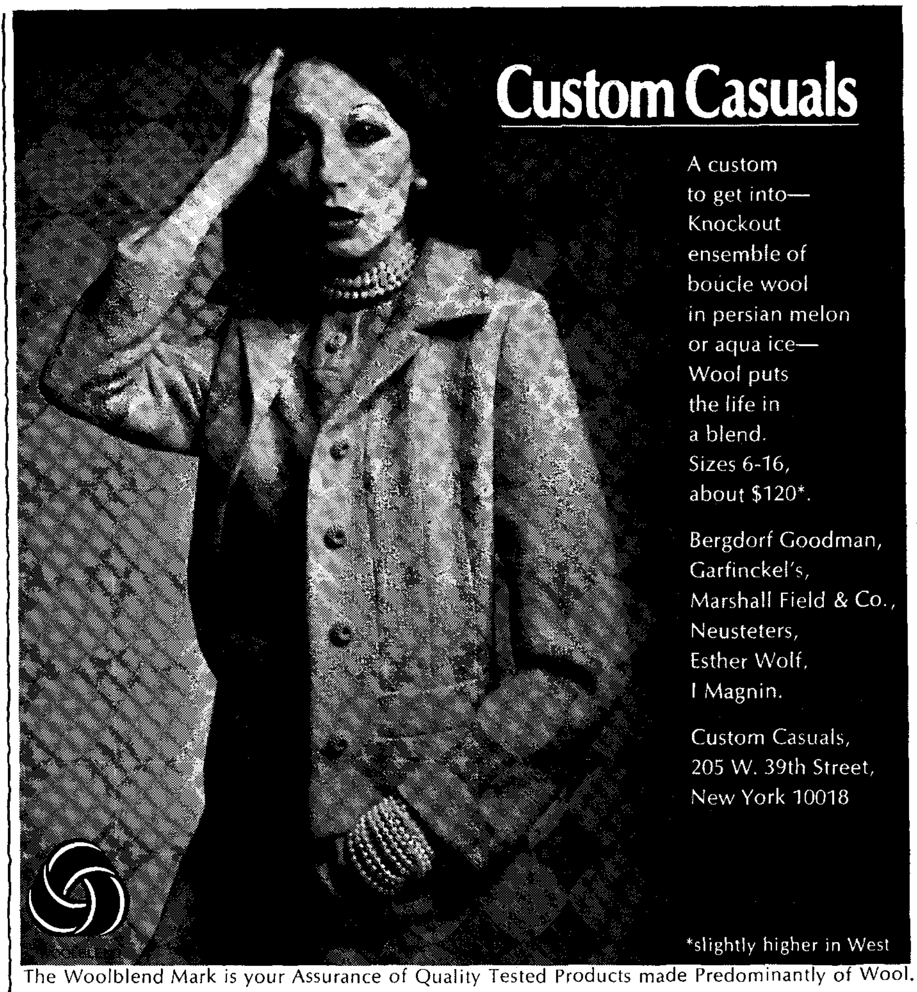
was quite apparent to me that it was just a question of time before the command module was going to be dead," he said later. "So I kind of lost interest in my position there and headed for the lunar module."

As Haise moved through the tunnel into the lunar module, he felt as if his world were turning over. One reason was that the two craft were joined together top to top, so that the direction that had been toward the floor in the command module was toward the ceiling in the LM. There were no lights, except for a flashlight he had brought with him. While the inside of the command module was a cone, the interior of the lunar module was a cylinder laid sideways—though almost unrecognizable as such because of consoles and cabinets jutting with sharp angularity from the walls. Since the LM was designed for only two men, its cabin was smaller than the command module's, and where the third astronaut would fit was hard to figure out. The dashboard panels, much smaller in area than those of the command module, had many of the same instruments, among them the two flight-director attitude indicator balls, a red abort light, and a computer keyboard. There were no seats, and each of the astronauts had to stand, gripping the hand controls for the thruster rockets, like a sailor at the wheel of a ship. Two triangular windows were canted downward and to the side, so that the astronauts could look down at the moon's surface as they landed, but the windows were placed just wrong to give Haise a view back along the spacecraft toward the damaged service module.

Haise had to get things running in the LM. He found three checklists for powering it up under various circumstances, but none of them fitted the present situation, because all three were based on the assumption that the LM would be receiving power from the command module. The Flight Director asked the TELMU if *he* had any checklists that would help Haise. After a search of several minutes, the TELMU came upon a set of instructions for starting the LM up on its own batteries. Beyond this, however, the routine checklists, compiled in preparation for a lunar landing and based on the assumption that there was plenty of time for each step, were long and complex; following all the steps on the simplest one would take two hours, and the CAPCOM had just broken the ominous news that there was only about fifteen minutes' worth of power left in the command module. Since there was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no checklist that met the particular situation, Haise and the TELMU improvised one. They had not been trained to do such a thing in any prescribed manner, but they found they were so familiar with the spacecraft that they could do it very smoothly—a facility that was about all anyone would have to rely on for the next several days. The TELMU jumped back and forth among the different checklists in front of him, dropping an item here and picking one up there. He told Haise to omit powering up the LM's main rocket, which wouldn't be needed for some time, but urged him to get the guidance system started right away, so it would be ready when the coördinate numbers for the guidance-platform alignment were transferred to it from the command module. While the TELMU was juggling all these items in his mind, he received a call from the EECOM, who urged that Haise turn on the LM's cabin oxygen right away, for the command module's supply was about to be cut off.

ALL these preparations for the worst didn't prevent the Flight Director from taking one final crack at saving the ship. Just as Kranz had looked to Liebergot for encouraging signs, Lunney looked to his EECOM, who similarly kept dashing his hopes. The Flight Director had noticed signs of life in the temperature and pressure gauges for Oxygen Tank No. 2—the one that had ruptured—and he now asked the EECOM whether it was possible that the tank still contained oxygen.

"Not likely, Flight," the EECOM answered.

A few minutes later, the Flight Director took a new tack: "EECOM, are you satisfied that both of these oxygen tanks are going down and we're past helping them? . . . Is it possible that if we got power to Main B we could get Oxygen Tank No. 2 powered up, and up in pressure?"

The EECOM replied, "We don't think that is a possibility, Flight."

Nevertheless, the EECOM suggested that the astronauts turn on the fans in Oxygen Tank No. 2—the same action that had precipitated the bang. It made no difference.

"We've got to get them into the LM, Flight," the EECOM said, and the Flight Director said to the CAPCOM, "Get them going into the LM. We've got to get the oxygen on in the LM."

Lovell went to join Haise in the lunar module, leaving Swigert alone in the command module. Swigert turned off most of the command module's thrusters and the pumps for the fuel

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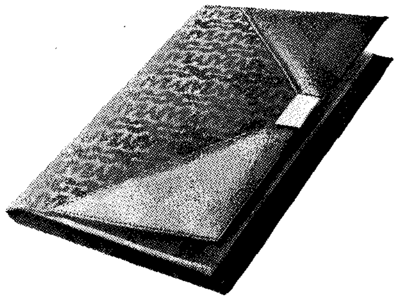

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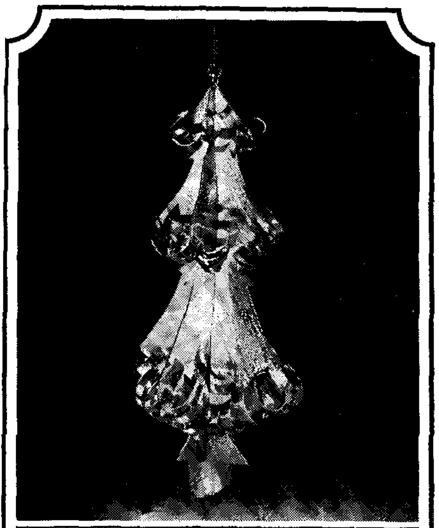

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cells. Almost the only things that were left on were the cabin lights, the radio, the guidance system, and the heaters and fans inside the remaining oxygen tank. In the Control Room, the Guidance and Navigation Control Officer said to the Flight Director that he hoped the heaters in the command module's guidance system could be left on even after everything else had been turned off. Those heaters had never been switched off during a flight, and if the electronic components of the guidance system became too cold there was no assurance that they would work in approximately four days' time, when they would be needed to guide the command module through the atmosphere. The power for the heaters would have to come from the LM. The Flight Director said that he would see what could be done but that he was sure the TELMU would not want to spare the electricity.

The guidance computer was still on, because there was one more service it could perform before the command module went dead—that of lodestone for the guidance system in the lunar module. The platform alignment had to be transferred from one to the other. In the command module, Swigert read off the gimbal angles of the three gyroscopes—the degrees of roll, pitch, and yaw. The command and lunar modules were not perfectly in line with each other, so these numbers had to be revised. Because Lovell was getting bleary, and it was essential to have the numbers right, he asked the GNC in the Control Room to do the figuring for him. When he at last punched the corrected numbers into the LM's guidance computer, he felt he had passed the first major milestone on the way home. The transfer of the guidance-platform alignment brought life to the LM like a fire in a cold hearth.

It was done not a moment too soon, for Swigert reported another amber caution light in the array shining overhead—the Main Bus A undervolt warning. Quickly, Swigert switched off the last of the thrusters and the guidance computer. He even turned off the small platform heaters, for the GNC had just told the Flight Director he was willing to gamble that the cold would not damage the electronic equipment.

The very last item to be shut off was the reactant valve on the remaining fuel cell. When this had been done, Swigert, as pilot of the command module, told the two other astronauts that getting home would be up to them now. The command module was completely dead. The supreme achievement of American technology had broken

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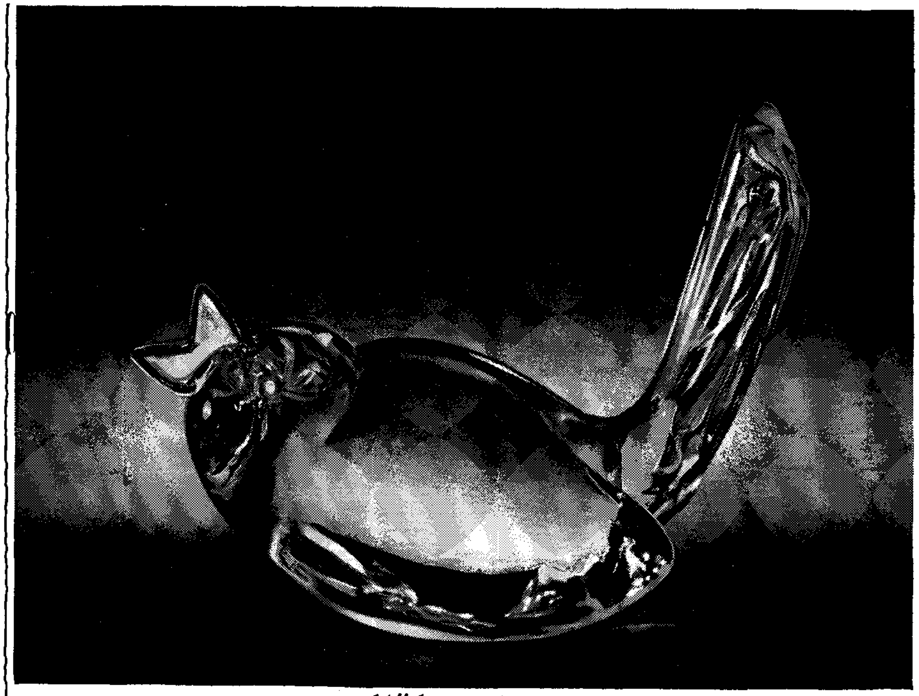
down utterly. All that was left was a spacecraft whose very complexity made it harder to handle, plus a group of flight controllers and three astronauts who were themselves products of the vast bureaucratic machine that had produced the malfunctioning spacecraft. On the face of it, this might appear to have made it all the more difficult for them to get outside the situation and impose their will on the wayward spacecraft. However, the accident had also demolished most of the technological appurtenances, such as checklists and flight plans, which substitute a sort of delayed time for immediacy, and also much of the automatic equipment aboard the spacecraft which performed tasks that earlier mariners would have performed for themselves. Now the flight controllers and the astronauts were no different from any other sailors facing disaster at sea. They would do a lot better by themselves than their elaborate paraphernalia had done by them.

About three hours had passed since the bang.

To the people flying Apollo 13, the flight after the accident seemed to break into three distinct periods: first, the time until the closing down of the command module; then the twenty-hour period during which the astronauts rounded the moon; and finally the trip back to earth, culminating in the descent through the atmosphere. The second period was one of deep uncertainty, and during it the flight controllers had to decide in the broadest terms what was to be done.

In the Staff Support Room on the second floor, which was equipped with TV screens and headsets for transmitting information from the spacecraft and from the communications loops, Kranz's team continued to do long-range planning that the Black Team, upstairs, was too busy to do. Astronauts, who like to think that they are the ones who fly spacecraft, afterward called Apollo 13 "a ground show." The flight controllers themselves were to call it "a RETRO's mission," for it was the Retrofire Officer, assisted by the Flight Dynamics Officer, who was in charge of the trajectory home. RETROs and FIDOs, who sit next to each other in the Trench, work together so closely that it is sometimes hard to tell them apart. On the way to the moon, when the FIDO is planning the outward-bound trajectory, the RETRO is supposed always to have a plan ready to bring the spacecraft home in the event of trouble, but on the way home the RETRO takes charge



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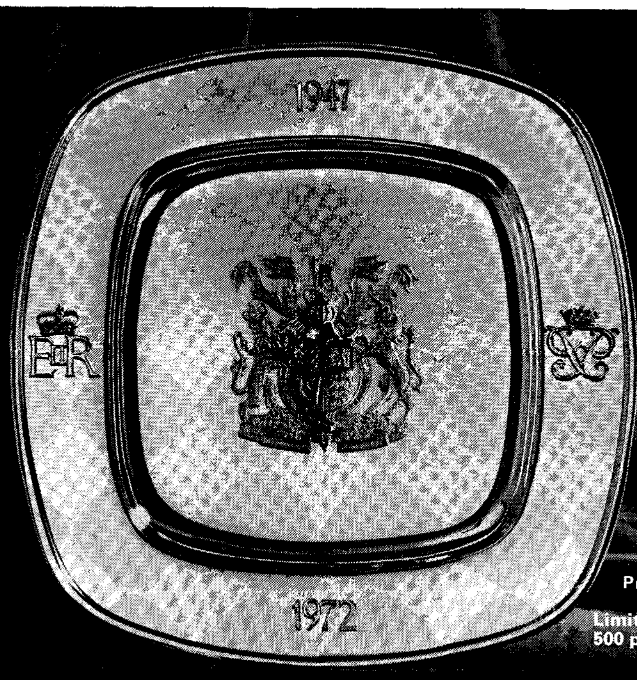

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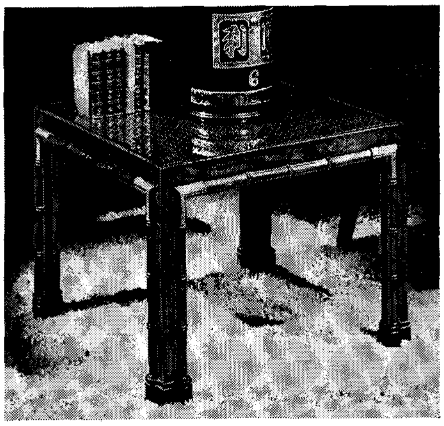

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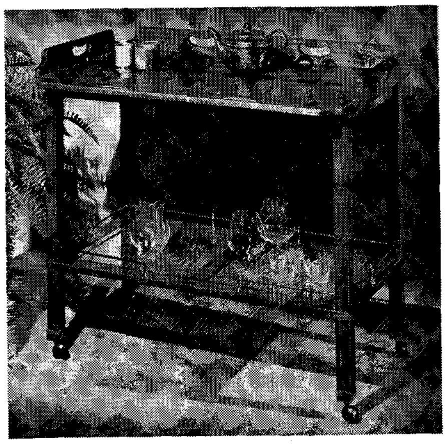

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of the trajectory and the FIDO helps him out by keeping track of where the spacecraft is. At the moment, the Apollo 13 spacecraft was on a trajectory that would carry it around the moon and swing it back toward the earth, which it would approach after more than four days, but because the spacecraft had left its free-return trajectory it would miss the earth by some forty thousand miles.

Deiterich, the Lead Retrofire Officer, ran through some of the possible alternatives for correcting the course. The first was that the astronauts could make a small burn with the lunar-module rocket to alter the present course just enough to put the spacecraft back on a free-return trajectory, so that after rounding the moon it would hit the earth. However, the TELMUS instantly objected—the Lead TELMU, William Peters, had just joined the meeting—because the burn would not speed up the spacecraft by much and they were averse to any plan that would leave the astronauts dependent on the LM's consumables for almost four days. The consumables picture had brightened somewhat; the Spacecraft Analysis Team had reported back that there was more than enough oxygen in the LM to last the approximately four days it would take to get back to earth. However, electricity and water were still in doubt.

Deiterich moved on to his next proposal, which was to do nothing now but, rather, wait until about eighteen hours had passed and the spacecraft had rounded the moon, and then blast the LM's rocket for all it was worth. This scheme delighted the TELMUs, because it would get the astronauts home in about two and a half days, but the Control Officers—the Lead CONTROL, Harold Loden, had just joined the meeting—wouldn't hear of it. Since each flight controller had his own interest to protect, such discussions (there would be more in the next few days) tended to sound a little like the conflicting voices inside the head of a person with a difficult decision to make. The CONTROLS, who were in charge of the LM's guidance and propulsion systems, argued that this second proposal would mean burning the LM's fuel almost to the point of depletion, leaving no margin of safety for mid-course corrections.

Deiterich's third proposal was a combination of the first two: he suggested making a small burn in the next hour or so to put the spacecraft on a free-return trajectory into the earth's atmosphere (though it would not be precise enough for a landing) and then

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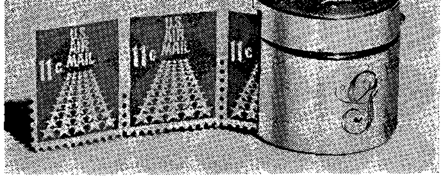

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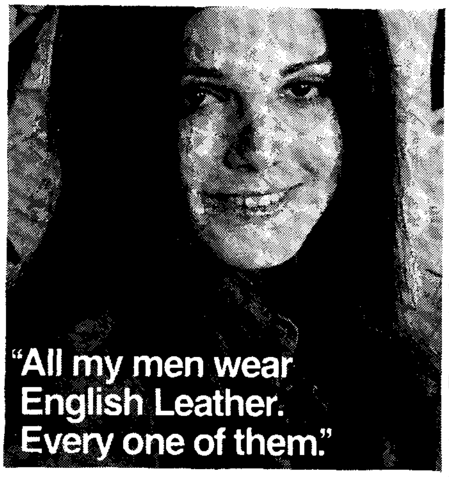
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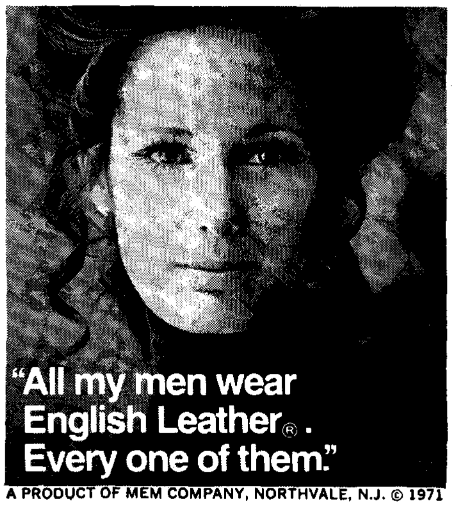

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making a second burn after the spacecraft had rounded the moon, to refine the craft's aim and speed it up. Several of the flight controllers opposed this proposal, because it was complicated; nobody liked the idea of doing two burns when one might suffice. The TELMUs, for instance, said that two burns would require twice as much electricity and water as one—every time a burn was made, equipment had to be powered up and kept cool—and, of course, electricity and water were in short supply. Deiterich, however, preferred the third proposal, because it was the most flexible; it left the option of doing a rocket burn after the spacecraft had rounded the moon, and the burn could be a fast one or a slow one, depending on the circumstances then. Kranz approved, and the plan was adopted. One part of the plan did make everyone feel better, and that was getting the spacecraft back on something approaching a return trajectory right away. Lovell said later that his main concern at this point was to get at least into the earth's atmosphere, because he felt that it would be better for the ship to burn up like a meteor than not to come back at all. Deiterich and the other flight officers in the second-floor Control Room wanted to do the first burn at once, but the men in the spacecraft asked for time. The burn was put off for over an hour—until almost three in the morning.

THE Black Team, which was now flying the mission, was glad to have the extra time, too, for a rocket burn is a little like coming about in a sailing ship, in that it demands plenty of preparation. Like coming about, a rocket burn is a change in course. Before the RETRO could plan the burn, therefore, the FIDO had to find out precisely where the spacecraft was—for the venting had changed the craft's speed, knocking it out of the trajectory it was supposed to be following. Radio and radar tracking stations around the globe took readings of the spacecraft's position every ten seconds, but these in themselves did not show exactly where the craft was, or where it was going. The raw data had to be processed by computer, and the technician down in the R.T.C.C. who was doing this was having trouble, because the radar data were what he called "noisy" (the points of information were scattered and ambiguous), so it was difficult for the computer to work out vectors—a vector being a point in space where the spacecraft was known to have been. Whenever the technician was confident that he had a reliable new vector, he

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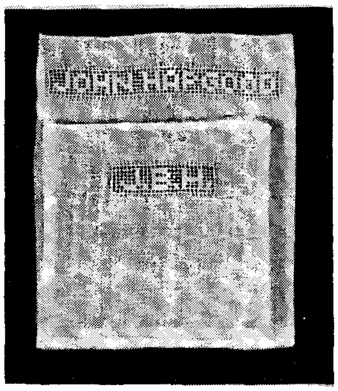

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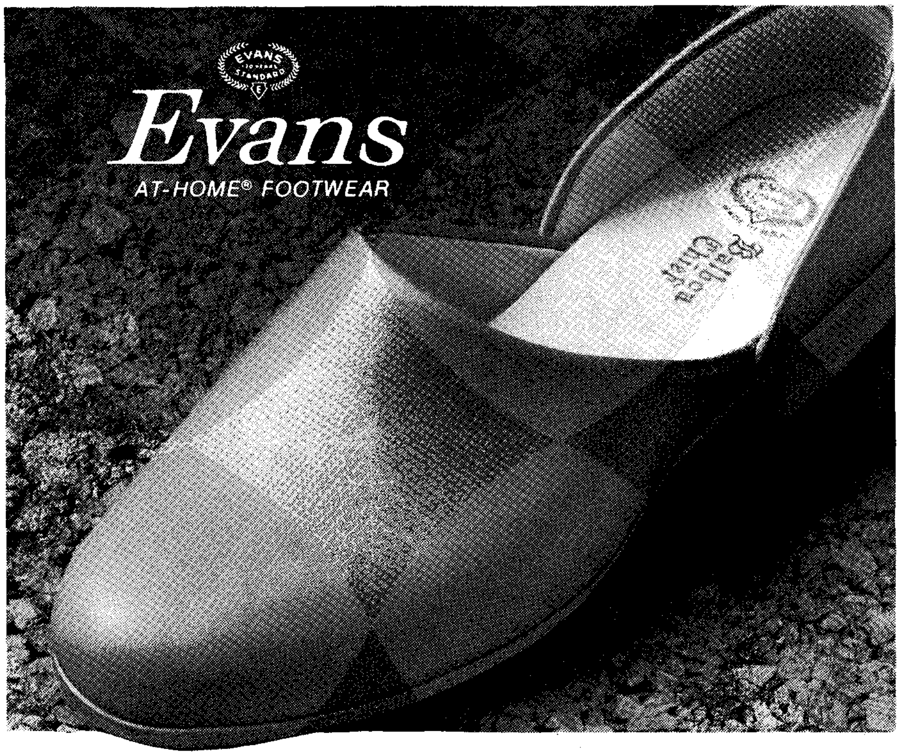
signalled the FIDO, who found it on his electronic screen. The succession of vectors constituted the spacecraft's actual trajectory. Tonight, the FIDO felt he needed more than the usual number of vectors before he had what he called "a good hack on the trajectory." The spacecraft, he found, was wandering farther and farther off its original course.

When the FIDO felt he had a good hack on the trajectory, he passed the information on to the RETRO, on his left, and the GUIDO, on his right. The three dynamics engineers in the Trench were so close to the big screens at the front of the Control Room, with their diagrams of the earth and the moon, that they sometimes had the sensation that they were flying the spacecraft themselves. Like pilots, they were a close-knit group, and they lit their cigarettes with matches that had "The Trench" printed on the covers, like those of a private club. They regarded the systems engineers behind them (the TELMUs, the EECOMs, the CONTROLs, and the GNCs) much as pilots regard mechanics, and they referred to the computer engineers downstairs as "electricians."

The men in the Trench never feel more like pilots than during a rocket burn. As soon as the GUIDO got the trajectory information from the FIDO, he punched the numbers into a white keyboard in front of him, preparatory to loading (or, as GUIDOs say, "uplinking") the data into the computer aboard the spacecraft. After the information was received aboard the spacecraft, a confirmation copy of it—a sort of return receipt—popped up on the television screen on the GUIDO's console, and he checked it, then pressed a button ordering the spacecraft computer to accept the data. Meanwhile, the RETRO was writing out the instructions for the burn. On a maneuver pad—a green sheet of paper lined into boxes—he jotted numbers indicating the exact instant the rocket should be turned on, the length of time the rocket should fire, and the attitude of the spacecraft while it was firing. The CAPCOM read these numbers up to Lovell, who jotted them down on an identical maneuver pad, read them back for confirmation, and finally punched them into his computer.

The mechanics in the second row were as busy as the pilots in the Trench. The Control Officer, whose responsibility for the lunar module corresponded to that of the GNC for the command module, had to modify a checklist for the powering up of the LM's main rocket—the Descent Pro-



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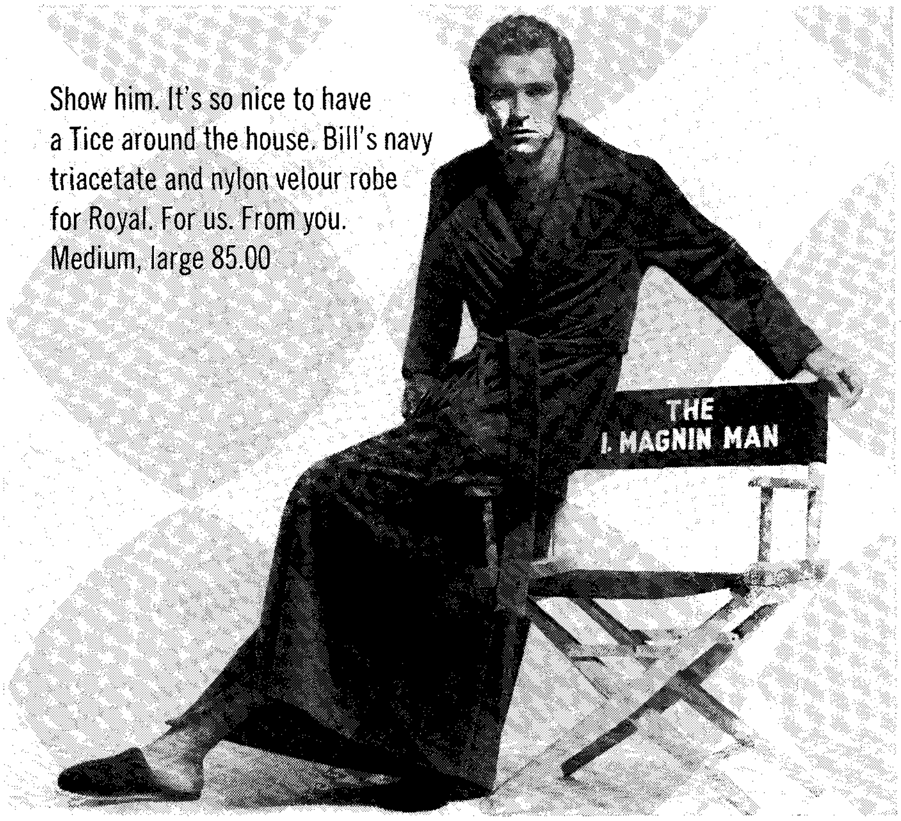
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pulsion System, which Control Officers call DPS (pronounced "dips"). It was at the opposite end of the combined Apollo spacecraft from the big rocket in the service module, and although it wasn't as powerful as that rocket, it could build up the necessary thrust by being burned for a longer time. There was some question in everyone's mind, though, whether the DPS would work at all, for nobody yet knew the full extent of the disaster—perhaps the DPS was out of commission, too. The rocket swung on gimbals to facilitate landing on the moon and also to allow for shifts in the center of gravity during firing; at the moment, the gimbals were set for the lunar landing. The coming burn would be what Control Officers called a "docked DPS," to denote that the LM was docked with the command and service modules and the DPS would be pushing all of them—a tricky setup, because there was some flexibility in the connection between the LM and the command module, and the LM would not necessarily be exactly lined up with what it was pushing. Just before the burn, the CAPCOM radioed up to tell the astronauts that the nozzle of the DPS rocket was not aimed properly, and the astronauts hastily "trimmed the gimbals"—a little the way a seafarer trims his sails. If the error hadn't been rectified, the spacecraft could have tumbled during the burn and gone off course. Then, as the astronauts were making a last-minute check of their control panels, one of them mentioned that a switch that could have jettisoned the bottom half of the LM—the part ordinarily left behind on the moon, which contained the DPS rocket—was on. The CAPCOM told the astronauts to turn off the switch.

At two-forty-three in the morning, five and a half hours after the accident, Lovell's left hand pushed a button. For thirty seconds, Lovell felt himself pressed gently toward the floor—the only physical indication he had that the rocket was firing. A planned minor correction later would aim the craft into a narrow corridor through the earth's atmosphere which would bring the astronauts, in less than four days' time, to the Indian Ocean. The Recovery Officers had never stationed a ship in the Indian Ocean, and they had to act quickly now. The nearest United States Navy ship was the destroyer Bordelon, which was cruising off Mauritius. They discovered that the Bordelon was one of several Navy ships that had been modified to take a special crane for picking command modules out of the sea. However, the Recovery Officers would have to order the crane

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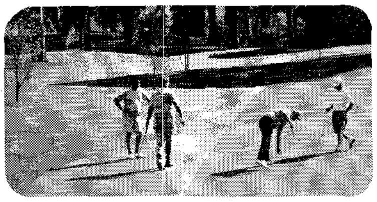

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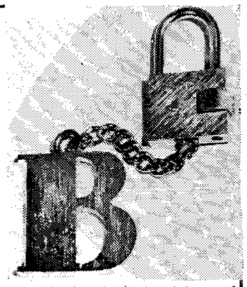

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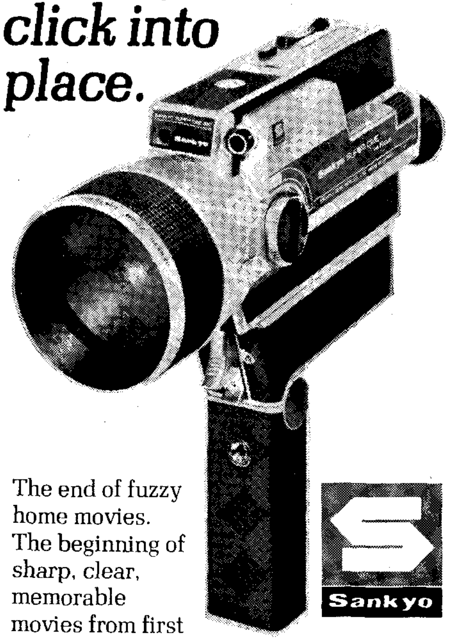

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flown from Norfolk, Virginia, to Mauritius. They were banking on the fact that the Bordelon would get to port, pick up the crane, and be at the splashdown site, seven hundred miles away, before the astronauts could get there.

THE rest of the night was largely a holding action. In particular, the TELMUs were trying to hold on to the LM's consumables—a task that recurrently brought them into collision with the other flight controllers. As soon as the rocket burn was over, the TELMUs requested that the astronauts begin powering down equipment—especially the guidance computer, since its gyroscopes, which kept the platform steady, were heavy users of electricity and water. The guidance platform wouldn't be needed until after the astronauts had rounded the moon, some fifteen hours later. Immediately, the GUIDO protested that he didn't want to lose the platform alignment, which had been transferred so carefully from the command module. The TELMUs replied that before the next burn the astronauts could set up a new platform alignment with the spacecraft's sextant by taking sightings on stars. The GUIDO wasn't sure that this was possible; Deiterich, the RETRO, insisted that the platform be kept up all the way through the next burn, too; and, upstairs, Lunney, who often backed the pilots against the more conservative mechanics, agreed, although he permitted the F.D.A.I. balls—the dashboard display for the platform, which also used electricity—to be turned off.

This decision put Peters and Heselmeyer, the two TELMUs downstairs with the White Team, who had been working up what they called a "power profile" for rationing the LM's electricity, in a tough spot. It was true that if all went well the trip home could take considerably less than four days; even so, the TELMUs had to think in terms of what they called "worst-case planning"—a conservative approach incumbent upon anyone rationing consumables. Even more than electricity, the supply of water for cooling the LM's electronic gear was a source of worry to the TELMUs. There was a direct relationship between the two; the more electricity the instruments drew, the more water they needed, so cutting down on power consumption was a way of saving water. The cooling system worked like a car radiator, except that the water was not recycled; all the while the LM was powered up, water slowly steamed off into space, boiling away so gently that, as far as anyone could tell, it had never disturbed a trajectory.

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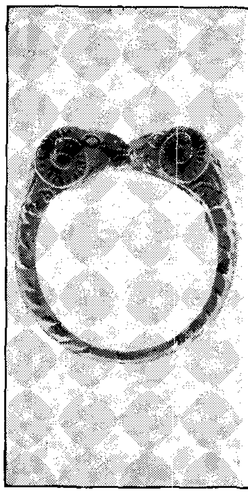

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Of all the TELMUs' problems, however, the worst was not conserving a consumable but the reverse: how to get rid of the carbon dioxide that the astronauts were exhaling. Normally, the air in the cabin of either the LM or the command module was constantly passed through pellets of lithium hydroxide—(small white pebbles that have an affinity for carbon dioxide and therefore remove it)—in a process astronauts and flight controllers call "scrubbing the atmosphere." The pellets were inside canisters that fitted into a sort of ventilating system that sucked dirty air from the cabin and then blew the scrubbed air back. When a canister had absorbed all the carbon dioxide it could hold, it had to be replaced with a fresh one. The trouble was that there weren't enough canisters in the LM to last until the astronauts got home, the command module's ventilating system was turned off, and the logical solution, which was to use the command module's canisters in the lunar module's air-purifying system, wouldn't work, because they didn't fit. The problem had never been considered in plans for "the lifeboat mode." Now the TELMUs turned it over to another group, the Crew Systems Engineers, who were responsible for all such equipment, and who would have two days to solve the problem before the astronauts were asphyxiated.

Up in the spacecraft, the astronauts were worrying about their consumables. Haise feared that the cautiously optimistic reports from the TELMUs were a coverup for bad news. He kept double-checking the consumables to make sure that what he was being told was true. Like the TELMUs, the astronauts were most worried about their water supply, and, without telling the ground, Lovell decided that they would stringently ration what they drank. He set Swigert to work transferring some of the drinking water from a tank in the command module to the lunar module. The command module's initially almost unlimited supply of water had stopped, of course, as soon as hydrogen and oxygen were no longer being combined in the fuel cells. Swigert had a hard time transferring the water, because the hose fittings in the two modules didn't match—another curious design defect in two craft built for mutual assistance. Swigert had to use plastic juice bags to make the transfer from the command module to the LM, and in doing so he sloshed water into his shoes. Later, the SPAN engineers would get the technicians at Hamilton Standard, in Connecticut, to look into the feasibility of using the as-

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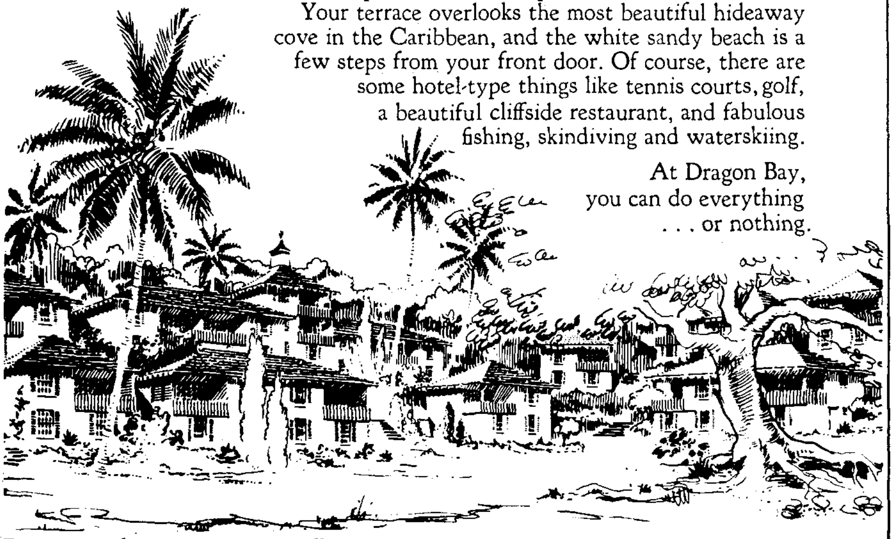

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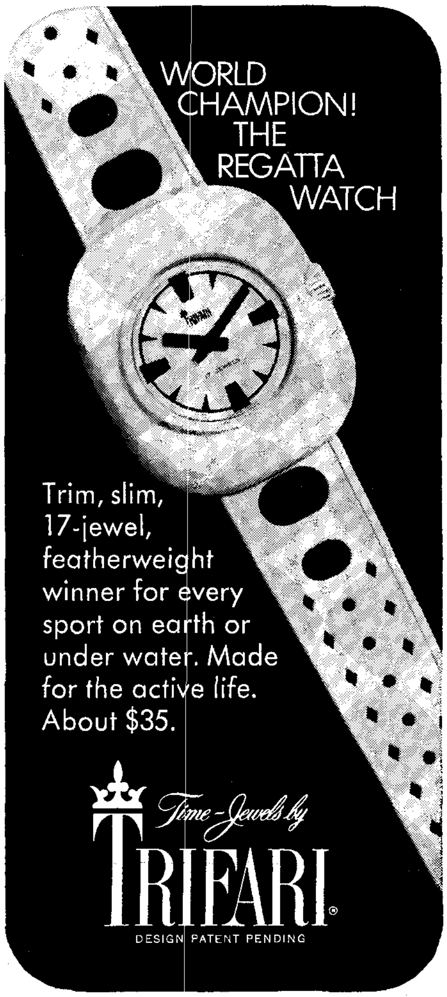
tronauts' backpacks—which have compartments for water—as pails. It would take two days for Swigert's shoes to dry, because with so much equipment turned off the spacecraft was getting cold. He felt as if he were in a leaky boat. In fact, Swigert, who knew least about the lunar module, was the most worried of the three. He stood by a window in his wet shoes watching the earth recede behind them and had some very deep thoughts about never coming back.

Lovell's and Haise's many tasks didn't give them much time for worrying. If they were to avoid the risk of having one part of the spacecraft become overheated by the sun, they had to regain control of its attitude and then set up the thermal roll. There were still occasional spurts of oxygen from the service module, but the venting was less disruptive now. Lovell took hold of the hand control for the attitude-control thruster jets, which in the LM was on the dashboard by his left hand. He ran into trouble right away, because the designers had never intended the lunar module to control the attitude of the entire Apollo spacecraft. The LM was at one end of the combined craft—a bad spot for handling the two other modules—and its thrusters were too weak to handle easily a mass more than twice its own.

As word of the disaster spread, many astronauts had come tumbling into the Control Center to see what they could do to help. One job they could perform was to man the simulators and test maneuvers that hadn't been tried before. The lunar-module simulator was being run by Charles Duke, the backup LM pilot. The simulator, a replica of the LM's cockpit, was hooked up to the smallest of the five computers in the R.T.C.C., and technicians there had already programmed it with data about the present situation, such as the strength and position of the LM's thrusters in relation to the rest of the spacecraft, and even the random effects of the venting. Duke experimented to see if the LM could wrestle the entire spacecraft more easily by firing its thrusters steadily or in short bursts. Short bursts worked better, and this information was passed on to Lovell.

There was no guarantee that the simulator reproduced the motions of the spacecraft accurately, and, indeed, Lovell was finding he couldn't regain control nearly as easily as Duke had done. Because the F.D.A.I. balls had been turned off, Lovell was without a compass, and the only way he could maneuver was by referring to three separate gauges on the dashboard which



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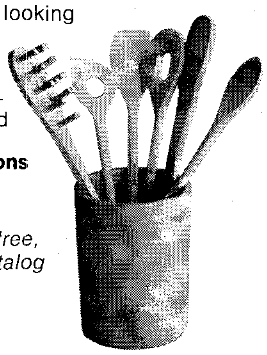

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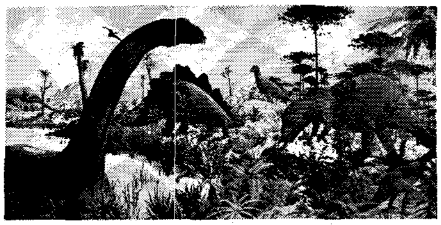

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gave him the angles of roll, pitch, and yaw; it was about as chancy as lining up the three Bell-Fruit bells in a slot machine. Moreover, he was becoming so fatigued that he couldn't remember whether he should fight the spin by going left or by going right, and once he found himself turning entirely around. To add to his problems, he had been having trouble with communications ever since he had begun using the radio in the LM; it made a continual beeping sound, so that he and the flight controllers could barely hear each other. The trouble was caused by a radio transmitter aboard the third stage of the Saturn rocket that had launched the spacecraft and was now trailing a thousand miles behind it on the way to impact on the moon. The transmitter aboard the rocket booster was beeping so that it could be tracked from the ground, and it was using exactly the same frequency as the LM's own radio. This arrangement saved money on ground equipment, and NASA justified it by pointing out that the astronauts weren't supposed to be flying the LM until after the booster had crashed into the moon. On one occasion, Haise told the CAPCOM that he could barely hear him, and the CAPCOM radioed up some emergency instructions for getting home in case communications were lost altogether. Fortunately, the INCO remembered a trick that cut down on the interference. He got the astronauts to turn off their radio for twenty minutes, and during that interval he broadcast a steady signal to the booster on a slightly different frequency, causing its transmitter to shift frequencies. This incident was not the only one in which flight controllers had to play tricks on the overconfidently designed equipment.

Just before dawn in Houston, the spacecraft's attitude suddenly took a turn for the better. By using the LM's jets in a translation mode—one that normally moved the craft up, down, and sideways rather than turning it—Lovell finally managed to get it stabilized and pointed in the right direction—sideways to its trajectory and perpendicular to a plane drawn through the earth, moon, and sun. The next step was to set the spacecraft rolling, for thermal protection, and to keep it rolling—something that the LM's guidance system was not equipped to do, as a LM did not need to roll on its short hop to the moon. Duke had been working on this problem in the simulator, and now the CAPCOM radioed up that Lovell would have to rotate the spacecraft some ninety degrees every hour by hand. The CAPCOM

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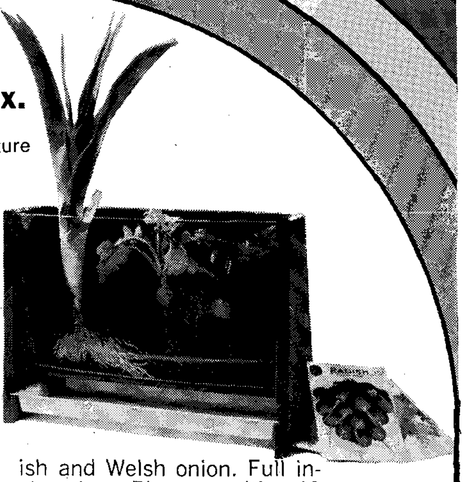

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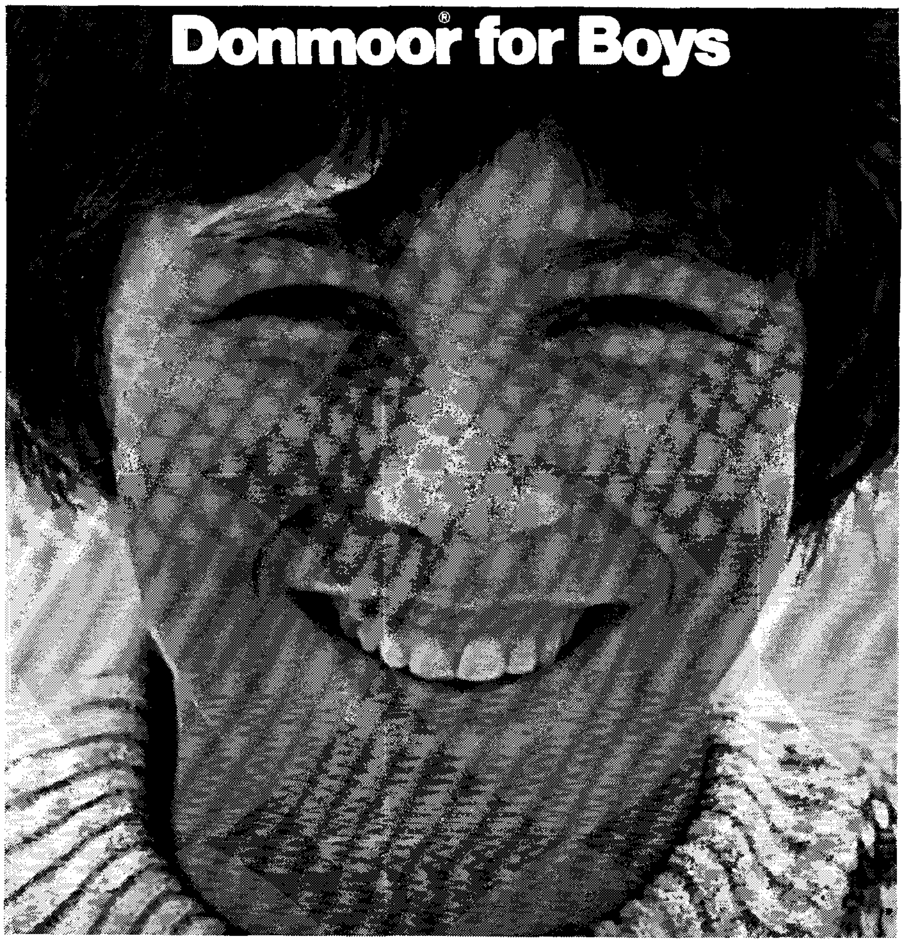

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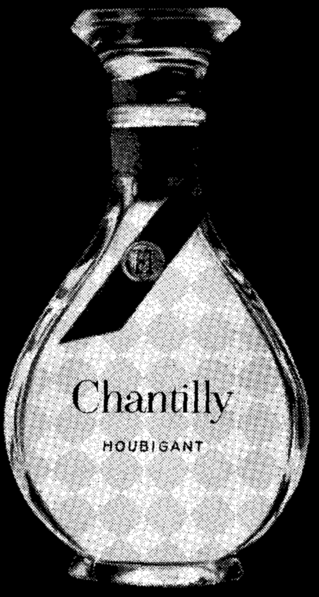

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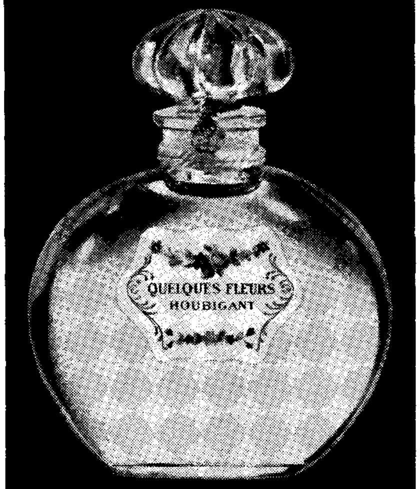

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promised to remind him to do this.

Around four in the morning, Lovell sent Haise back to his couch in the command module to get some sleep. The command module, which the astronauts had taken to calling "upstairs," would be the bedroom for the rest of the trip. Haise had last looked at his wristwatch before the accident, seven hours earlier, and he had lost all track of time. For him, the intervening period, in which he and the others were abruptly confronted with an almost insoluble problem in a strange place—had had a dreamlike quality.

AT about eight o'clock in the morning, after Kranz and the White Team had also gone off to get some sleep, some forty men gathered in the glass-enclosed gallery for visitors, at the back of the third-floor Control Room. They included Robert R. Gilruth, the Director of the Manned Spacecraft Center; his deputy, Christopher C. Kraft, Jr.; and James A. McDivitt, the Apollo Spacecraft Program Manager. Occasionally, the flight controllers of the Gold Team, which had taken over from the Black Team an hour earlier, glanced over their shoulders to see what was going on. A FIDO who happened by said later that he had never before seen so much NASA brass in one place at one time. The NASA brass was trying to decide which of three possible types of burn to do after the astronauts had rounded the moon. The burn was scheduled for eight-thirty that evening, which would be two hours after pericynthion—the spacecraft's closest approach to the back side of the moon—and hence it was called the PC+2 burn. Pericynthion was the point at which the service-module rocket was normally fired to put a spacecraft into lunar orbit, and, in the event that that rocket failed, the point two hours past pericynthion had always been considered the place to do an emergency burn back to earth, because it ordinarily took two hours to power up the LM rocket.

Christopher Kraft, who before he became Deputy Director of the Manned Spacecraft Center had once had Kranz's job as Chief of the Flight Control Division, outlined the alternative burns that could be made at PC+2. The first was to jettison the service module and blast the LM's rocket with everything it had, so that the astronauts would arrive in the Atlantic Ocean a day and a half afterward. Nobody liked this idea any better than Kranz's group had liked a similar proposal the night before. It left virtually no room for error—and out around the moon an er-

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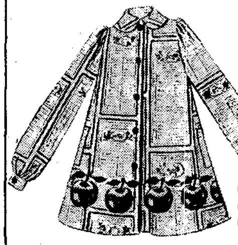

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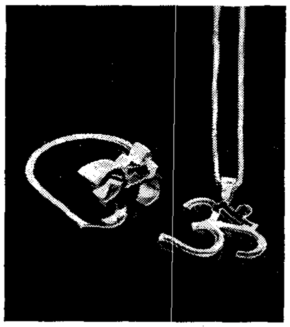

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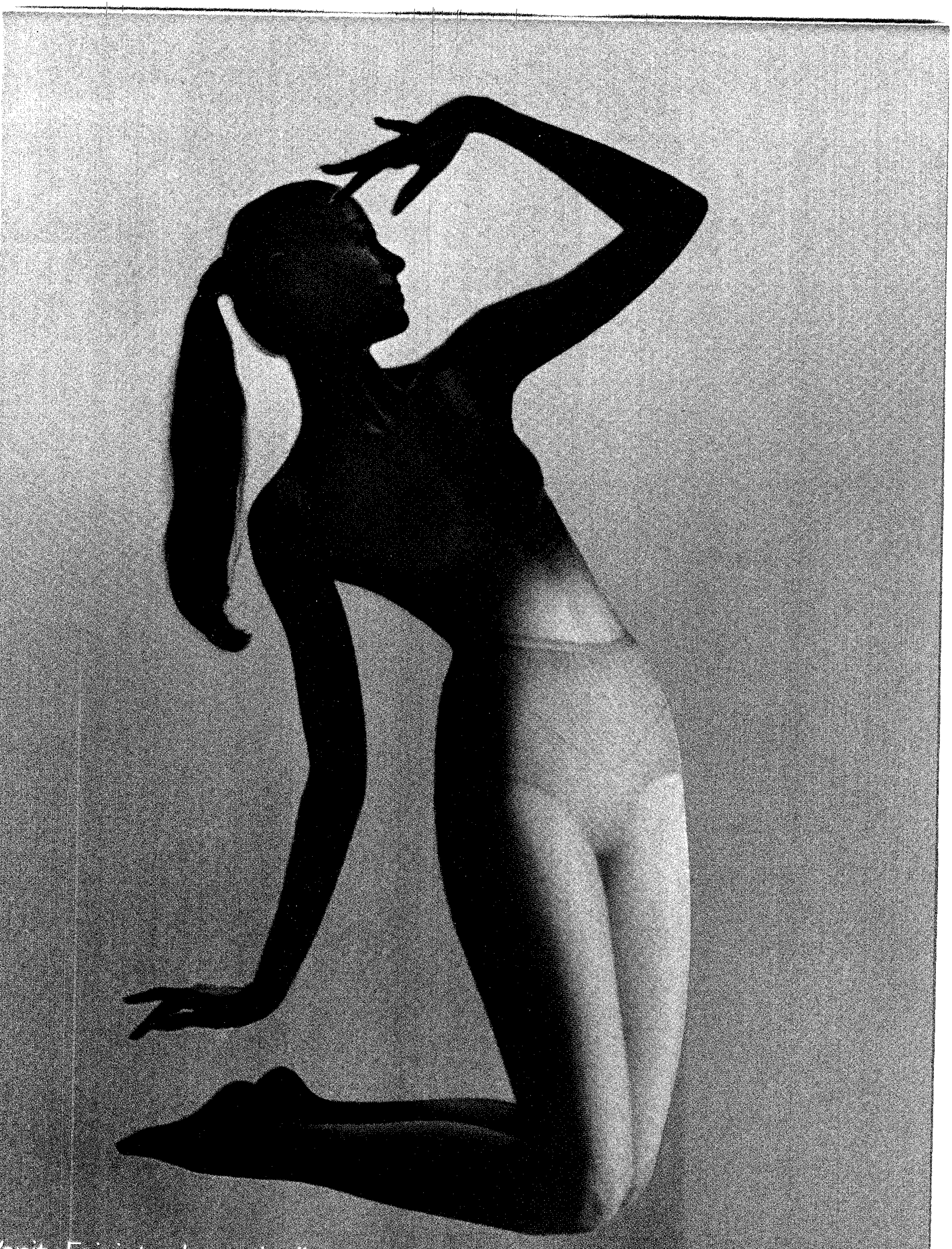

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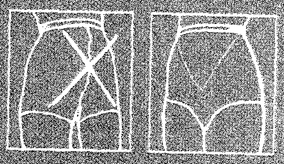

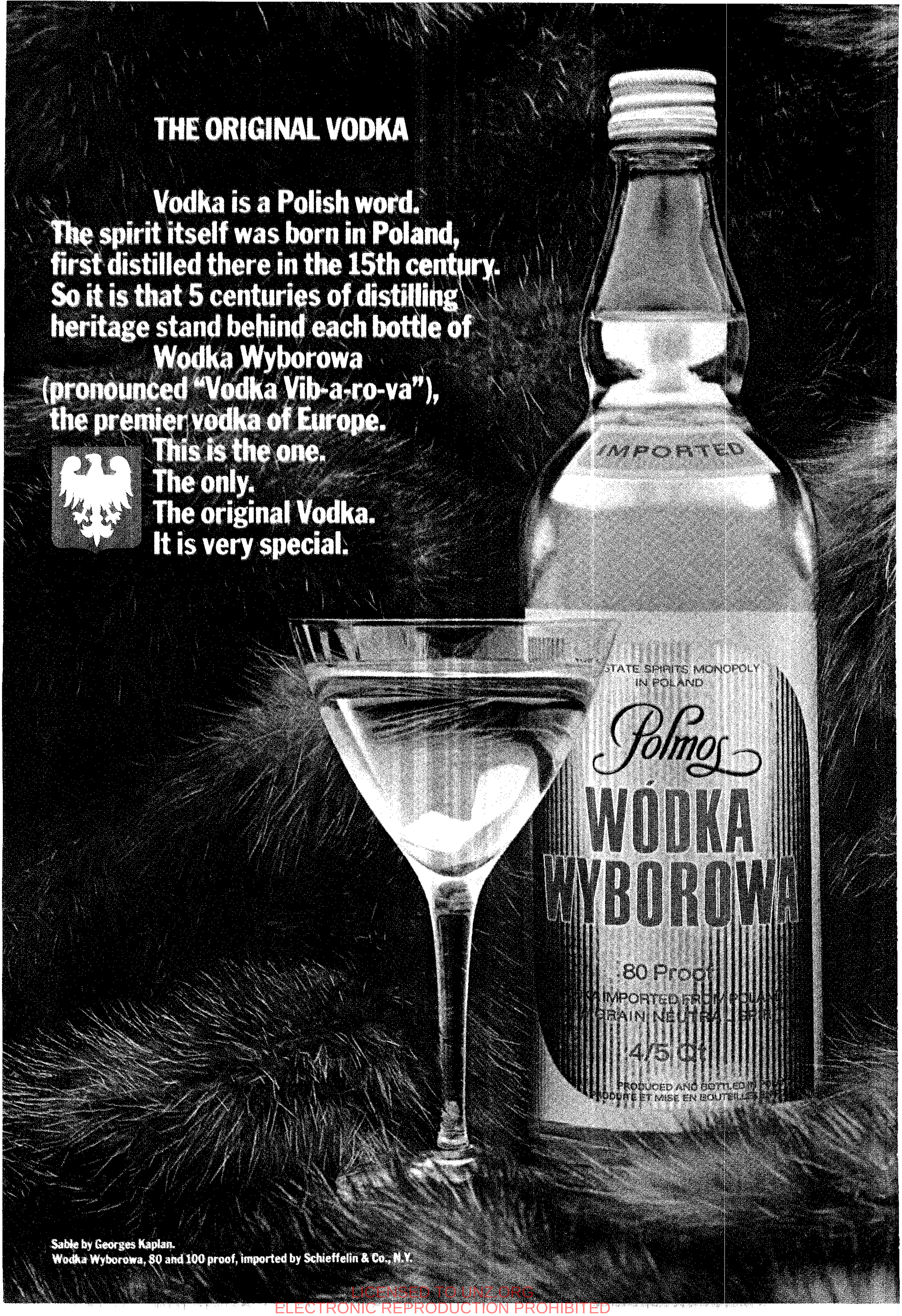
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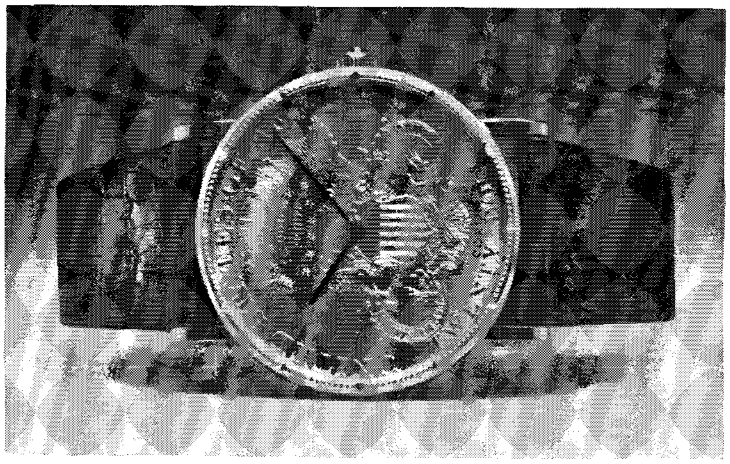
ror in velocity of a tenth of a foot a second could cause a spacecraft to miss the earth altogether. The reason the RETROs had always achieved astonishing accuracy in splashdowns from the moon was that they could, as they put it, "tweak up" a trajectory anywhere along the line with midcourse corrections, and the fast burn to the Atlantic would leave little fuel for tweaking. Besides, in the Atlantic there were no recovery ships.

Kraft hurried on to the two other alternatives, either of which would avert the emergency landing in the Indian Ocean, where the spacecraft was now headed, and bring the astronauts to the prime landing area in the southwest Pacific—the only spot on earth where there were adequate recovery vessels. One of these alternatives involved a relatively fast burn, which would get the astronauts to the Pacific about a day and a half afterward, and the other involved a slower burn, which would get them there exactly twenty-four hours later than that. The twenty-four-hour difference had to do with the earth's rotation—the spacecraft always descended to its splashdown from perigee, the closest approach on the side of the earth that was away from the moon, and consequently the splashdown point depended on the time the spacecraft reached perigee. (The RETROs like to say, "Don't worry—the Pacific will be there!")

While Kraft spoke, those listening to him could see through the glass behind him the big center screen at the front of the Control Room, where the yellow line representing the trajectory of the Apollo spacecraft was moving closer and closer to the moon. From time to time, they glanced at Dr. Gilruth, the Director of the Manned Spacecraft Center, who had previously been director of the Mercury project, the first American manned-spaceflight program. He was the senior man present, and when NASA people met to make a decision there was no voting; rather, after discussion the top man made the decision.

Kraft threw the meeting open for discussion. The faster of the two burns to the Pacific had an immediate appeal, for everyone shared the fear that something else might go wrong with the spacecraft, in which case the sooner the astronauts got home the better; indeed, this seemed such an obvious choice that some astronauts were already practicing it in the simulators. The fast burn to the Pacific had one serious drawback, however: just as in the case of the even faster burn to the Atlantic, the as-



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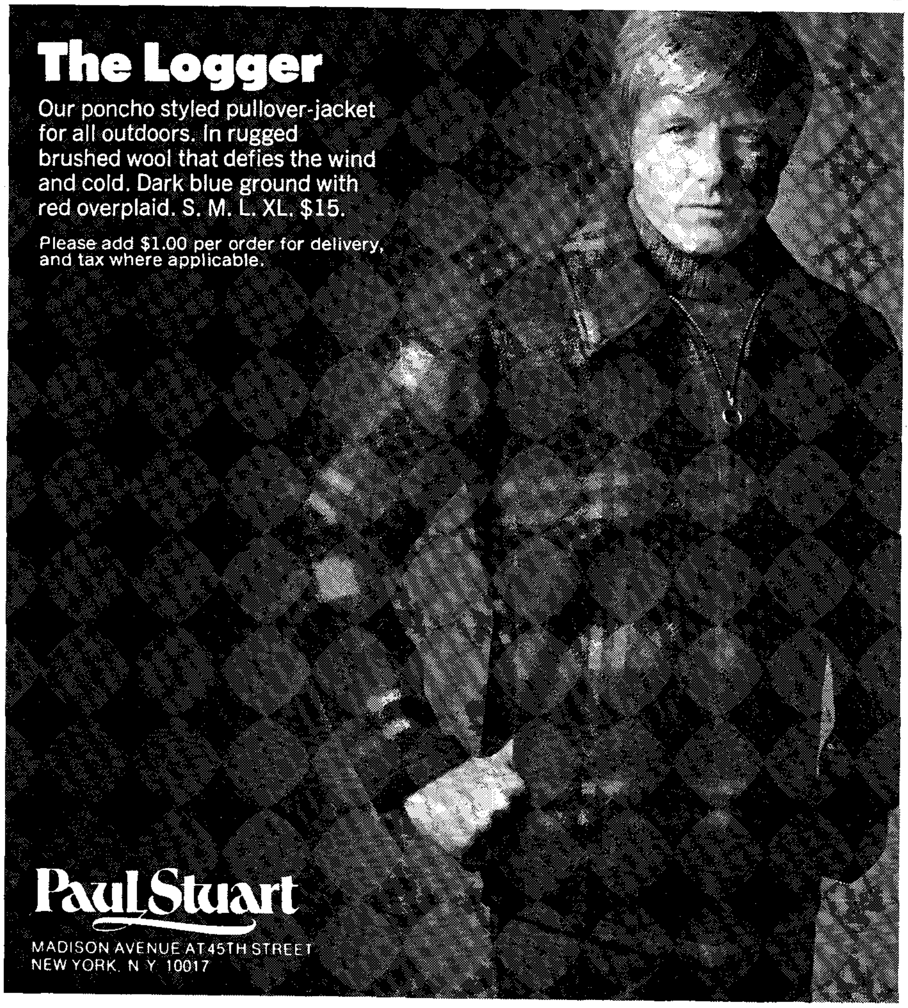

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tronauts would first have to jettison the service module, because the LM was strong enough only to push itself and the command module to the required velocity. Flight engineers have a natural reluctance to do anything as irrevocable as throwing away half a spacecraft. Most important, the service module, fitting snugly over the heat shield—the ceramic bottom of the command module, designed to protect the astronauts from the heat of reëntry through the earth's atmosphere—insulated the shield, and no one knew what effect a prolonged exposure to the cold of space would have on it. The service module was normally jettisoned only half an hour before splashdown, and no one had thought it necessary to test the heat shield's resistance to cold for the length of time it would take a spacecraft to come back from the moon.

Kraft wanted to get the advice of the Lead RETRO and the Lead FIDO, both of whom were then on duty with the Gold Team. Deiterich, who had been up all night, arrived at the glassed-in gallery followed by David Reed, the Lead FIDO—a tall man of twenty-eight with light-brown hair, a graduate of the University of Wyoming, who joined NASA in 1964. Reed was more rested, for he had been at home in bed at the time of the accident, and when he turned on his television set and observed Deiterich and several other dynamics officers already in the Trench he had sensibly taken three aspirins and gone back to bed, on the theory that he would be of more use in the morning if he got some sleep. He had had a restless night anyway, and had come in to work at four o'clock in the morning.

Reed and Deiterich, who would be the ones to work out whatever trajectory the meeting settled on, were both opposed to any burn that required jettisoning the service module. Reed pointed out that if they retained the service module and did the slower burn, they would still have the option later, if anything else went wrong, of jettisoning the service module and making a faster burn. NASA engineers tend to favor any alternative that "keeps the options open." Kraft, who was also in favor of retaining the service module and doing the slower burn, summed up the case for this alternative strongly, and Dr. Gilruth, who had said little during the meeting, nodded assent. The men who had to plan how to bring the crippled spacecraft back through the atmosphere were grateful for the extra twenty-four hours that the slower burn gave them.

Deiterich and Reed went back to their consoles, which were side by side

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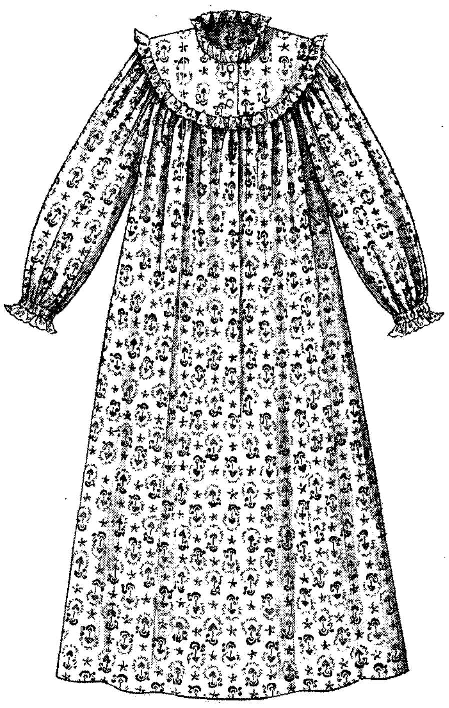

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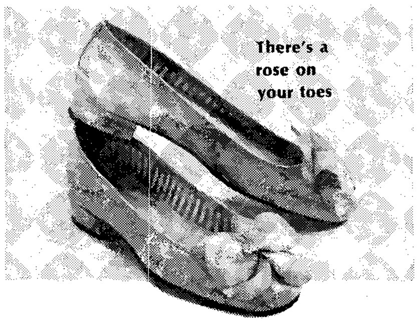

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in the Trench. Reed's had a single orange light that flickered constantly, showing that telemetry was being loaded into the computers downstairs, but Deiterich's console had no lights whatever. It had two television screens and six clocks. Under the glareproof glass covering the console's desk there was a map of the earth, centered on the Pacific—the target Deiterich was aiming for. As he began planning the PC+2 burn, he also began to consider some of the problems that would come up at reentry. The astronauts, back in the command module by then, would have to jettison both the service module and the lunar module before the spacecraft hit the atmosphere, but, with a dead service module, the LM would have to do all the work, including jettisoning itself. Nothing of the sort had ever been tried before. Deiterich had a couple of ideas, which he jotted down.

Many of the flight controllers on duty now would be on duty again three days later during reëntry. Behind Deiterich, at the CAPCOM's console, Joseph Kerwin, who had succeeded Lousma at seven-thirty that morning, was talking with the astronauts in the spacecraft. Kerwin, a trim, clean-cut man, was a commander in the Navy Medical Corps; born in Oak Park, Illinois, in 1932, he graduated from Northwestern University Medical School in 1957 and became an astronaut in 1965. Kerwin was having a hard time hearing the Apollo's crew, because the spacecraft's amplifier had been turned off to save power. He had the volume on his headset turned up so high that hours after he went off duty he was still deafened. In spite of the crackling in his headset, he managed to catch one unexpected statement. Loud and clear, and apropos of nothing in particular, Lovell said, "Joe, I'm afraid this is going to be the last moon mission for a long time." That was not the kind of talk that Lovell's superiors expected to hear from one of their astronauts under any circumstances. (This was the only indiscretion, if that is the word for an honest doubt, an astronaut committed during the whole flight.) Lovell's fears did not come true, though Apollo 13 led to important modifications of equipment used in the four remaining Apollo flights. Before the next mission, some design changes were to be made in the spacecraft to prevent another such accident from happening. All wires inside the cryogenic tanks were to be insulated with stainless steel; a third oxygen tank was to be added to the service module, at some remove from the other two tanks; and a battery capable of powering the command module home from

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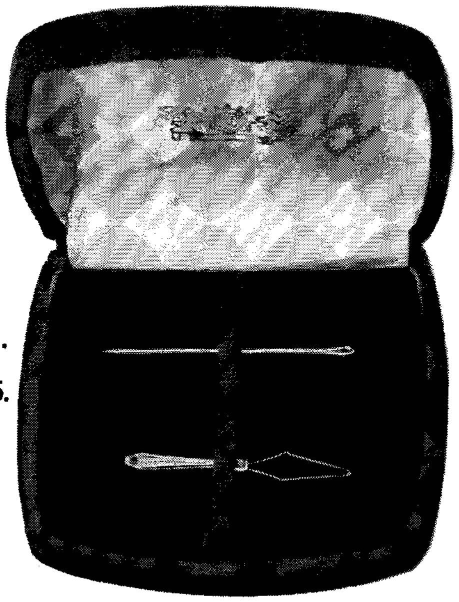

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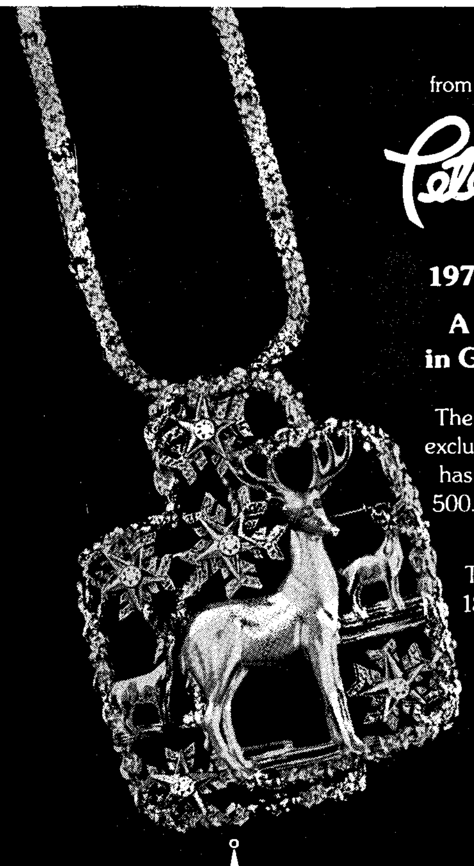

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any point in its orbit was to be added. Some alterations were also to be made in the Control Room: the EECOM's console would be provided with a better warning system, and the philosophy behind the training simulations would change so that, as Reed would say later, "They can throw anything at us they want, and we won't object."

When Lovell woke up Haise at about ten o'clock in the morning, he asked him how he had slept. Haise hadn't slept well at all. Shortly afterward, Lovell and Swigert disappeared upstairs into the command-module bedroom. They didn't sleep very well, either. The brilliant sun kept streaming in through the windows as the spacecraft rolled about, making disconcerting stabs of light. Lovell suggested pulling the shades on the windows. But without benefit of sunlight the cabin got very cold, and without electrical power it didn't warm up again. (Although the windows were large enough to admit the light, they didn't admit much heat.)

The main business Tuesday afternoon was preparing for the PC+2 burn, which was to take place at eight-thirty that evening. First, the astronauts would have to make sure that the alignment of the guidance platform was still accurate, for the gyroscopes that kept the small metal platform stationary could gradually drift out of line, imparting errors. Ordinarily, an astronaut seeking to check the alignment punched into his computer a request that it find a particular guide star. The computer, using the platform as its reference, swung the spacecraft to the right attitude to bring the star into view, and then the astronaut squinted through a telescope—the Alignment Optical Telescope, or A.O.T.—to see if the star was neatly centered in the telescope's field of vision. If the A.O.T.'s aim was off, he computed the angle of error, which was also the degree of error in the alignment, and punched the correction into the computer. Doing this now was out of the question, because clouds of debris particles from the exploded tank surrounding the spacecraft shone so brightly in the sunlight that they completely obscured the stars. That morning, the Lead GUIDO, Kenneth Russell—a tall, curly-haired man, who sat alongside Deiterich and Reed—had suggested that instead of using the guide stars the astronauts check the platform against the sun, which would be a good deal easier to see in the blizzard of particles. Deiterich had complained that a sun check would not be exact enough; whereas a star is a precise pinpoint of light, the sun's disc is so big that a check

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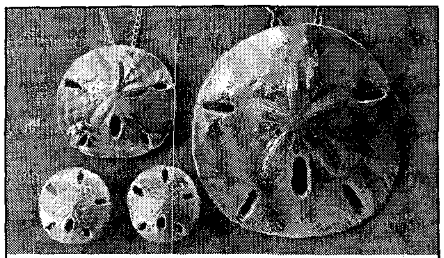

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based upon it would be accurate only to within two degrees. However, Russell had nothing better to offer, and Deiterich couldn't think of anything better himself, so he agreed to accept the two-degree error.

What had made him hesitate at the time was uncertainty whether the error could be corrected later, because the TELMUs had told him that the guidance platform would have to be turned off immediately after the PC+2 burn and kept off all the way back to earth, and Kranz had indicated that there would be no reprieve this time. However, Reed, the Lead FIDO, had found a way out: he had remembered from Apollo 8 a trick for tweaking up the trajectory on the way back to earth without the platform. An alignment involving the earth's terminator, it was almost as simple as a sailor's using the North Star to steer by, but without it Deiterich would never have been willing to accept the two-degree error now. So the sun check was duly performed, in the hope that a more accurate star check could be made later.

Though the astronauts had not had much time to think about the moon, they were so close to it now that it overflowed the spacecraft windows, filling the cockpit with cold white light. The light, however, lessened and lessened, for they were moving around to the moon's dark side, and at last the moon and the sun as well suddenly vanished. The spacecraft was going around the moon like a boat rounding a buoy. The nearer to the moon the spacecraft came, the faster it moved; it was travelling at six thousand miles an hour now—three times its speed at the time of the accident. The earth sank nearer and nearer the moon's horizon, and then it, too, disappeared. The astronauts would be out of touch with Houston for about twenty-five minutes—until they emerged on the other side. The orange light on the upper left of the FIDO's console stopped its constant flickering, and he knew that the telemetry from the spacecraft was no longer reaching the computers downstairs. The flight controllers stood up, stretched, and began talking to each other face to face, without benefit of the loop. Normally, the first passage of a spacecraft behind the moon was a suspenseful time for those waiting on earth, but the Apollo 13 mission had been so suspenseful already that most of the flight controllers regarded the period of radio silence as a breather.

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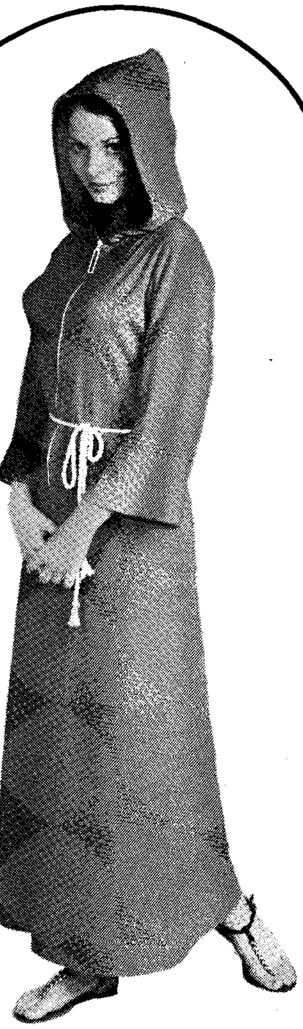

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they were only a hundred and thirty miles from its surface. Before that, the sun had popped up into the sky again, so that they could see the ground. In the early dawn, the mountains below cast shadows longer than their own height—the moon itself looked dappled and dark—but as the spacecraft hurtled on, coming ever closer, the shadows shortened and the ground became increasingly bright. The inside of the spacecraft became brighter, too, and the astronauts put away the flashlights they had been using. Lovell had circled the moon ten times on the Apollo 8 mission, but Swigert and Haise were seeing it for the first time. Coming so far to see what others had seen before, and better, was anticlimactic, but although they were not the first to see the moon so close, they had the disquieting feeling that they could well be the last, and this gave their observations a compensating urgency. The back of the moon was a jumble of whitish highlands, with here and there a small black *mare* nestled among the hills like an alpine lake. Haise clicked away with his camera at one of the black spots, the Crater Tsiolkovsky, until it was lost again in the folds of the mountains. The photographs proved to be the most detailed ever taken of the area, one of the most interesting on the moon's back side. At pericynthion, Lovell pulled the two other men away from the window, reminding them that they had a burn to do in two hours.

ON the ground, Kranz, too, was getting nervous about the PC+2 burn, in part because the FIDO had reported some unexplained changes in the spacecraft's velocity. The changes were all the more perplexing because the venting from the oxygen tanks had almost certainly stopped by now, and this was the only cause of such aberrations Kranz or the FIDO could think of. Of course, any unpredictable last-minute changes in the spacecraft's speed—and hence in its trajectory—would further complicate the planning for an accurate burn. Above all else, Kranz was anxious that nothing go wrong with the PC+2 burn and knock the spacecraft off the return trajectory that everybody had worked so hard the night before to achieve. On the radio, the CAPCOM reminded Lovell that he should cut short the burn at the first sign of trouble; the burn could be done again any time in the next several hours. There was a new CAPCOM now; Kerwin had passed on the crackling headset to Vance Brand, a thirty-eight-year-old graduate of the University of Colorado, who had been a test pilot with

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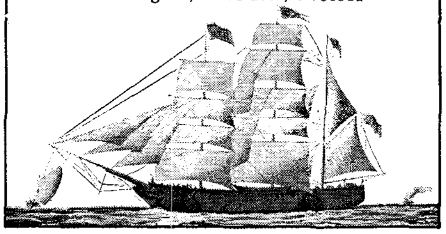

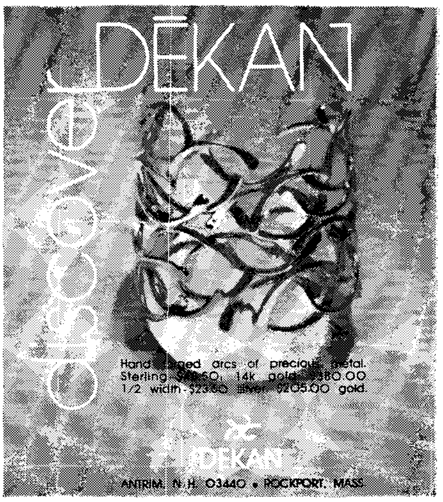

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the Lockheed Aircraft Corporation before becoming an astronaut, in 1966. Brand, a stocky man with light hair, helped out in the command-module simulator between shifts as CAPCOM. The idea now was to speed up the spacecraft so that it would arrive at its perigee about nine hours sooner; not only would this bring the astronauts back earlier but it would move the landing site from the Indian Ocean to the southwest Pacific, a distance of some ten thousand miles. If the burn had to be cut short, the astronauts could come down anywhere between the two points, and, accordingly, the RETRO on duty, Bobby Spencer, drew a line between them on a map and passed the map on to the Recovery Officers, who would have to be prepared to rescue the astronauts anywhere along that line.

The Recovery Officers, who now had to compile a list of all shipping within striking distance of the line, were already nervous, because their meteorologists had announced that a hurricane—Tropical Storm Helen—was heading for approximately the same spot in the Pacific as the astronauts. The Recovery Officers suggested that the astronauts land somewhere else on that longitude—a little east or west. Deiterich, who had been up now for almost twenty-four hours, and who had the plans for the burn all set, strode into the Recovery Room and, as he put it later, "really hounded those guys until I got them to admit that they didn't have enough of a handle on the weather to say *what* would happen in two days' time." RETROs sometimes were as short with Recovery Officers as they were with mechanics and electricians.

The spacecraft had rounded the moon and was heading back toward the earth. It was still travelling at over five thousand miles an hour, but the higher it rose from the moon the slower it would go, until the next morning, at the crossover point into the earth's gravity, it would be travelling at less than three thousand miles an hour. At the moment, it was moving so quickly that Haise felt as if he were in a jet plane taking off from a short runway; when he stole a glance out the window, the spacecraft seemed to be rising straight up from the moon. Immediately below, he could see Censorinus, a crater so sharp that it seemed the spacecraft might have just been ejected from it. To the west of Censorinus he could make out Tranquillity Base, where the Apollo 11 astronauts had landed nine months before. He couldn't see the Fra Mauro

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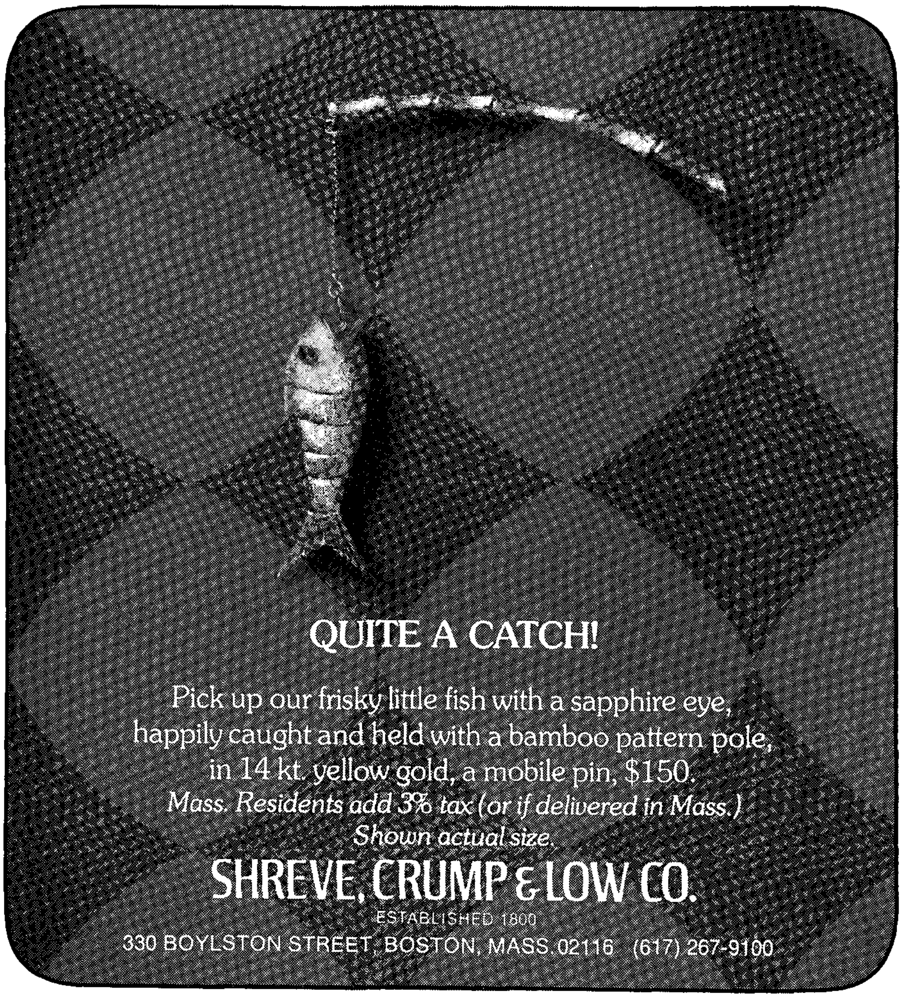

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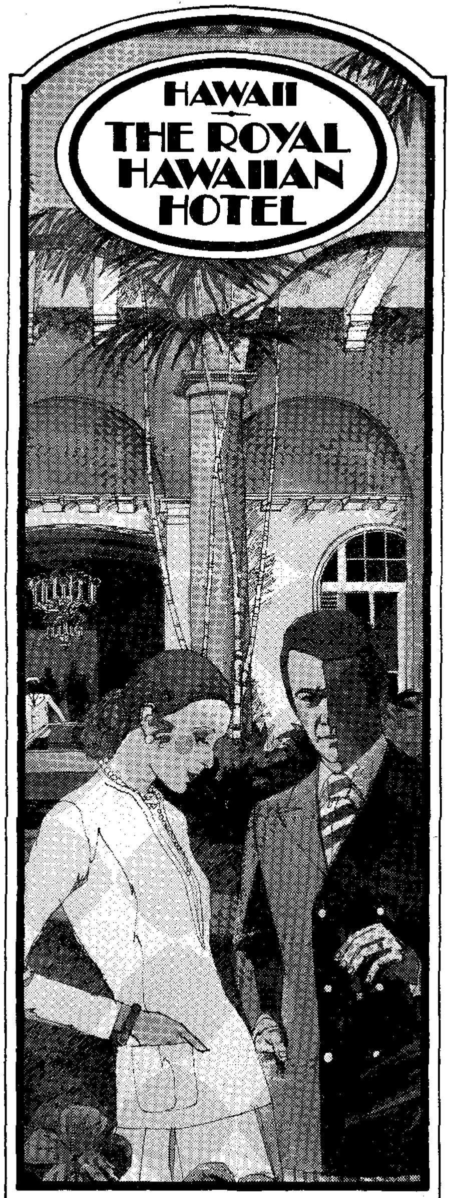
hills, where he and Lovell had been supposed to land the next day, nor was he ever able to see the crater that Lovell and the other Apollo 8 astronauts had named for him. Brand's voice came in over the crackling radio to report that the booster had hit the moon and made a crater that (on the basis of seismic data) was probably a hundred and twenty feet in diameter, but Haise couldn't see that, either. However, he told Brand he was glad to hear that *something* had worked right on this flight.

Brand was talking to the astronauts less now, for he knew that they were busy. Ten minutes before the burn, Kranz checked with each flight controller in turn to make sure each was ready. At the back of the Control Room, the visitors' gallery was filling with people who wanted to be present; there was even more NASA brass than there had been that morning, for Dr. Thomas O. Paine, who was then the NASA Administrator, and Dr. George M. Low, the Associate Administrator, had flown down from Washington. There was a spectator up in the spacecraft as well, for Swigert was in the LM, looking over Haise's and Lovell's shoulders. Ordinarily, command-module pilots were not present for lunar-module rocket burns. Swigert, who had nothing to do himself, was feeling like a third wheel. Everyone was tense. Brand, who was supposed to say "Mark!" to inform the astronauts when there were exactly forty seconds to go, said "Mark!" by mistake three minutes ahead of time—an understandable mistake, because there were several electronic clocks at the front of the Control Room counting down the time to different events, and it was easy to look at the wrong one. Fortunately, one of the astronauts caught the error.

At the right moment, Brand called out "Mark!" again, and just forty seconds later Lovell, his hand on the throttle, turned on the LM's main rocket. Because—like the free-return maneuver—this was a docked burn, Lovell had to do the throttling manually; even though the craft's computer was what flight controllers called "up and running," it was not programmed for throttling a docked-DPS burn. It would, however, control the guidance and turn the rocket off when the spacecraft had reached the proper acceleration; one of the guidance instruments could measure increases or decreases in speed. Lovell made the burn in three separate stages, so that it could be stopped more easily in case of trouble. First, he throttled the rocket up to ten



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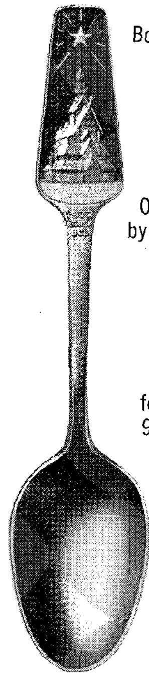

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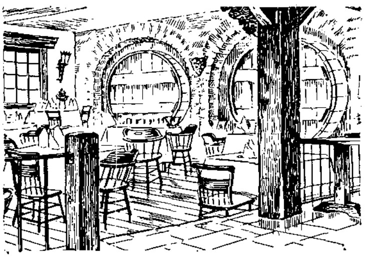

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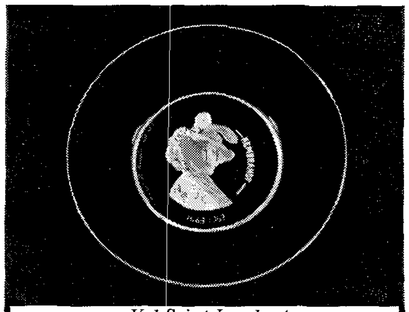

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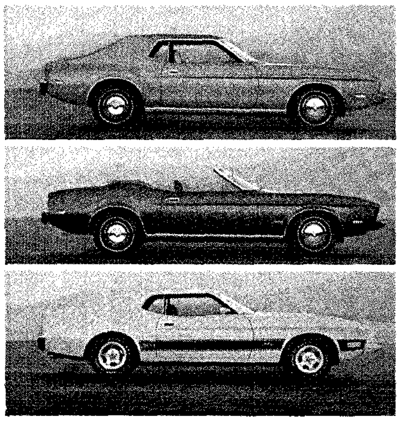
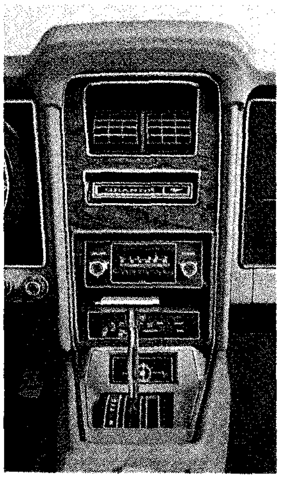
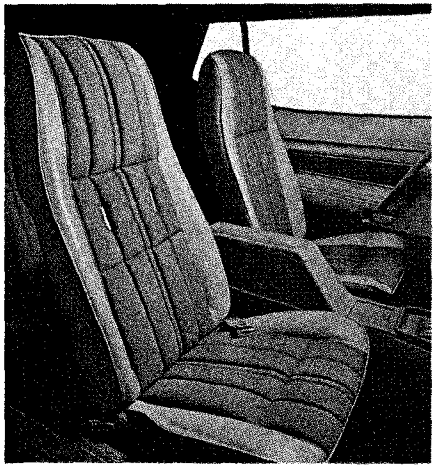


Body styles from top: Hardtop, Convertible, SportsRoof.





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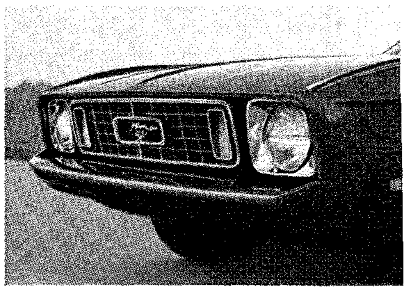

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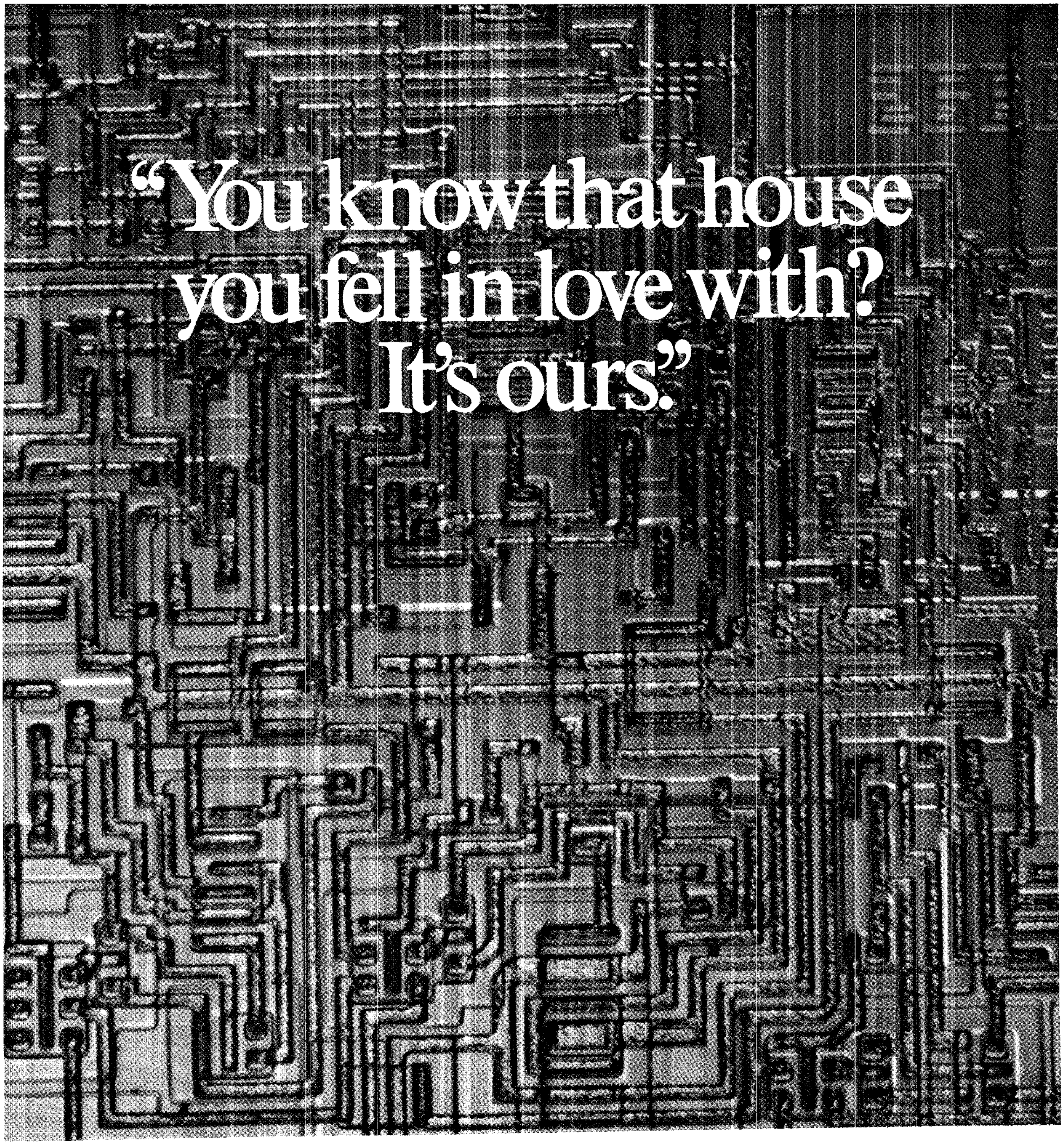

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per cent of its thrust for five seconds, to warm it up. Then he brought it up to forty per cent of its thrust for twenty-one seconds to trim the gimbals. Any problems with the rocket's firing would show up now. In Houston, the Control Officer, Richard Thorson, studied his telemetry. When the CONTROL was sure the burn was going smoothly, Lovell brought the rocket up to full thrust for almost four minutes. The computer turned off the rocket only thirteen-hundredths of a second after the time predicted to reach the right speed, which Deiterich and Spencer thought was surprisingly accurate for a manual docked firing. Now that the astronauts would not be landing in the Indian Ocean, the Bordelon was called off, and the special crane was taken off "alert" at Norfolk.

As soon as the PC+2 burn was over, Brand expected Kranz to give him the go-ahead to read off the procedures for powering down the spacecraft for the long coast back to earth. Looseleaf notebooks giving the procedures were spread out on Brand's console, and he was anxious to get on with them, because he realized how tired the astronauts were, and wanted to get them to bed. CAPCOMs sometimes have to represent the crew's interests on the ground. The go-ahead for the power-down never came, and when Brand turned around to find out why, he saw a number of men standing around Kranz's console. Kranz was in the middle of what he later called "a long and loud debate" between the TELMUs, on one hand, who were anxious to proceed with the power-down immediately, and a group of design engineers, on the other, who were insisting that a good thermal roll be set up right away; the spacecraft's attitude in relation to the sun had been so erratic for about a day, they argued, that some part of the craft was likely to overheat and break down. Having the astronauts roll the spacecraft manually every hour had *not* proved effective, and the design engineers were hoping to set up an automatic roll, monitored by computer. The TELMUs had powerful allies in members of the astronaut corps, for, like Brand, they all wanted to get the spacecraft powered down as soon as possible, to let the crew have some rest. Donald K. Slayton, who, as Director of Flight Crew Operations, was the unofficial chief astronaut, was telling Kranz that it would take a good two hours to set up a roll, and the astronauts in the spacecraft had had almost no sleep for the better part of two days. The TELMUs were saying that keeping the LM powered up for an-

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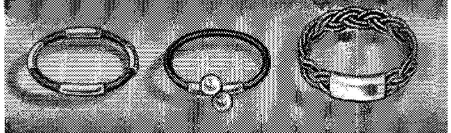

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other two hours would knock their power profile out the window, and that that was nothing compared to what would happen to it if they had to keep the guidance system powered up to monitor the roll. Kranz listened, and then, in the NASA tradition of the top man's making the decision, announced that they would set up the roll anyway—the astronauts, he reasoned, would be better off losing a little more sleep than risking any more breakdowns. They would not, however, keep the guidance equipment powered up all the way back to earth.

Brand put aside the power-down checklist and began reading up the procedures for the roll instead. The LM's guidance system had never been designed to maintain a roll, and doing so was particularly difficult with the two other modules attached. Each time the astronauts got the spacecraft rolling, it developed a wobble, and the wobble worsened until there was no roll left—the spacecraft was like a top at the end of its spin. While the astronauts continued to wrestle with the roll, the FIDO was plotting vectors to get some idea of how accurately the spacecraft had been placed on its new trajectory. David Reed, the Lead FIDO, was worried because there appeared to be an unexplained error in the trajectory. The spacecraft was about one degree from where it ought to be. *Something* in the spacecraft had to be venting, but Reed couldn't think what.

The astronauts were not told that night about the increasing error in their trajectory. While Lovell kept trying to work the wobble out, Haise began powering down parts of the lunar module. What the TELMUs couldn't win directly, they won by persistence and stealth: they were continually getting Brand to read up small lists of items to turn off. For the two-and-a-half-day coast back to earth, the LM would be almost as inert as the command module. About the only things to be left running would be the radio transmitters and the life-support system.

After an hour and a half, Lovell felt he had set up as good a roll as he could get. Accordingly, when Brand was transmitting some more suggestions from Duke, in the simulator, one of the astronauts in the spacecraft interrupted, "Hey, we've gone a hell of a long time without any sleep," and another voice put in, "I didn't get hardly any sleep last night at all." At about ten-thirty—some twenty-four hours after the accident—Brand told the astronauts that they could begin to power themselves down. This was easier said than done, for the astronauts had built

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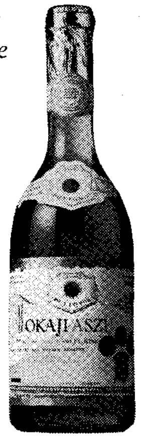

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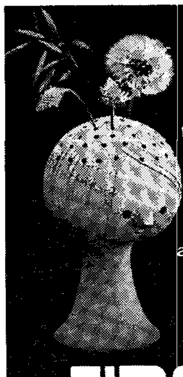

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up a good deal of nervous energy. They still hadn't gone to sleep an hour later, and Brand then radioed up instructions from Slayton that they stop fiddling around and get to bed. Swigert, however, who was particularly keyed up, ran through a recapitulation of his impressions of the accident for Brand.

Rounding the moon had given the astronauts' spirits something of a lift, but now that they were on the quarter-million-mile straightaway back to earth, Swigert was growing increasingly apprehensive. As command-module pilot, reëntry would be up to him. He told Brand he was worried about the command module's fitness; in particular, he was concerned about Main Bus B, where the failure in the electrical system had first become apparent. During reëntry, along with Main Bus A, it would be providing power drawn from the three reëntry batteries—assuming the bus itself hadn't been damaged by the accident. "You think Main Bus B is good, don't you?" Swigert asked anxiously.

Brand answered, "That's affirm. We think it is, but we want to check it out anyway. We think you guys are in great shape all the way around. Why don't you quit worrying and go to sleep?"

"Well, I think we just might do that. Or part of us will," a voice said from the spacecraft.

—Henry S. F. Cooper, Jr.

(This is the first part of a two-part article.)

•

A Cincinnati doctor recently received $75 for three empty bottles. They were shaped in the designs of a fish, duck and a New York World's Fair bottle. Filled with liquor, he originally paid $25.
—*Cincinnati Enquirer.*

Pays to unwind once in a while, eh, Doc?

•

"Barkus" the canine star of the Gainesville Little Theater's current production . . . of "A Thurber Carnival" has made his final appearance on the stage. The wire haired dachshund was devoured Thursday by an alligator.
—*Gainesville (Fla.) Sun.*

That's show biz.

•

MOST FASCINATING NEWS STORY OF THE WEEK

[*The following item, reprinted in its entirety, is from the Hartford Courant*]

Of the nearly 1,000 varieties of corn, every one was grown by some Italian tribe somewhere in North or South America long before Columbus was even born.

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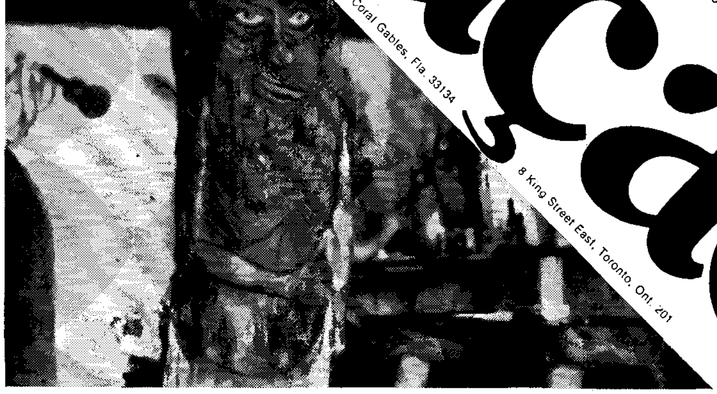
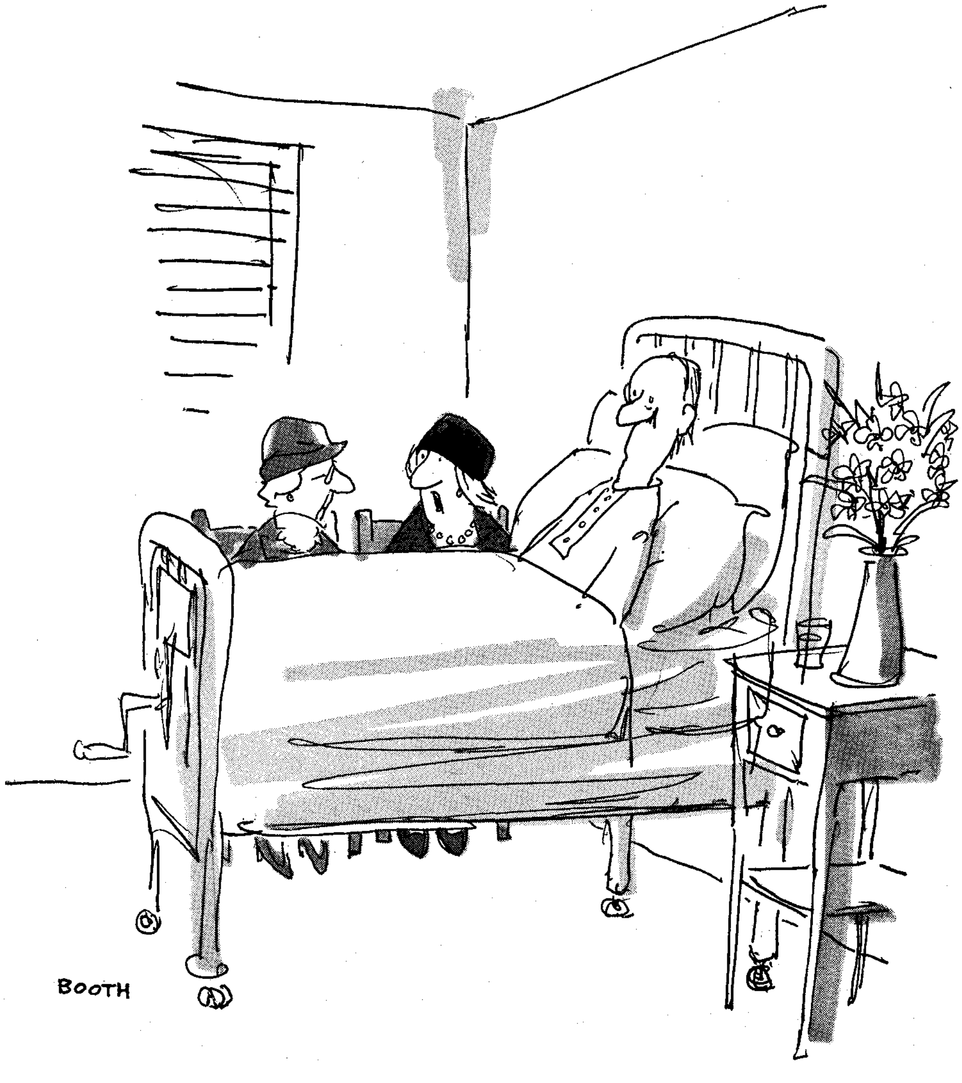


THE THEATRE

SELF-WOUNDING, SELF-DELIGHTING

I HAVE scarcely a word to say about "Butley" that is not in its praise. This clever comedy, at the Morosco, is the handiwork of Simon Gray, a young professor of English at one of the colleges of the University of London, and by what is unlikely to be a coincidence the hero of his play is a young professor of English at one of the colleges of the University of London. A welcome note of authenticity is struck at every twist of the little plot, but we are spared the temptation of speculating on the degree to which the play is autobiographical, for nobody as sorely beset as poor Butley could ever have sat down at a desk and turned the graceless, hung-over anguish that threatens to consume him into lines so charged with energy and so continuously hilarious. "Butley" is a shapely study of unshapely disintegration, and it is a proof of Mr. Gray's talent and craftsmanship that he can induce us to laugh all evening long at what is in fact an exceptionally sad case. Butley is in a mess that is entirely of his own devising; if things are falling apart all around him, it is because he has chosen to have them do so and is not above giving them, from time to time, an extra shove. We see him as a brilliant man who has perversely lured himself into the dry, stony center of an intolerable maze, where he stands crippled and enraged, striking out at anyone who dares approach him. His weapon is a venomous, witty tongue, which he uses to do the gravest possible injury not only to others but also, and especially, to himself. His wife has left him, his male lover is leaving him, his professional colleagues are alienated, and his students perceive that he despises them. And because he is both self-wounding and self-delighting he is past cure—a character whom we would dread being obliged to encounter in real life but for whom we could not fail to feel sympathy, if not kinship.



"De Witt and the refrigerator blew out about the same time."

Butley is a superb role, and Alan Bates enacts it superbly. Rumpled, sour-faced, his voice by turns sharp with contempt and squeaky with despair, he shuffles back and forth in his squalid basement office like a soiled jackal in a cage. The pleasure that Mr. Bates takes in manifesting every nuance of Butley's murderous loathing of his job, of his uncertain sexual nature, of life itself becomes, of course, part of our pleasure as well: in the presence of an artist at the top of his bent, we pass from an admiration of particulars into something like joy. As Butley's lover, Hayward Morse conveys with a delicate half smile the strength of a naturally weak man who knows that, for a while at least, he holds all the high cards. Holland Taylor is excellent as Butley's not-to-be-trod-upon wife, and so is Roger Newman as the decent and candid homosexual who is taking Butley's lover away from him. The admirable direction is by James Hammerstein, and the calculatedly grubby setting is by Eileen Diss.

IT is a measure of the almost total lack of talent and intelligence which distinguished "The Lincoln Mask" that its author, V. J. Longhi, put a couple of lines of Browning into Mary Todd's mouth at a time when Browning was still some ten or fifteen years short of having composed them. Eva Marie Saint, who is more beautiful than ever, made a valiant attempt to invent a plausible Mary Lincoln, but there was no getting past the weight of Mr. Longhi's sandbag prose. Fred Gwynne, who played Lincoln, was obliged to say to Mary, as the Presidential party set out for Ford's Theatre, "I've always loved to go to the theatre with you." Gene Frankel, who directed the play very badly, kept everyone shouting and hallooing from start to finish, and forced Mr. Gwynne to rush through his lines at a speed that bore no relation to the speaking style of the historical Lincoln. "The Lincoln Mask" gave a total of eight performances at the Plymouth. Let its ghost not hover there for long.

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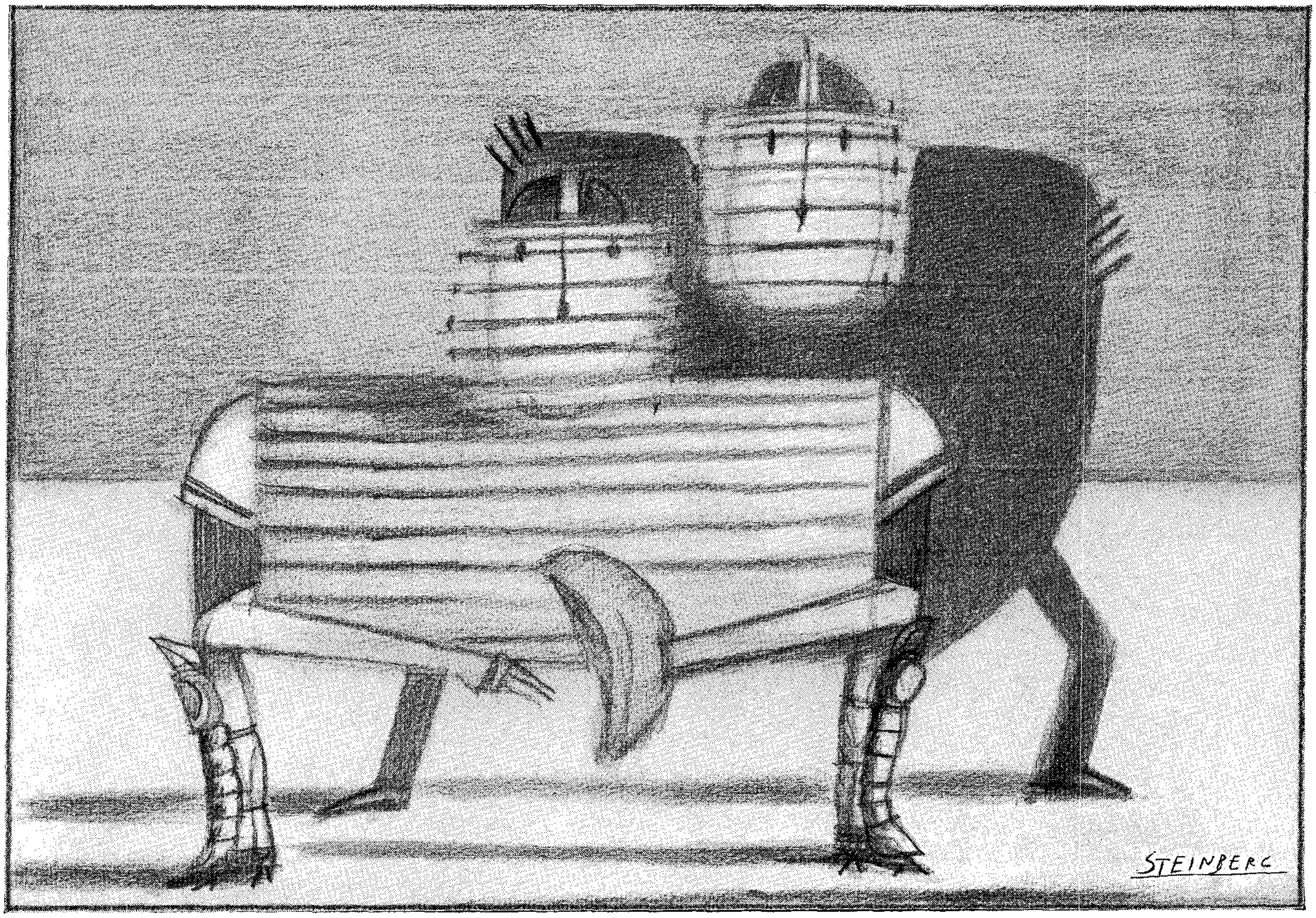

IN baseball, it was a splendid year for losers. The Oakland A's, the first (and probably the last) big-league team to wear green-and-gold uniforms and white shoes, and also (if one thinks of them by their old and infinitely better sobriquet and thus considers them a continuance of the erstwhile Kansas City, and previously erstwhile Philadelphia, Athletics) a team unrewarded by a pennant over the past forty-one consecutive summers, and also (if one has watched them play important but truly lonely games at home at all times of the season) a team almost entirely without a following, and also (if one has been there even briefly) a team spiritually representing the losers' capital of the West *and* the East—the A's stand undisputed as Champions of the World. Elsewhere, Steve Carlton, a pitcher with the last-place (in the National League East) Phillies, won twenty-seven games while losing ten, thereby accounting for nearly half of his team's total victories for the year (fifty-nine), and also led his league in complete games (thirty), innings pitched (three hundred and forty-six), strikeouts (three hundred and ten), and earned-run average (1.98). The White Sox' Dick (the erstwhile Richie) Allen, a slugger hastily traded away by three different teams in the last three years, led *his* league in home runs (thirty-seven) and runs batted in (a hundred and thirteen), and will presumably be permitted to wear the same uniform again next year. Among the top pitchers in the American League was Luis Tiant, of the Red Sox, who last year was dropped by the Minnesota Twins, toiled for two minor-league clubs, and finally ran up a 1–7 record with Boston; this year he won fifteen games (including six shutouts) while losing six, and led all the pitchers in the majors with an earned-run average of 1.91. Then, too, there was the totally mysterious season-long batting slump that afflicted the Baltimore Orioles, heretofore considered the best team in baseball, whose falling-off in all offensive categories not only unseated them as the perpetual American League Series defenders but also permitted an unexpected and wonderfully welcome down-to-the-wire pennant race in their division. Finally, and most splendidly of all, this baseball year concluded in two violently contested five-game playoffs and then in the closest seven-game World Series ever, producing baseball of such prolonged and grating intensity that, perhaps for the first time, the pain of losing became as vivid and memorable to us, the fans, as the more familiar, leaping joys of victory in October.

The Yankees, surely the most conspicuous losers of the past half-decade, lost again, but this time with distinction, remaining in real contention in that A.L. East scramble until the last few days, and finishing a bare six and a half games behind the Tigers. Their true defeat, to be sure, was at the hands of the Mets, in the box-office standings; the Mets, although a far less stimulating team than the Yanks in the second half of the year, outdrew them again, this time by the shocking margin of 2,134,185 to 967,715. The hardy little band of Yankee fans enjoyed a summer of rich entertainments. There was the customary crashing of long hits by the illustrious Bobby Murcer, who wound up with thirty-three homers. There was a startling doubleheader against Kansas City late in August in which the usually docile Bronxites rapped out forty hits; two days later, in a twi-nighter against Texas, they recorded twenty-six more, for a four-game total possibly unmatched even by the old Yankee Murderers' Row. More often, the script would call for a couple of scratchy runs fashioned by such mini-heroes as Ron Blomberg or Roy White or young Charlie Spikes (a rare new issue for the album of felicitous baseball names) and then defended earnestly by infield terriers like Horace Clarke and Celerino Sanchez—all building to the obligatory scene in the eighth or ninth when the dangerous visiting team would put the tying or winning runs aboard, and Manager Houk, out on the mound, would gesture with his left arm to the bullpen, summoning forth, to a crescendo of happy screaming, the pin-striped white Datsun and its celebrated cargo. As the organ struck up "Pomp and Circumstance," Sparky Lyle—the godling, the lefty reliever *sans peur et sans reproche*—would emerge from his cloud-car, hand his jacket to the ball boy, stalk to the mound, and (clamping down on his tobacco wad) fling a few warmup pitches as the cries of "Dee-fense! Dee-fense!" rose from the bleachers, and then in no time (most of the time) the game would be over and (almost always) won.

Up in Boston, the Red Sox fans seemed to resist such pleasures, even after their team took over first place from the Tigers on September 7th. Made wary by the Sox' miserable early showing, and perhaps disaffected by a petty and senseless campaign of vilification mounted against the Boston manager, Eddie Kasko, by some of the local sportswriters and radio broadcasters, they kept a certain distance until the evening of September 20th. On that night, playing at home, the Beantowners swept a doubleheader from Baltimore, defeating Oriole aces Jim Palmer and Mike Cuellar in succession and, in effect, killing off the old champions for the season. Luis Tiant, walking in from the bullpen to start the nightcap (he threw another shutout), was greeted with a rolling, continuous wave of applause, and after the game was over the writers and venders in Fenway Park could hear the sounds of homeward celebration rising up from the railway bridge and from Kenmore Square exactly as they did in the great summer of 1967. The triumph was short, for the pursuing Tigers came in the next night and humiliated the Red Sox, scoring four runs in the first inning of a 10-3 game that reduced the Boston lead to .0006 in the standings. Watching these two celebrated powers (both old favorites of mine) that evening, I could detect subtle and contrasting styles and motives of play. Almost surely, the Tigers were driven by a sense of the years descending. With the exception of the left side of their in-

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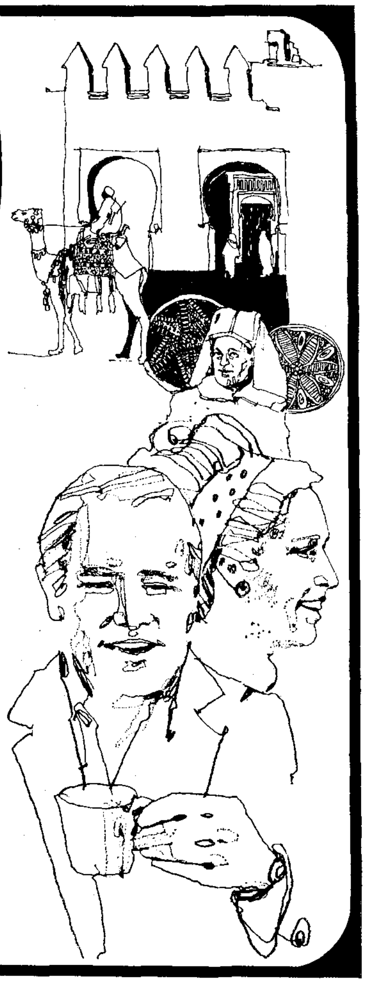

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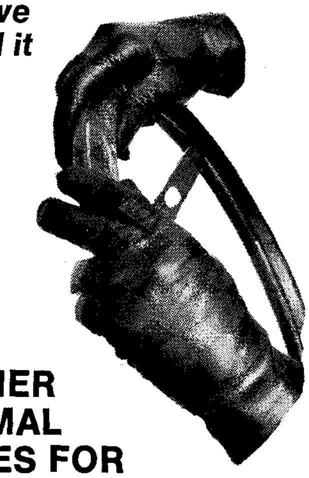

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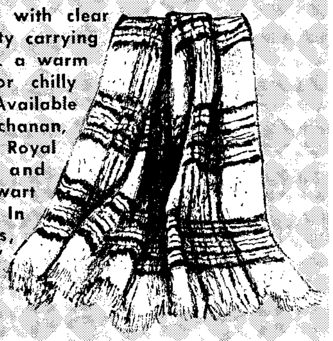

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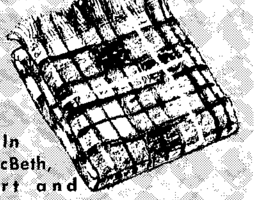

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field—the estimable Brinkman and Rodriguez—this was the same lineup of dangerous veterans that had upset the Cardinals and won a memorable World Series in 1968; their line soldiers—Kaline, Cash, McAuliffe, Gates Brown, Freehan, Stanley, and Northrup—were all in their thirties now, and they knew that this was a late-season campaign to win, because it was most unlikely that they would ever find themselves in another. The Red Sox offered some old reliables, too—Smith, Petrocelli, and Yastrzemski—but there were a lot of new faces and new hopes on this squad. The following night, the Boston pitcher was a youngster named Lynn McGlothen, who works in a fever of optimistic energy on the mound—all twitches, glances, shrugs, and impatience—and one of the Sox' early runs was initiated by a hit by Carlton Fisk, their admirable rookie catcher. The third and last Sox run came on a rare homer by Yastrzemski—rare because Yaz (who plays first base now) has consciously altered his stroke, after years of diminishing effectiveness, and become a singles hitter. The three runs barely held up in a game that came down to two marvellous moments. In the sixth, with the bases loaded after one out and the Sox leading by 3–2, Tiger manager Billy Martin sent Frank Howard, a late-season purchase and, at six feet seven inches and two hundred and eighty-five pounds, the largest slugger in the majors, up to pinch-hit. Eddie Kasko responded with reliever Bob Veale, also a late reinforcement, who, at six feet six inches and two hundred and forty pounds, is the largest *pitcher* anywhere. Gargantua fanned Godzilla, swinging. In the eighth, the Tigers loaded the bases with none out, and the next batter, Eddie Brinkman, rifled a hard bouncer just over third base, where Rico Petrocelli barely gloved the ball, stepped on third, and threw home in time to complete a double play of Smithsonian rarity. Jim Northrup then hit a fly to short right, which Rick Miller caught in his webbing after a frantic sprint and a slide on his knees, and the Tiger dugout erupted helmets, towels, gloves, and disgust. In the next two days, the teams split the last two games of the set, and broke off the engagement exactly where they had started.

Eight days later, the Red Sox held a half-game lead as the two teams, now in Detroit, began the final series of the regular season. This time, it turned out, the old men mattered most. The Tigers won the crucial first game, 4–1, on the pitching of Mickey Lolich and three hits by Al

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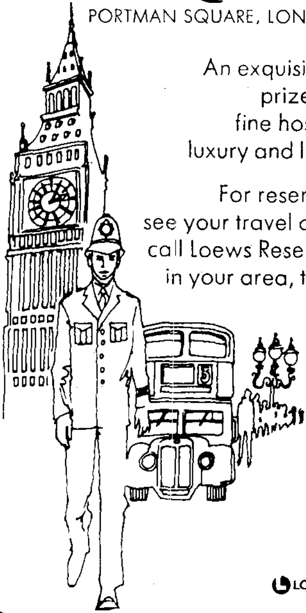

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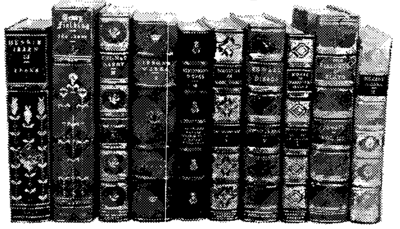

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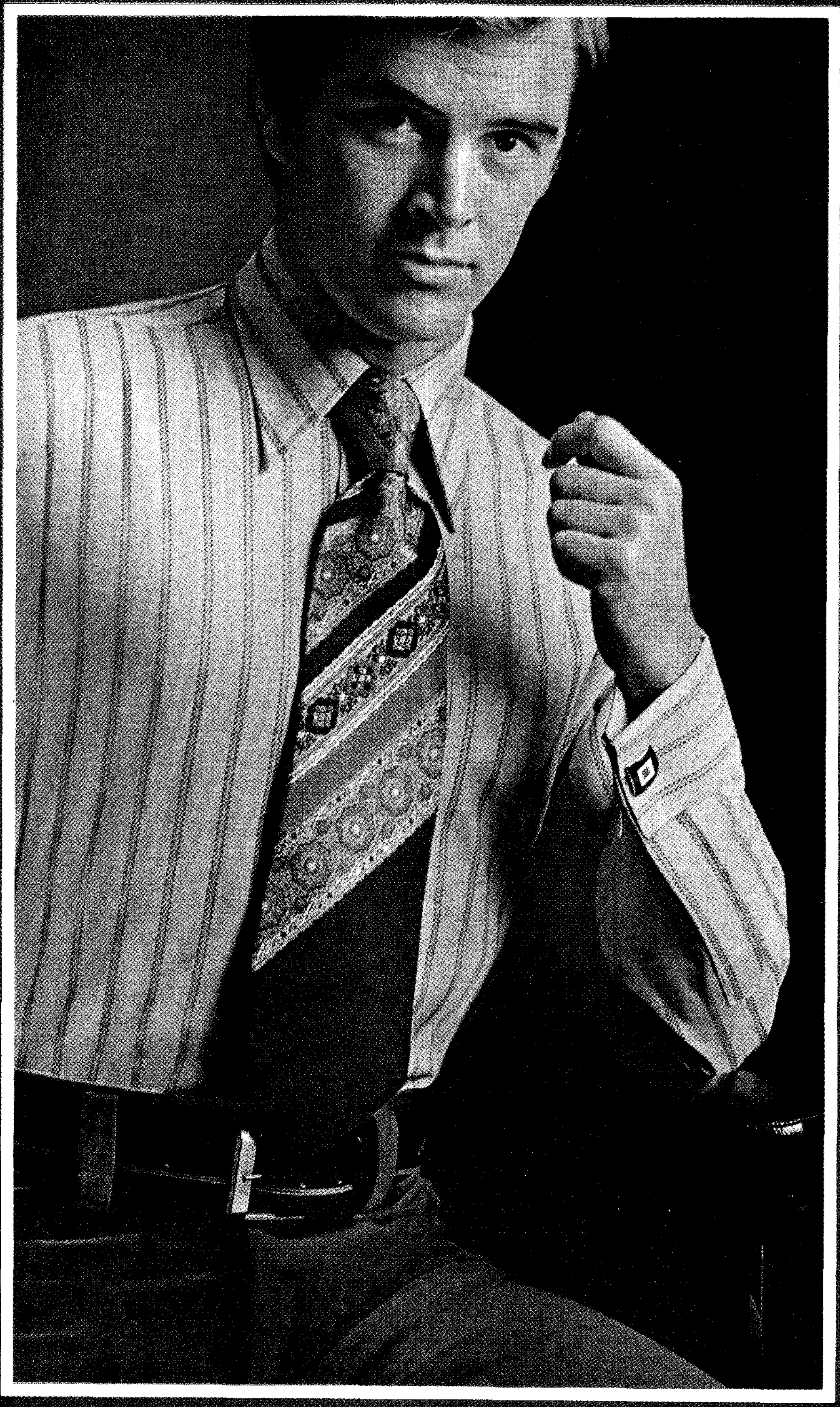

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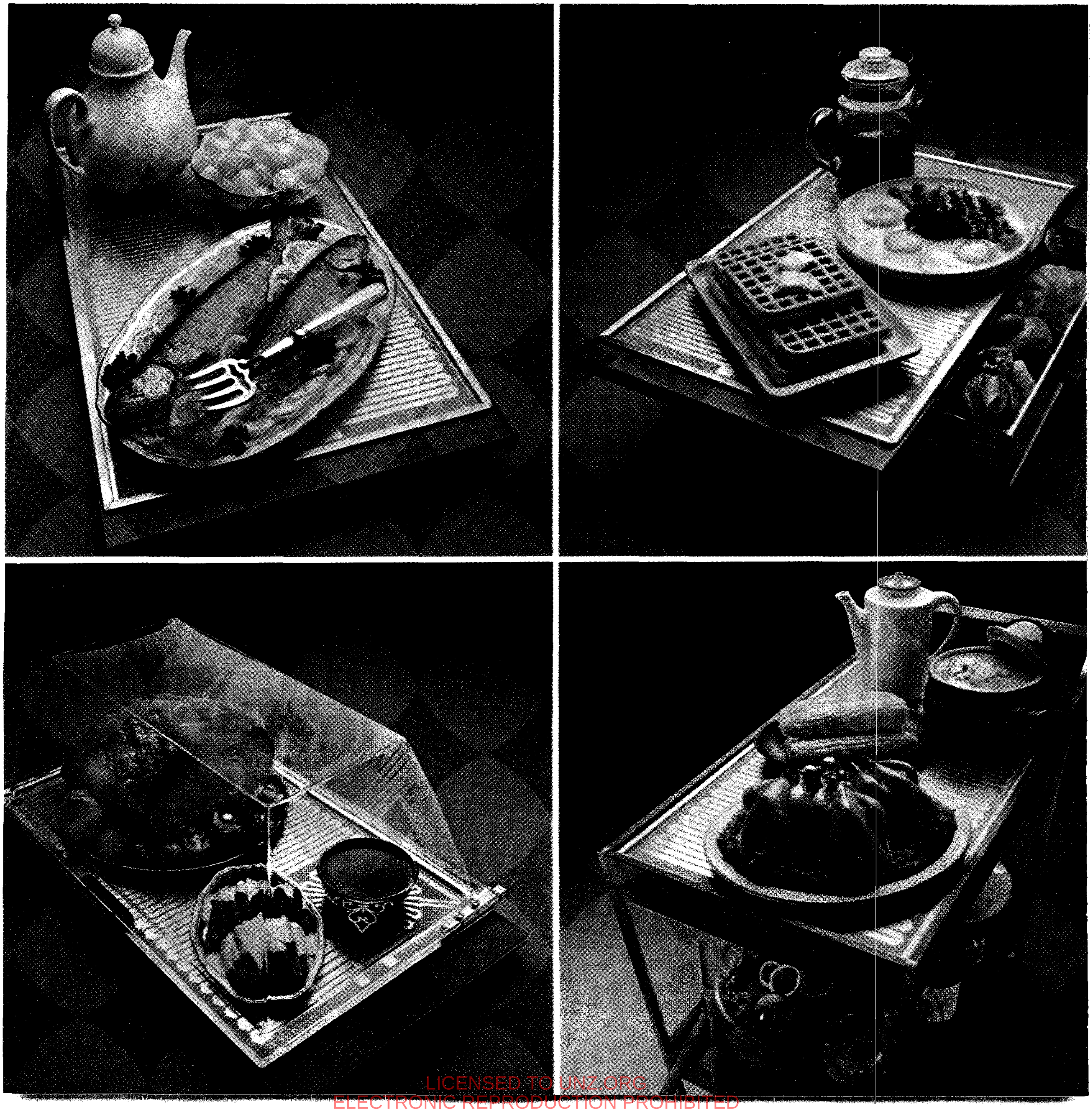

Kaline, and took over first place. There had been a strange moment in the third inning when the Red Sox' Luis Aparicio stumbled on the way home and then retreated, winding up on third base with another base runner, Carl Yastrzemski, and thus killing a promising inning. The next evening, before a game that the Sox now had to win if they were to avoid extinction, a writer reminded Eddie Kasko that, by astonishing coincidence, the same accident, involving the same two players, had also happened in Detroit on the very first day of the season, in a game also won by Lolich. Kasko, a quiet and gentle man with a perpetually mournful visage, nodded forlornly and sought comfort in the classics. "I know," he said. "How does that thing go? Oh, yes—'If "if"s and "but"s were candied nuts, we'd all have a hell of a Christmas.' "

Tiant pitched for Boston, and his opposite was Woodie Fryman, another wonderfully revived elder, who had won nine games for the Tigers after coming over from the Phillies early in August. They had at each other in characteristic style—Tiant wheeling with each pitch almost toward center field and bobbing his head, changing speeds and nicking the corners; Fryman firing quickly, throwing sliders and inside fastballs—and for half the game the only rift in the fabric was a little error that allowed a Boston run in the first inning. The Tigers tied it in the sixth, on a walk, a sacrifice, and a single by Northrup, who waved his cap gaily amid a flurry of confetti when he resumed his place in center field. In the seventh, McAuliffe doubled and then scored on a single by Al Kaline—to an enormous noise, a deluge of noise—and the third and last run came in when Yastrzemski failed to hold on to a little infield chopper off Cash's bat, on which he had a play at the plate. The ball popped loose just in front of the mound, and Yaz, distraught, flung back his head in agony. Another handful of outs, and Detroit had its half-pennant. Yastrzemski wept in the clubhouse, his head hidden in his locker. The loss did seem almost insupportable, for Boston, after this long and exhausting campaign, had achieved very close to nothing—second place in a six-team league. Al Kaline would have wept, too, I believe, if the result had been reversed. He had, in fact, absolutely distinguished himself; the winning blow had been his twenty-second hit in his last forty-four at-bats. During the celebrations in the Detroit clubhouse, somebody mentioned Kaline's extraordinary eyes, which are protuberant and pale and somehow lynxlike. Billy Mar-

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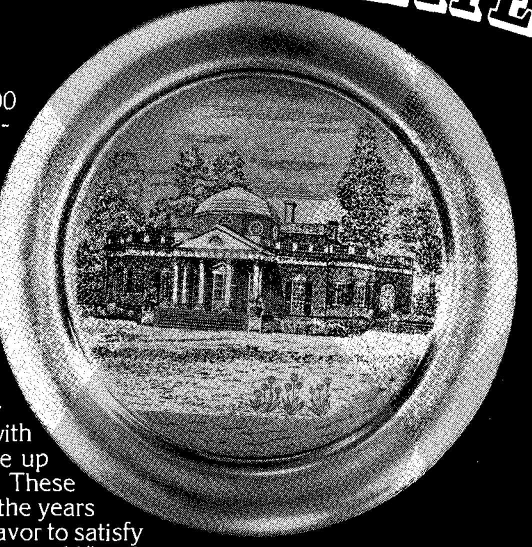

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tin nodded. "He's got sniper's eyes," he said. "He's out to *kill* you."

TO a fan who had given most of his recent attention to the American League, the first two games of the National League playoffs suggested that the principals were engaged in a different and rather more dangerous sport. Each of the teams—the Cincinnati Reds and the World Champion Pittsburgh Pirates—had entirely flattened the opposition in its half-league by the end of August, and their similar credentials (power, speed, experience, depth, adequate pitching, and enormous competitive pride) had given birth to a smug cliché that one heard in both dugouts: This, in fact if not in name, was the true World Series, between the two best teams in baseball; the subsequent encounter, involving the American League winner, would be an anticlimactic formality. One was tempted to agree. In the opener, at Pittsburgh's Three Rivers Stadium, the Reds' Joe Morgan hit the first pitch to him over the right-field wall. In the bottom of the first, the Pirates banged two singles, a double, and a triple off Red starter Don Gullett, good for three runs. They added two more in the fifth, on a homer by Al Oliver. This was scary baseball. Oliver was one of *nine* Pirate players to register more than a hundred hits during the regular season; the Mets, by instructive contrast, had had none. The Pirates won the game, 5–1 (a *close* 5–1 game, if that is possible), and the Reds lost their manager, Sparky Anderson, after a fourth-inning line drive by Cincinnati's Cesar Geronimo caromed off the rump of umpire Ken Burkhart, behind first base. Burkhart, even while grovelling on the Tartan Turf, called the ball foul, and then quickly added a codicil, expunging Anderson for the energy of his dissent. This drama was positively Sophoclean in its overtones, for Burkhart and Anderson had been among the principals in another autumn catastrophe, during the 1970 World Series, in which Burkhart and a Cincinnati base runner and a Baltimore catcher and a high-chopped ground ball had all mingled in an untidy purée in front of home plate; Anderson lost that appeal, too. After this game, Burkhart, meeting the press in the umpires' dressing room, delicately lowered his towel and revealed a pink contusion about the size of a tea rose on his left haunch. "This was in fair territory," he said, pointing, "but my *hip* was in foul territory, so under the rules the ball was foul."

The following afternoon, the Reds got off the mark even more briskly, as

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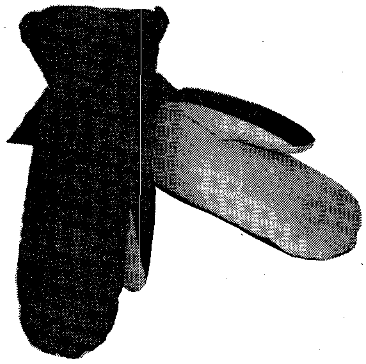

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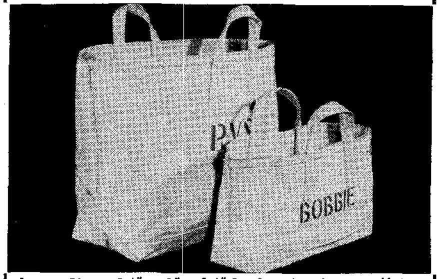

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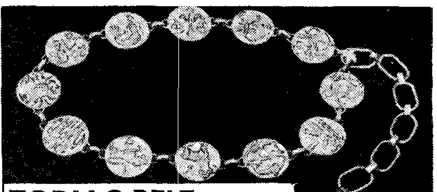

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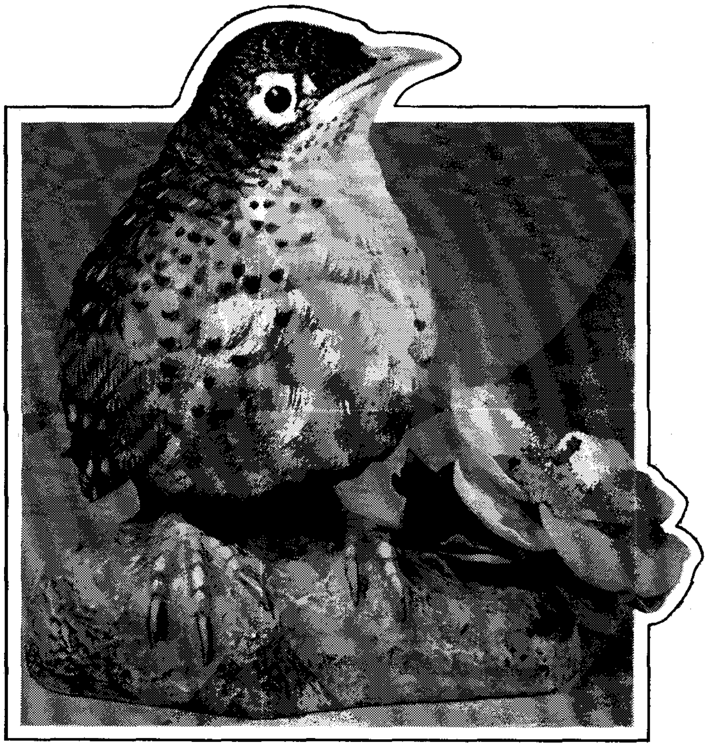
the first five batters smashed out base hits—two singles, three doubles—scoring four runs and eliminating the Pittsburgh starter, Bob Moose, before he could register an out. This not only settled the ballgame but offered a useful lesson in the Cincinnati style of winning. It is a system of marvellous simplicity, merely requiring the top three batters to get on base and the next two to drive them home, but rarely has any ball club managed it so effectively over an entire season. The Reds' top three—Pete Rose, Joe Morgan, and Bobby Tolan—got on base seven hundred and eighty-two times during the year (not including force plays) on five hundred and thirty hits, and scored three hundred and seventeen runs, thanks in considerable part to the No. 4 hitter, Johnny Bench (forty homers, a hundred and twenty-five runs batted in), and the No. 5 man, Tony Perez (twenty-one homers, ninety r.b.i.). The key part in this assembly was probably Joe Morgan, a swift and assertive and powerful little second baseman, who had arrived from Houston during the winter in a major trade that revivified the Big Red Machine. Here, in the eighth inning, Morgan bashed his second homer in two days; the Reds won, 5–3, and the teams moved along to Cincinnati all even.

I moved along home—not out of a wish to watch less baseball, but more. The encounters I had seen, coupled with the news from the West Coast that the A's had captured the first two games of their playoff with the Tigers in stimulating fashion, suggested to me that we might be in for a rare double festival of baseball, which could best be absorbed on television. The Oakland hostilities had begun with a splendid pitching duel between Mickey Lolich and Catfish Hunter that had gone 1–1 through ten innings; a homer by Al Kaline in the eleventh seemed to settle it, but the A's responded swiftly, scoring the tying run on a pinch single, and the winning run after a throw by Kaline skipped past third base. The next game was an easy 5–0 win for the A's, but the proceedings had been electrified when Dagoberto Campaneris, the veteran Oakland shortstop, after repeated dustings at the plate, tried to even matters by sailing his bat at the Detroit pitcher's skull. He was ruled off the turf for the remainder of the playoffs, amid a fluster of official deplorings that made the moral plain: Plunking an enemy with a thrown ball, rather than a thrown bat, is (a) more efficient and (b) the American Way.

In front of my set, I watched the Pirates take a courageous comeback



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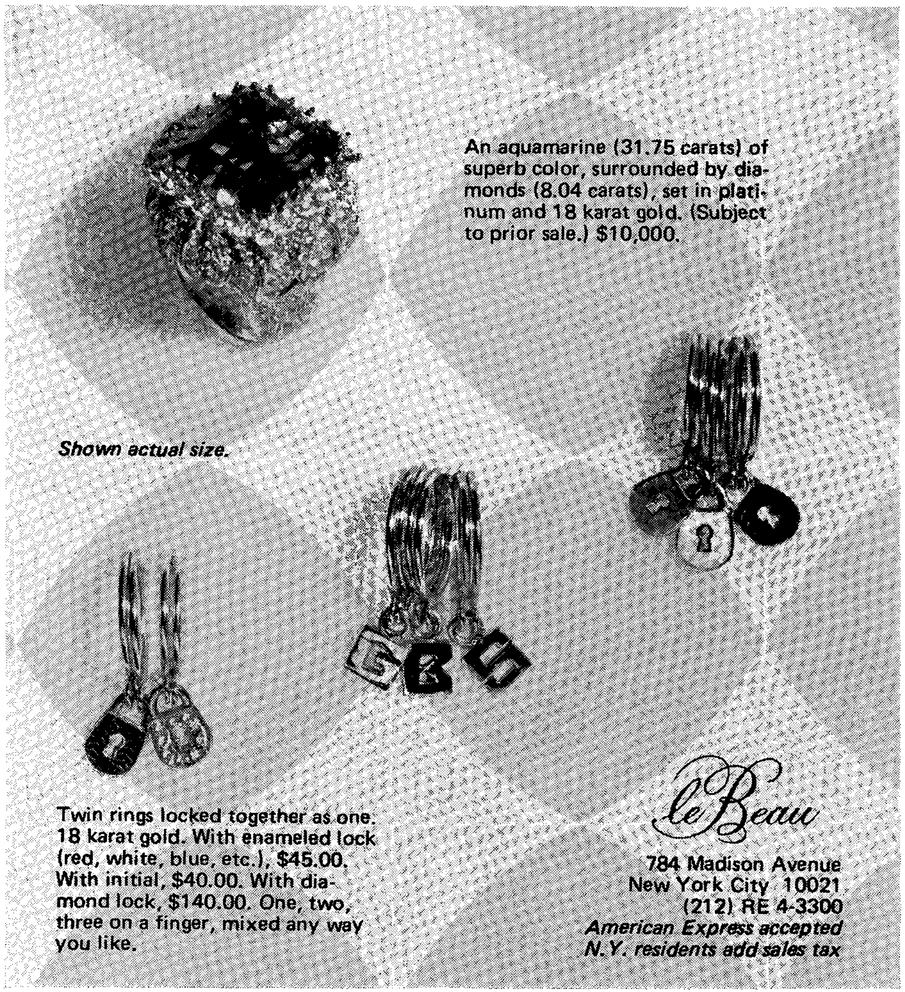

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win from the Reds by 3–2, mostly on some slashing bad-ball hitting by Manny Sanguillen. The next afternoon, the champions, now in a position to step into the World Series again, stepped all over their own feet instead, committing three errors and allowing several fly balls to disappear into the sun, all in the course of a dismal 7–1 pasting. Meanwhile, shuffling scorecards and statistics and rosters like a Japanese playground director, I also watched the Tigers (back home after a day off for travel) return to contention with a 3–0, fourteen-strikeout shutout pitched by Joe Coleman.

The next day—Wednesday, October 11th—we were given an afternoon of baseball unlike any other in the history of the sport. It was the day on which the playoffs—in past years only an irritating preamble to the World Series, created to boost baseball's television ratings—suddenly succeeded beyond all expectations. It was also the day when television proved at last how brilliantly it has conquered the built-in limitations involved in covering a spacious, intensely three-dimensional sport with a two-dimensional medium. The N.B.C. camerawork was energetic, beautiful, and subtle. Inspired close-ups—Charlie Finley, the Oakland owner, glowering and chewing his thumb in his box; a ball boy nearly ill with suppressed excitement; Joe Morgan waiting at the plate for a pitch, pumping his left elbow like a rooster wing—brought us details invisible to most people in the stands, and multiple cameras, catching the play at different levels and distances, showed us exactly what the pitchers were throwing and where. The commentary—Jim Simpson and Sandy Koufax in Detroit, then Curt Gowdy and Tony Kubek in Cincinnati—was expert and unobtrusive.

In Detroit, it will be remembered, Hunter and Lolich hooked up in another excruciating deadlock, which stood at one run apiece after seven innings, on home runs by McAuliffe and Epstein. The rival pilots, unstrung by possibilities, now indulged themselves in some grotesque overmanaging—Oakland's Dick Williams with a succession of pinch-hitters that effectively stripped his infield of its most capable personnel, and Billy Martin with a wholly uninspired squeeze play that wiped out the potential winning run in the eighth. Oakland brought home two runs in the top of the tenth, but the first two Tiger batters in the inning singled, and then a key force play was missed at second when Gene Tenace dropped the throw; Tenace, a catcher, was playing second because Williams had used up his infield-

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ers. Cash walked, to force in the tying run, and Northrup singled in the winner.

Instantly, we were in Cincinnati, in the midst of a taut, quickly played, elegantly pitched game that would decide it all for the National League. The Pirates led from the outset, and in the bottom of the ninth their late-innings palm-ball ace, Dave Giusti, came in in relief of Blass, needing only three outs to hold the 3–2 lead. He got none of them. Johnny Bench, leading off, hit the fourth pitch on a frightening parabola into the right-field seats. Tony Perez singled. Denis Menke singled. The expression on Giusti's face (seen in closeup) was almost too stricken, too private to look at. He departed, and his successor, Bob Moose, came in and painstakingly, with infinite care and anxiety, got two outs on fly balls. Foster, running for Perez, had moved from second to third on the first out, and now, with the hordes of the Cincinnati in full cry from the dugout and from every seat in the enormous park, Moose threw a strike to Hal McRae and then a ball, and then bounced a wild pitch cleanly away from the plate and past his catcher, and the game and the Series and the season were gone for the Pirates.

The final American League game remained, the next afternoon, and it was scarcely less than what had come before. The Tigers scored in the first on a single, a passed ball, and an infield out. The A's tied it in the second on dash and daring—a walk, a stolen base, a sacrifice, a hit batsman, a double steal. Reggie Jackson, the Oakland slugger and leader, severely tore the hamstring muscle of his left leg while sliding across the plate, and was finished for the year. The lead run (the winning run, it turned out) came in the fourth on an error, a sacrifice, and a single by Gene Tenace. The pitchers took it from there—Fryman for the Tigers, Blue Moon Odom and then Vida Blue for the A's. In each of the last three innings, the Tigers put the tying run on first base and could not advance him. Their difficulties—the difficulty of all baseball when it is well played—were so evident that announcer Jim Simpson murmured at one point, "This is a game that requires no description." The Detroit elders, who had come so far on so little, died at last because of their lack of speed. (They had stolen only seventeen bases all year.) They were reduced in the end to playing the game one base at a time, which is the least rewarding way to travel the three hundred and sixty feet around to home. Their demise (with the Oakland players leaping and hugging all

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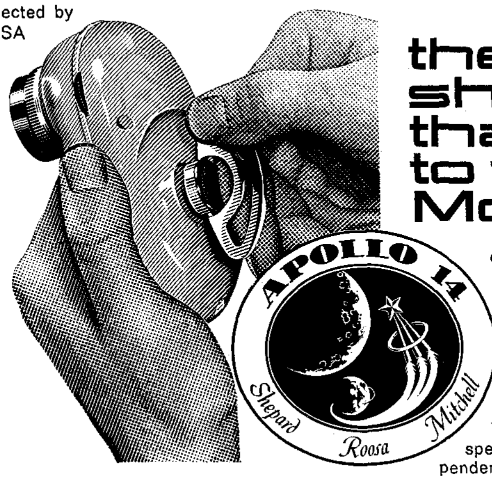

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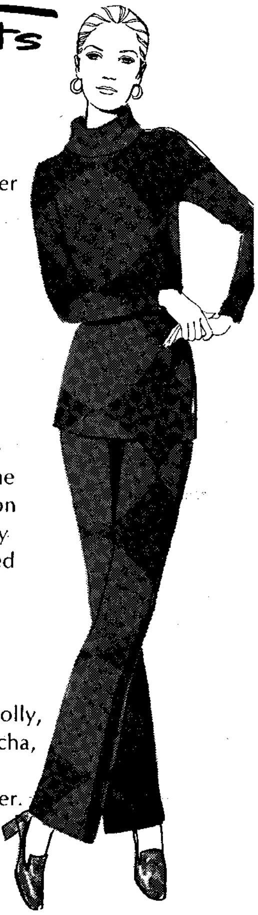

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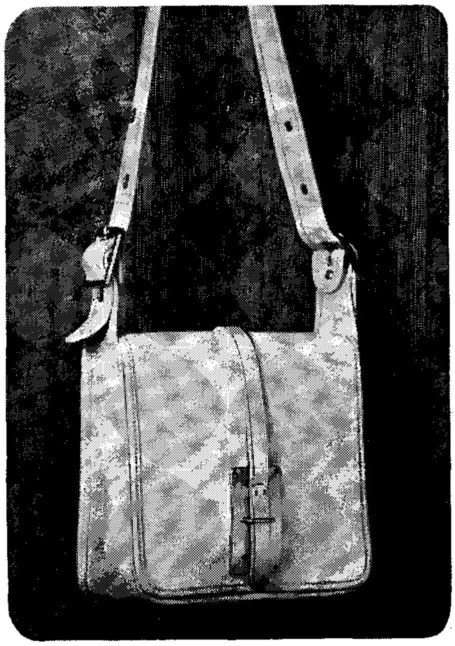

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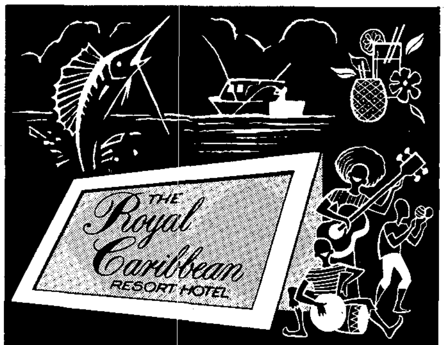
by themselves) was the hardest to watch of this hard baseball year.

THE survivors, gathering in Cincinnati for the Series opener, came together in an atmosphere of almost palpable letdown. All the players, it seemed, were less aroused about the games to come than relieved about the ones just past, and as one watched the Reds cheerfully taking their cuts during pre-game batting practice it was hard to discount their evident conviction that their most dangerous opponents of the year had already been buried. They looked over at the A's appraisingly but with a patronizing curiosity that was perhaps shared by all of us there and by the great majority of baseball fans everywhere. It was—well, *odd* to be at a World Series with a squad of players wearing green-and-gold-and-white uniforms and white shoes, and sporting thick mustaches, who were representing the name and honor of the American League. Oakland was the best the A.L. had, but the National, by every comparable measurement, was by far the stronger of the two leagues. The Oakland pitching, to be sure, was good—perhaps even first-class—but Reggie Jackson, the team's only certified slugger, was over there uncomfortably balancing on crutches, and, anyway, who had ever heard of a major-league team wearing mustaches and beards in order to hype the gate? (Last spring, Charlie Finley paid his players three hundred dollars per man to grow mustaches, as part of a "Mustache Day" promotion in his home park in June. The players—most of them, at least—liked their new and wildly variegated whiskers and long locks, and remained unshorn through the summer, and in time this eighteen-nineties look became a proud attribute of the squad. During the Series, the young and exuberant and hairy A's sometimes suggested a troupe of actors in a road company of "Cyrano de Bergerac," laughing backstage in their doublets or swaggering a little on the streets after the show. The Reds, by front-office decree, were as clean and barefaced as Kiwanians.) But in spite of the imbalance of styles, and the imbalance of talent in the lineups which seemed so strongly to favor the Reds, this Series did not in fact constitute a match between a great champion and a new challenger. Over the past two decades, the fall classic has usually come down to a champion's defense of his title—the Orioles against the Pirates, the Cardinals against the Tigers, the Yankees against almost everybody. This year, we were relieved of metaphors,



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and we could appreciate the teams and the play merely for themselves. Both teams had no burden except to win.

The sense of anticlimax persisted in Cincinnati right through the first game, which the Buttercups (or Bushwhackers, or Pale Feet) won by 3–2. Gene Tenace, the Oakland catcher and, on his record, a rather minor member of the A's entourage, struck a two-run homer off Gary Nolan his first time at bat. The Cincinnati rooters near my seat behind third base smiled at this accident in a rather indulgent manner: these things happen sometimes in baseball, and *their* catcher-slugger, of course, was named Bench. Tenace came up next in the fifth and hit another one out, thus accounting for all the Oakland runs, and this time the home-towners sprang up and cried "Aw, come *onn!*" in unison. One could sympathize. Tenace was the first man in history to hit home runs on his first two World Series at-bats. Still, the fans went home in the end only a bit cast down, and the tone of the afternoon was somehow struck by two banners that had been towed over Riverfront Stadium by circling airplanes—"OAKLAND HAS WEIRD UNIFORMS" and "WOMEN'S LIB WILL DESTROY THE FAMILY." The Oakland pitchers, I noticed, had allowed only two walks and a single to those first three Red batters.

The next day (a brilliant, sun-drenched Sunday afternoon), Johnny Bench had more unwanted practice as a lead-off man, as Catfish Hunter and Rollie Fingers confined the Top Three to a lone single and one free trip to first via an error, and the Goldenrods won again, 2–1. Catfish Hunter, a somewhat unappreciated star, who is a control pitcher of the very first rank (he won twenty-one games in each of the past two seasons, and is one of the few players never to have played a single day in the minor leagues), struck out the side with two (and eventually three) men on in the second, and then, in the A's third, left fielder Joe Rudi hit the game-winning solo homer. The home-town crowd, their white-and-scarlet banners drooping, waited in polite but deepening silence for something to cheer about, and their one true yell of the day, in the bottom of the ninth, was suddenly severed when Rudi, in pursuit of an enormous drive by Denis Menke, plastered himself belly-first against the left-field wall like a pinned butterfly and somehow plucked down the ball. Later, in their clubhouse, the Reds variously attempted a statesman-like situation report ("We're a bit flat". . . "Their offense doesn't impress

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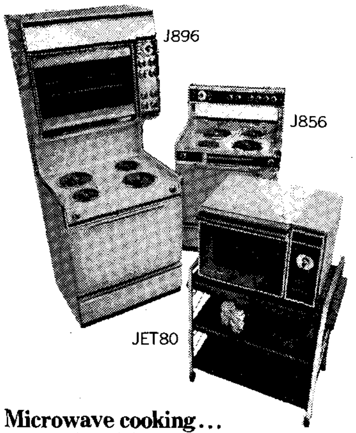

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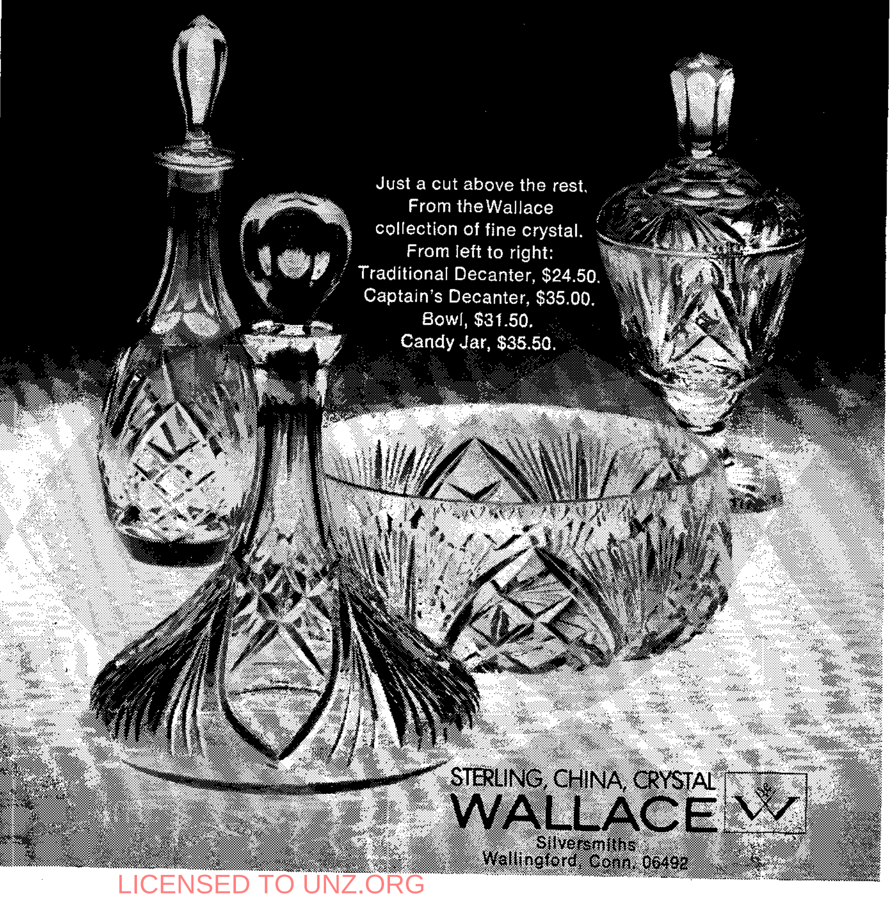

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me". . . "Wait till we see those pitchers the next time around". . . "We're embarrassed, you could say"), but their faces were a little stiff, a little shocked. Tony Perez used both hands to enact for Dave Concepcion a couple of Catfish Hunter's half-speed pitches dipping gently over the corners of the plate. "*Nada!*" he cried bitterly. "*Nada!*"

There was another moment on that same bright Sunday—a moment before the game, which only took on meaning a few days later. In a brief ceremony at the mound, Commissioner Bowie Kuhn presented an award to Jackie Robinson, honoring him for his work in combatting drug addiction, and celebrating his arrival, twenty-five years before, as the first black man in the major leagues. Robinson responded, his thin, high voice barely reaching us over the loudspeakers. He was glad to see some of his old Brooklyn friends there—Pee Wee Reese, Joe Black, Red Barber. He introduced his family. He ended by saying that it would be nice to see a black manager standing in the third-base coach's box someday soon. There were handshakes and applause, the party walked away, the microphones were taken down. I had seen Jackie for a minute or two in the tunnel behind home plate—a frail, white-haired old man, with a black raincoat buttoned up to his chin. I remembered at that moment a scene that came back to me again the following week, when I read about his death. It was something that had happened during an insignificant weekday game between the Giants and the Dodgers back in the nineteen-fifties. Robinson, by then an established star, was playing third base that afternoon, and during the game something happened that drove him suddenly and totally mad. I was sitting close to him, just behind third, but I had no idea what brought on the outburst. It might have been a remark from the stands or from one of the dugouts; it was nothing that happened on the field. Without warning, Robinson began shouting imprecations, obscenities, curses. His voice was piercing, his face distorted with passion. The players on both teams looked at each other, uncomprehending. The Giants' third-base coach walked over to murmur a question, and Robinson directed his screams at him. The umpire at third did the same thing, and then turned away with a puzzled, embarrassed shrug. In time, the outburst stopped and the game went on. It had been nothing, a moment's aberration, but it seemed to suggest what can happen to a man who has been used, who has been made into a symbol and a public sacrifice. The moment be-

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came an event—something to remember along with the innumerable triumphs and the joys and the sense of pride that Jackie Robinson brought to us all back then. After that moment, I knew that we had probably asked him to do too much for us. None of it—probably not a day of it—was ever easy for him.

A COUPLE of hours before the beginning of the third game (which became a rainout), Charles O. Finley, resplendent in a Kelly-green double-knit blazer, got aboard a crowded elevator inside the Oakland-Alameda County Coliseum. When it reached the field level, he stood aside to let the rest of us out, and then turned to the young woman running the elevator. "Listen, dear," he said urgently. "I want you to stop at two on the way back up and pick up the boys with the coffee urns. You got that?" Charlie Finley is a man who must do everything by himself, even when fifty thousand paying customers are at the gates. He is a self-made millionaire. He bought his ball club by himself and, almost entirely without advice, developed and traded for the players who brought him the championship. (He is also a jock satrap, owning teams in two other sports—the California Golden Seals, of the National Hockey League, and the Memphis Tams, of the American Basketball Association—which he operates and oversees in the same shouldering style.) He designed the A's' uniforms. He designed their style of play. (This year's policy of pinch-hitting for the second baseman as early as the second inning is a Finley invention, and reflects his conviction that baseball should open itself more to pinch-hitting and pinch-running specialists.) He used up nine baseball managers in ten years, and imposes strategy upon the incumbent, Dick Williams, to a greater degree than any other owner in the game. It is impossible for him to do otherwise, for he is a man who must control every situation in which he finds himself, from arranging the seating at a dinner table to personally dispensing the last five hundred World Series tickets behind the Oakland dugout (an area he refers to as "my box"). He brings his team mascot, an enormous mule named Charlie O., to all the A's' public functions, indoors or outdoors. In his relations with his players, he has a fondness for the sudden paternal gesture—an arm around the shoulder and the whispered message that the athlete's contract has just been upped by a few thousand for some deed well done. Last year, Mr. Finley tried to persuade Vida Blue to change his first name to

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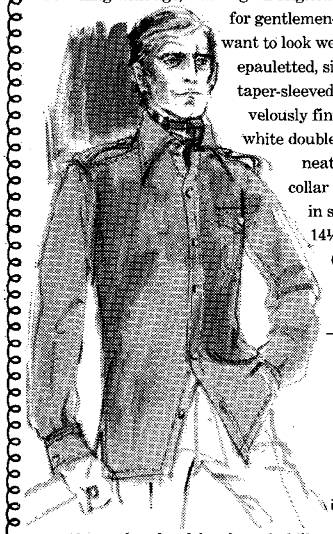

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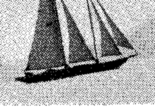
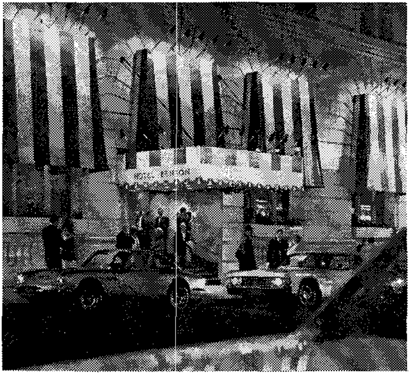


True. Later, he publicly presented him with a new Cadillac, but this spring, when Blue held out for a very sizable increase in salary, Finley fought him with such unbridled vehemence that Blue fell into a state of embittered withdrawal that accounted in great part for his disappointing 6–10 record. Mr. Finley believes he enjoys excellent relations with most of his players, and would probably point to his new championship as the best evidence of their happiness. Yet considerable evidence suggests that the A's were united and matured most of all by their shared individual resistance to the Finley style and the Finley presence. During the Series, one significant member of the club talked to me about this. "The man is insulting and meddlesome," he said. "This team found itself in the summer, but this is not the way to make a team."

Finley has already had a notable influence on baseball (scheduling the weekday Series games at night, as was done this year, is an idea he finally sold to his fellow-executives), and now, with a hold on the championship, he will wield more power in the councils of the sport. His prime immediate project—the addition of a "designated pinch-hitter," who would bat once for any player without requiring that player's retirement from the game—is intended to stimulate fan interest and rebalance the game for the hitters, who have been having all the worst of it in recent years. The idea is opposed by a great many baseball people (and by me) because it does away with the concept of unsentimental, totally individual responsibility that lies close to the heart of the game. Yet I believe that another Finley promotional scheme—the substitution of a bright-orange baseball (the color sometimes used for policemen's raincoats) in all night games—may in fact be an excellent way to fortify drooping batting averages and is an experiment that deserves a serious test. Charlie Finley, one comes to realize, is impossible to ignore, like a mule in a ballroom.

THE third game, played on a sodden turf and by Pacific Daylight Saving Time, was an austere, nearly eventless affair that finally went to the Reds by a minimal 1–0. The time zone was perhaps the most important element of the game. The action began at five-thirty in the afternoon, which is prime evening tube time in the East and is also the beginning of twilight in California infields in October. The pitchers—Blue Moon Odom for the A's and Jack Billingham for the Reds—were entranced with this crepuscular



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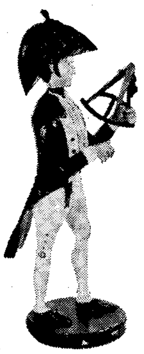

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setting and struck out batters in helpless clusters. The only run of the evening (and only the second Cincinnati run in the past twenty-one innings) almost didn't get into the books, for Tony Perez, rounding third in the seventh inning, slipped on the wet turf and went sprawling—a sudden baseball bad dream—but then got up and tottered home. The other event was Johnny Bench fanning in the eighth on a 3–2 pitch, on which the Oakland catcher had called for a decoy intentional pass—a mere puppy biscuit of news, which the reporters sprang upon and worried like famished mastiffs.

The true bad dream for the Reds had been postponed only for a day. In Game Four, while struggling against the experienced and capable Oakland left-hander Ken Holtzman, they watched incredulously as Gene Tenace deposited another souvenir in the bleachers, in the fifth, to put them down by 1–0. In the top of the eighth, however, Dave Concepcion singled and was sacrificed to second. With two out, Vida Blue came in to face Joe Morgan, and walked him. Bobby Tolan socked Blue's first pitch, a fastball, on a line for two bases, and Concepcion and Morgan slapped hands happily at the plate. The win would tie the Series, and everything was about to be all right after all. Later—a day or two later—Sparky Anderson remarked that he never truly expects a pinch-hitter to hit safely, so what happened next must remain in his mind as pure nightmare. It is the bottom of the ninth, one out. Gonzalo Marquez, an Oakland pinch-hitter, taps a single over second. With the count two and one on Gene Tenace, Anderson summons in a new pitcher, Clay Carroll, who has set an all-time major-league record for saves during the season. Tenace singles. Oakland has two men on, and now Marquez is replaced at second by a pinch-runner. Don Mincher, a large veteran left-handed swinger, comes up to pinch-hit—not a true threat, except that Carroll gets his second pitch up a bit and Mincher eagerly whacks it into right field, tying the game and moving Tenace to third. Angel Mangual comes up to pinch-hit. Carroll's first pitch to *him* is perfect—a fastball in on the hands. Mangual swings, almost in self-defense, hitting the ball down on the handle and nudging a little bleeder between first and second, which Perez or Morgan cannot quite, either one of them, straining, staggering, get a glove on. The game is gone.

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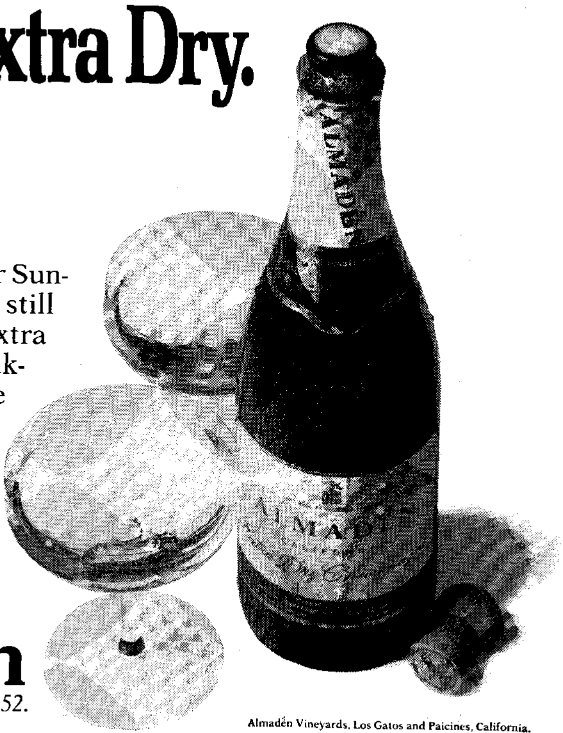

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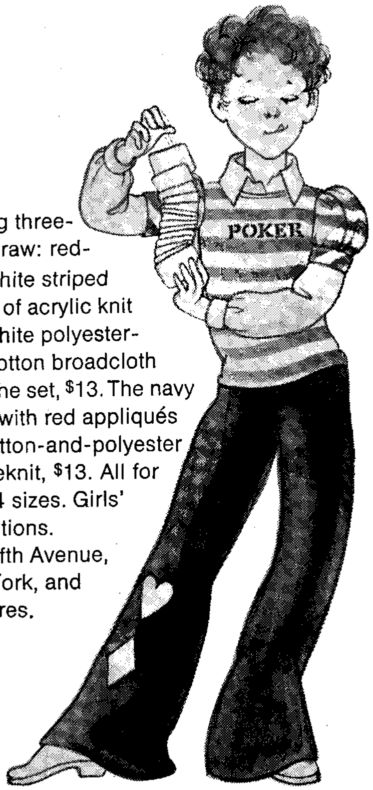

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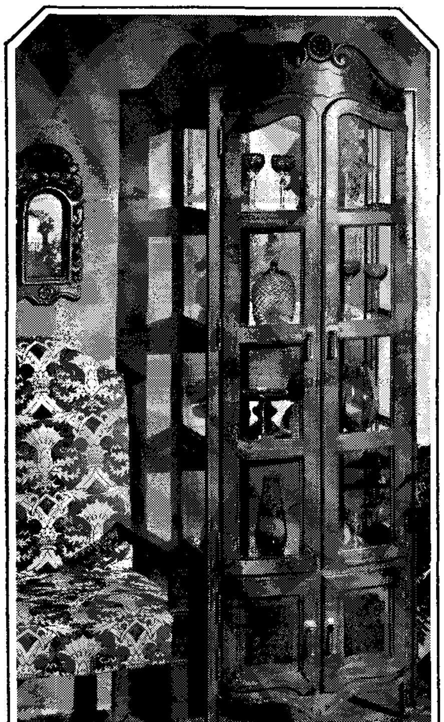

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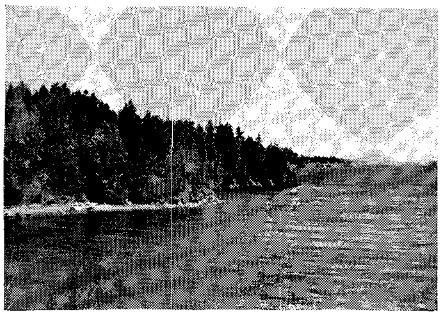
of Game Five, and you are the lead-off batter. What is the best thing to do?

A: Hit the first pitch into the stands for a home run.

The student who got an A on this quiz was Pete Rose, who had heretofore suffered an uncharacteristic eclipse in the Series. Rose is unmistakable on a ball field. He is ardent, entertaining, and unquenchable. He burns by day and by night. He sprints to first base on walks, dives on his belly on the base paths or chasing line drives in the outfield, and pulls in fly balls in left field with a slicing, downward motion that says "There!" At plate, he is the model lead-off man—a medium-sized switch-hitter who, choking the bat and hunching over the plate, can pull the ball with real power or punch it to the opposite field; he scrutinizes every pitch, not just up to the plate but right back into the catcher's glove, and then glares into the umpire's face for the call. He is a great hitter, and only the spring strike this year kept him from his annual quota of more than two hundred hits. (The fans in the left-field bleachers in Oakland, watching Rose in person for the first time, honored him on several occasions with salvos of eggs and vegetables. One of the eggs landed unbroken on the mushy turf, and Rose brought it in as a souvenir to the Cincinnati dugout, where it was eaten by coach Ted Kluszewski.) Tom Seaver has said that Pete Rose utterly alters the game when he bats, making it into a deadly personal duel with the man on the mound.

Rose's first-pitch homer off Catfish Hunter announced that the alteration of this fifth game had begun, but it was some time before he got it completely under control. It was a crowded, untidy sort of game, in which each team successfully employed its various specialties. There was *another* homer by Gene Tenace, good for three runs, in the second inning, and another pinch hit by Marquez—his twelfth in twenty-two such appearances this year. The partisans in Charlie Finley's private preserve, all green-and-yellow in the caps and banners he had provided them, sustained a continuous jubilee, like bullfrogs in a June shower. The A's led by 3–1 and 4–2, but Morgan was walked twice, and each time he whistled around the bases in dazzling style to score on a single by Tolan. It was all tied up in the ninth, then, when Geronimo singled, and was neatly sacrificed to second. An infield error now brought up the duellist, this time batting left-handed against Rollie Fingers, the Oakland mound incumbent. Fingers (whose mustache aspires toward



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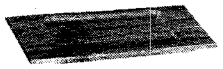
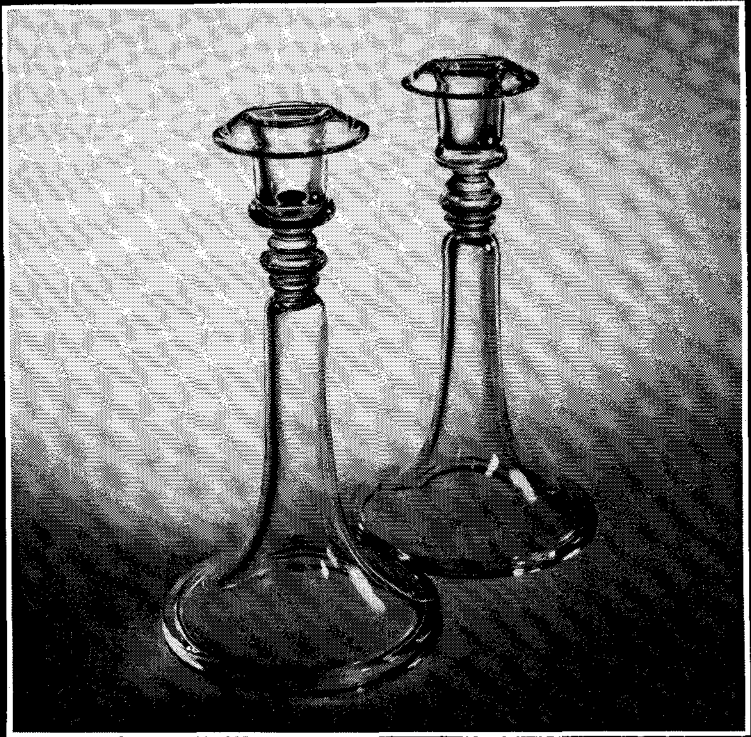


the Salvador Dali rococo ideal) had won the previous game in relief, but now he sighed disconsolately, fiddled uncharacteristically, and at last offered up the pitch, which Rose redirected smartly into right field to deliver the winning run. Score for the Top Three for the day: three runs, five hits, two walks, three stolen bases, four runs batted in. Oakland, undiscouraged as always, put on its lead-off man in the home half, and Dave Duncan (a catcher with an Oberammergau coiffure and beard) singled the pinch-runner, Odom, along to third. With one out, Campaneris fouled out to Morgan in very short right field, and Odom impulsively launched himself down the inviting ninety-foot homestretch. He negotiated eighty-nine feet and six inches of the distance before encountering Johnny Bench and the ball, and then most unhappily got up and prepared to join the rest of us on the somewhat longer journey back to Cincinnati.

THE penultimate meeting was played the next afternoon, a Saturday—also prime viewing time, which meant that the teams were not permitted the customary travel holiday. It was probably just as well, however, for in Riverfront Stadium a bone-chilling easterly suggested that this pastime had already overstayed its season. Vida Blue, given his first start of the Series because of the compressed pitching schedule, did not seem to have his hummer and kept falling behind the Red batters. Bench homered in the fourth, and the Reds sent four men to the plate in the fifth, and five men to the plate in the sixth, and (joyfully falling upon Oakland's second-line pitching) ten men to the plate in the seventh, to wrap up an 8–1 landslide. It was a sad end to Vida's sad year, but there was some satisfaction in watching the Reds' sluggers doing their thing at last. The Cincinnati fans were utterly transported, and with reason: this was the first World Series game to be won by the Reds at home since 1940.

The full seven, then. It had been an unusual Series in many ways—terribly close, with a resolution that was still impossible to forecast or guess at. Strangely, no single player had emerged—in the manner of a Clemente, a Brooks Robinson, a Brock—to put his stamp and style on the Series. The level of play, in fact, had been less than distinguished. Most of the Cincinnati starting pitchers had been inadequate, both teams had suffered inordinate difficulties in executing the double play, the Oakland pitchers and catcher Gene Tenace had among them sur-



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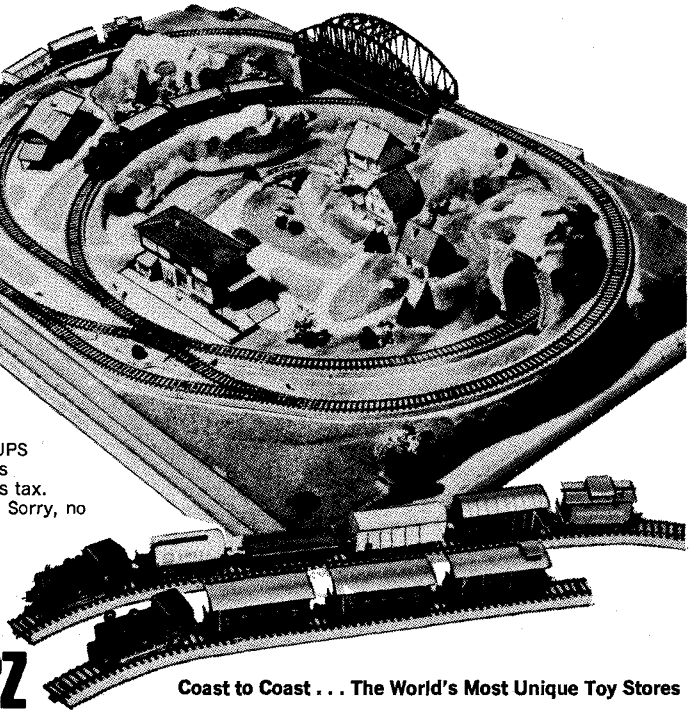

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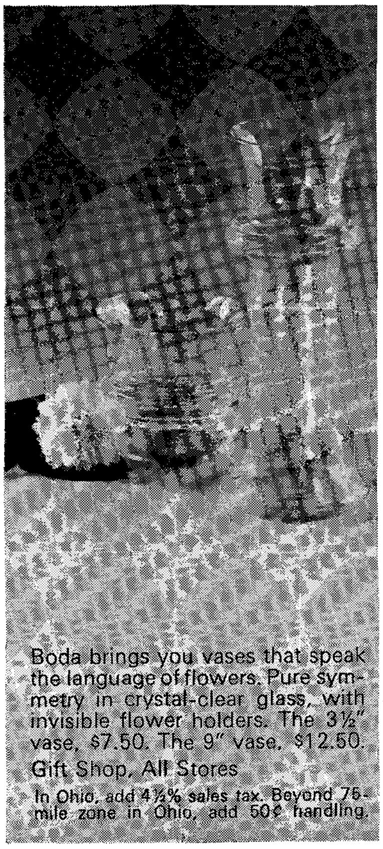

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rendered eleven stolen bases, and the teams together were hitting a desultory .203. Still, the original elements of the drama remained, now deepened to a wonderful expectancy—the Oakland pitching and woolly *élan* against the Reds' hitting, speed, and pride. Something would give way here today.

Dick Williams, in an attempt to bolster his hitting and defense simultaneously (hoping, as he said, to "make something happen"), moved Gene Tenace to first base in place of the hitless Mike Epstein, put Duncan behind the plate (he was the regular Oakland catcher until midseason), and started Angel Mangual in center. (Tenace—an attractive and genuinely modest new hero, who affects a droopy gunslinger's mustache—had played first base for the A's at various times in the past, but before the game he looked understandably tense over his new responsibilities. "Tomorrow I'll probably be playing goalie," he said to a teammate.)

Mangual made something happen in the very first half-inning, when he struck a long line drive off Jack Billingham to straightaway center field. Bobby Tolan raced in, absolutely misjudging the play, and then made a leap for the sailing ball, which glanced off his glove and rolled to the fence, with Mangual winding up on third. (Extraordinarily, most of this game seemed to be played at the foot of that center-field fence, four hundred and four feet away.) Gene Tenace, now moved up to the cleanup spot, pulled a sharp grounder to left that struck the edge of the Astroturf carpet at the back of the third-base dirt patch and suddenly bounded over Menke's head, and the Yellowlegs, mostly on luck, had the first run.

Blue Moon Odom, the Oakland starter, has a splendid motion to first base (a gift he has evidently never tried to pass along to his co-workers), and he had stated the night before that no Cincinnati runners would steal on *him*. Now, in the fourth, Pete Rose led off with an enormous smash to center that Mangual one-handed just at the fence. A little startled, Odom walked the swift Morgan, and the crowd began a breathless non-stop shouting: "Go! Go! Go! Go! Go! Go! Go!" Odom would have none of it. Fixing Morgan with a sidewise, over-the-shoulder stare (friends who saw the game on television told me later that the closeups of Odom's face were remarkable), pausing, waiting almost interminably, he whirled and threw to his first baseman five times in

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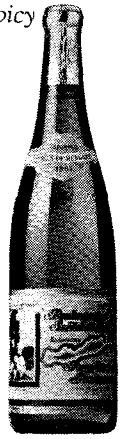

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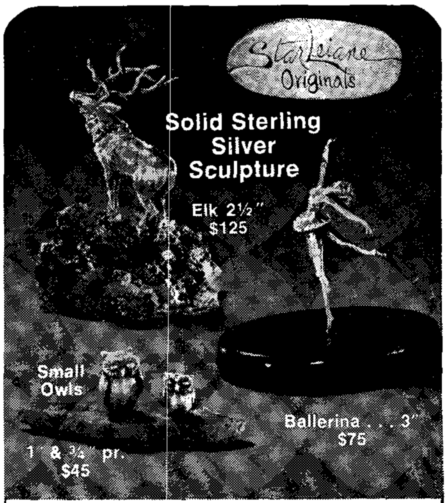

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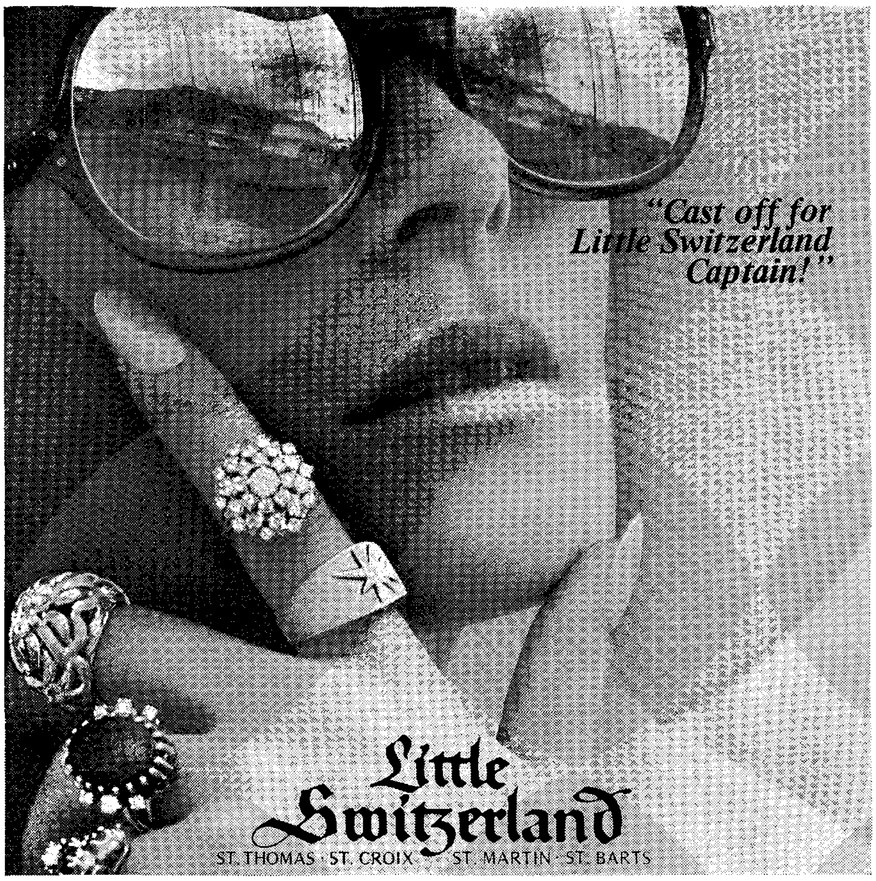
succession, twice nearly erasing Morgan. He delivered a ball to Tolan, then made two more pick-off throws, then threw another pitch—a ball—as Morgan flew away to second, where he was cut down, narrowly but plainly, by Duncan's peg. The game, I was suddenly certain, had been won right there.

The Reds were far from done. Tony Perez led off the fifth with a double to the left-field corner, and two successive walks then loaded the bases with only one out. Hal McRae, pinch-hitting, struck the first pitch to him all the way (need it be added?) to the center-field wall, where Mangual made the catch. The score: 1–1. Rose, who had singled in the first, unloaded another rocket to precisely the same spot, and again to no avail. He had now struck two successive clouts, good for a total of more than eight hundred feet, producing two outs. Some baseball games do not yield themselves, even to a Rose.

Billingham had been given up for the pinch-hitter, and Campaneris greeted his successor, Pedro Borbon, with a single. He was sacrificed to second, and Tenace scored him with a double to deep left—and was taken out of the game, to his surprise, for a pinch-runner. (He had won the sports car, clearly, as the top player of the Series, and had also been the recipient of a hug and a retroactive raise from the All-father, Charlie Finley.) The next batter, Sal Bando, hit another howitzer shot to the battered center-field salient, and this ball landed untouched when Tolan fell at the warning track. The score was 3–1, and Cincinnati's luck had run out.

Pete Rose, leading the Top Three to the plate for perhaps their final licks of the year (Top *Two*—Tolan had been injured while chasing Bando's hit, and was out of the game), began the eighth with a single off Catfish Hunter, and the despairing Reds rooters hoarsely roused themselves once again. Holtzman, a lefty, came in to pitch to Joe Morgan, a lefty, and the last touch of baseball misfortune now descended on the Reds. Morgan cracked the ball on a line to right—pulling it so violently, in fact, that Rose had to dodge back to avoid being struck, and then was forced to leap over Mike Hegan, the Oakland first baseman, sprawled in the dirt after his dive for the ball. The ball was in the right-field corner—a sure triple, a certain run, except for that infinitesimal accident at first; Rose came churning around third, with Morgan not far behind, but the ball was on the way in now, and third-base coach Alex Gram-



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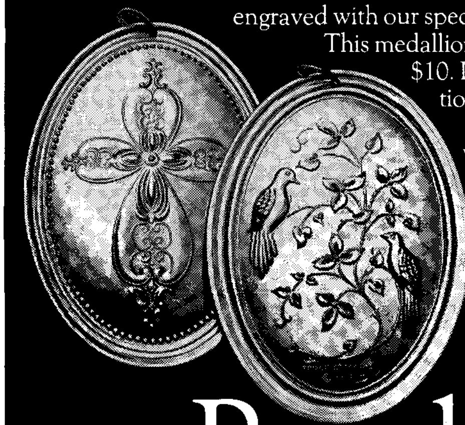
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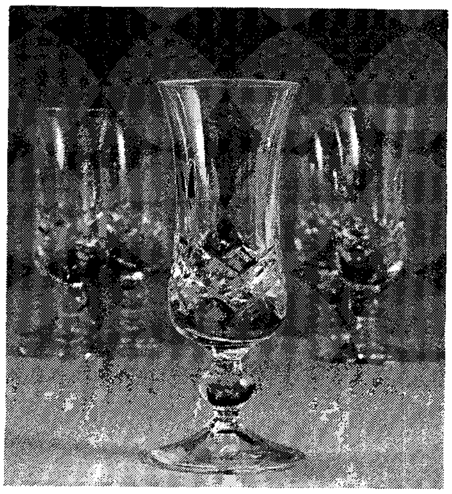

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mas threw up his hands at the last instant, stopping Rose so abruptly that his helmet came flying off. The runners retreated. (Second-guessing, I thought Grammas had made a mistake, but we would never know.) Fingers came in to pitch, and Rose eventually scored on Perez' fly, to bring it to 3–2, but that was all, and a few minutes later the exhausting, searching season was over.

One of the wearers of the green-and-gold in the happy Oakland clubhouse was Rick Williams, the fifteen-year-old son of the victorious manager, whom I had last seen five years ago, when his father piloted the Red Sox to their remarkable pennant. When the Red Sox clinched, I remembered, Ricky Williams had thrown himself into his father's arms and kissed him again and again. This time, he was toting a bottle of champagne, and Dick Williams, celebrating his first world championship, paused long enough to say, "Hey, *take* it easy with that stuff." Rick looked only a little younger than most of the whooping and grinning new champions, whose hair and mustaches—now streaming with champagne—had somehow always made them look younger than any other big-league team I could remember. Reggie Jackson, in civvies, also had a bottle of champagne. He exchanged hugs and hand-slaps with his teammates, but he had not played in this, the only World Series of his life. In time, he limped into another room with the bottle and sat down to watch a pro-football game on television.

The Reds' clubhouse was utterly quiet. There was no complaining about the breaks. (Baseball luck is inescapable, and professionals know that in order to win you must dominate the game to the point where it is no longer a factor.) Bobby Tolan, ignoring the reporters, toured the locker room and apologized to every one of his teammates. "I'm sorry I let *you* mothers down," he murmured. The silence was so profound that three-year-old Pete Rose, Jr., who was carrying a little baseball bat and wearing a miniature version of his father's uniform, kept staring up at the men's faces all around him, trying to understand it. In time, he wandered into the deserted equipment room, where he examined a large bin filled with fresh, untouched ice cubes. Then he assumed a left-handed batting stance and swung his small bat again and again and then again, swinging at an invisible ball—perhaps the only person anywhere at that instant who was ready for more baseball.

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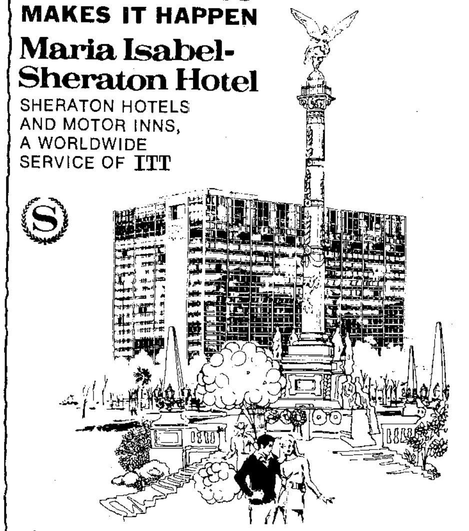

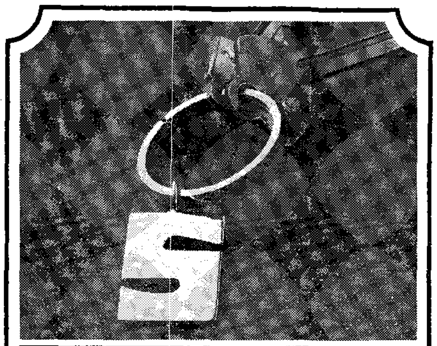

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Anarchist's Laughter

"The Discreet Charm of the Bourgeoisie" is a cosmic vaudeville show—an Old Master's mischief. Now seventy-two, Luis Buñuel is no longer savage about the hypocrisy and the inanity of the privileged classes. They don't change, and since they have become a persistent bad joke to him, he has grown almost fond of their follies—the way one can grow fond of the snarls and the silliness of vicious pets. He looks at them now and they're such perfectly amoral little beasts they amuse him; he enjoys their skin-deep proprieties, their faith in appearances, their sublime confidence. At the same time, this Spanish exile-expatriate may have come to a point in life when the hell he has gone through to make movies is receding into the past, like an old obscene story; he is so relaxed about his medium now that he enjoys pinching its nose, pulling its tail. He has become a majestic light prankster—not a bad way for a man full of disgust and pity to age. The movie is slight, but it has a special enchantment: it's a development—more like an emanation—of Buñuel's movies which couldn't have been expected but which seems *right;* that is, the best thing that could have happened. Buñuel's cruelty and mockery were often startlingly funny, but they were also sadistic; that was the power of his work and part of what made his films scandalous. He was diabolically anti-bourgeois, and he wasn't just anticlerical—he was hilariously, murderously anticlerical. Here his old rages have become buoyant jokes. (Might Swift without his disease have ended up like this?) The movie comes close to serenity, and it's a deep pleasure to see that the unregenerate anarchist-atheist has found his own path to grace. Buñuel has never given in, never embraced the enemy, and maybe that's why the tone of this spontaneous chamber music is so happy.

In "The Exterminating Angel," which was about guests who came to a dinner and couldn't leave, the jest grew heavy and allegorical. We were stuck there waiting to leave, too. He has turned that situation upside down here. A group of six friends—three men and three women—have trouble getting together for dinner, but they're not trapped: the series of interrupted dinners spans an indefinite period while food, that ritual center of bourgeois well-being, keeps eluding them. And Buñuel has left himself free: this is his most frivolously witty movie, and it's open in time and place. It's a divertimento on themes from his past movies—the incidental pleasures of twists and dream logic for their own sake. It's all for fun—the fun of observing how elegantly these civilized monsters disport themselves in preposterous situations. This offhand, trickster approach to the medium is very like that of the comedy "Assassins et Voleurs" (called "Lovers and Thieves" here), which Sacha Guitry wrote and directed, also at the age of seventy-two. That film, too, looked unbelievably easy, the technique imperceptible. It's as if they both just sat on a sunny balcony with a bottle of good wine and waved a hand to direct the company. (Actually, Guitry worked from a wheelchair.) But there's a different atmosphere in the Buñuel film—there's a strong sense of timelessness, stronger than in his genial but antiquarian and rather innocuous "The Milky Way," in which the characters travel through many eras. Here it is achieved in modern clothes and modern settings; one is simply aware of having lost a sense of time, and that this timelessness, which is tonic, is somehow linked to Buñuel's ironic detachment. The characters hit the road of life here, too; we don't know where they're heading, but they're such energetic travellers they seem to be going to a picnic. Their heads are stuffed with clichés, and they're indifferent to anything except their own self-interest, but they were there when Buñuel began making movies, and they'll survive him. Why not be playful, when all your rage and cruelty have hardly dented their armor?

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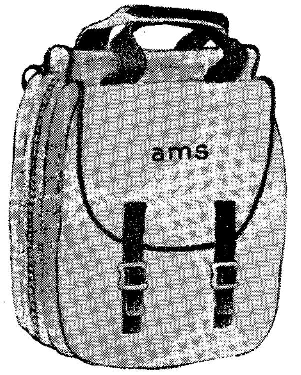

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friends' wives are Stéphane Audran and Delphine Seyrig (with whom he is dallying); the sixth member of the group is Delphine Seyrig's sister, played by Bulle Ogier. The other principals are representatives of the Church (Julien Bertheau as a bishop) and of the Army (Claude Piéplu), and Michel Piccoli does a small turn as a government minister. There is not, however, as much acting as this list of eminent names may suggest. Bertheau plays with supreme finesse, but most of the others don't really act characters; they represent something more like "humors." Buñuel works fast; he obviously prefers casual performances (and even the awkward performances he gets from the minor players) to sentimentality. He uses the actors matter-of-factly to make his points, and this unemotional approach results in such a clean, thin-textured style that the merest anecdote begins to resemble a fable. In comedy, underdirected acting often dampens the jokes; here it becomes part of the exhilarating ease of the film, and of its simplicity. The principals—especially Stéphane Audran—embody their roles with professional awareness: they have that discreet charm, and they do nicely judged turns in a polished drawing-room style, as if they were doing charades at a party.

American novelists sometimes parody the processes of artistic creation too early in their own lives, when their parody means little to us except a demonstration of cleverness, but when Buñuel parodies the methods by which a movie director can lead you into story structures, and into dreams, and dreams within dreams, and tales of the supernatural, the joke is how easy it is. Or, rather, how easy it has become for him. The charm of the film is that the old magician can show off his skills and make fun of them at the same time. He can say, "Look, there's nothing to it. Just take the rabbit out of the hat." (The first shot in the movie looks like a black cat's face, yellow eyes glowing, but turns out to be a car coming toward us with its headlights on.) There is nothing else in the movie—just the surprises, and the pleasures of his dexterity as he springs them. You have no idea what's coming from minute to minute; he keeps leading you down garden paths that disappear. (Only once, I found his dream logic faulty: when the bishop gives a dying man—the murderer of the bishop's parents—absolution and then shoots him, the idea is perhaps too cutely paradoxical to go with the ugliness of the act. The gunshot—definite and resonant, like nothing else in the

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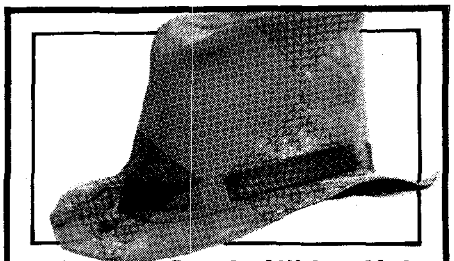

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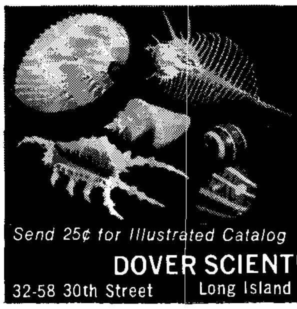

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film—violates the light, unpremeditated style.) The movie proceeds by interruptions: just as you have been gulled into getting interested in a situation he pulls the rug out from under you, and goes on to something else. And, in the same way that he parodies bourgeois instincts and manners in the day-to-day episodes, he parodies bourgeois fears and superstitions in the supernatural-fantasy episodes. He hokes up these scary death jokes with fancy lighting and cutting that he disdains in the rest of the movie, demonstrating how easy it is to draw an audience into childish ghost stories, demonstrating how primitive audience responses are. He says, "If you want cheap mysteries, this is how simple it is." Then each time the interruption comes one can almost hear the director laughing. The old anarchist has planted his bombs under bourgeois moviemaking.

THE ultimate princess fantasy is to be so glamorously sensitive and beautiful that you have to be taken care of; you are simply too sensitive for this world—you see the truth, and so you suffer more than ordinary people, and can't function. "Play It As It Lays" is set in the "Red Desert" region of Hollywood, which means it's about empty lives, acute anguish, Hollywood and Hell. The beautiful and damned heroine—Maria Wyeth, a onetime model and sometime screen star, played by Tuesday Weld—walks the tree-lined paths of a sanatorium and tells the story of her disintegration. Needless to say, it is the world that is having the breakdown, not Maria. I know I have a lower tolerance for this sort of thing than many people; but should it be tolerated? I found the Joan Didion novel ridiculously swank, and I read it between bouts of disbelieving giggles. I whooped at the first line:

> WHAT MAKES IAGO EVIL? some people ask. I never ask.

I whooped at the ending:

> One thing in my defense, not that it matters: I know something Carter never knew, or Helene, or maybe you. I know what "nothing" means, and keep on playing.
>
> Why, BZ would say.
>
> Why not, I say.

I even whooped when I saw an article about Joan Didion and read the epigraph:

> I am haunted by the cannibalism of the Donner Party.
>
> —*Joan Didion in conversation.*

Certainly I recognize that Miss Didion can write: the smoke of creation

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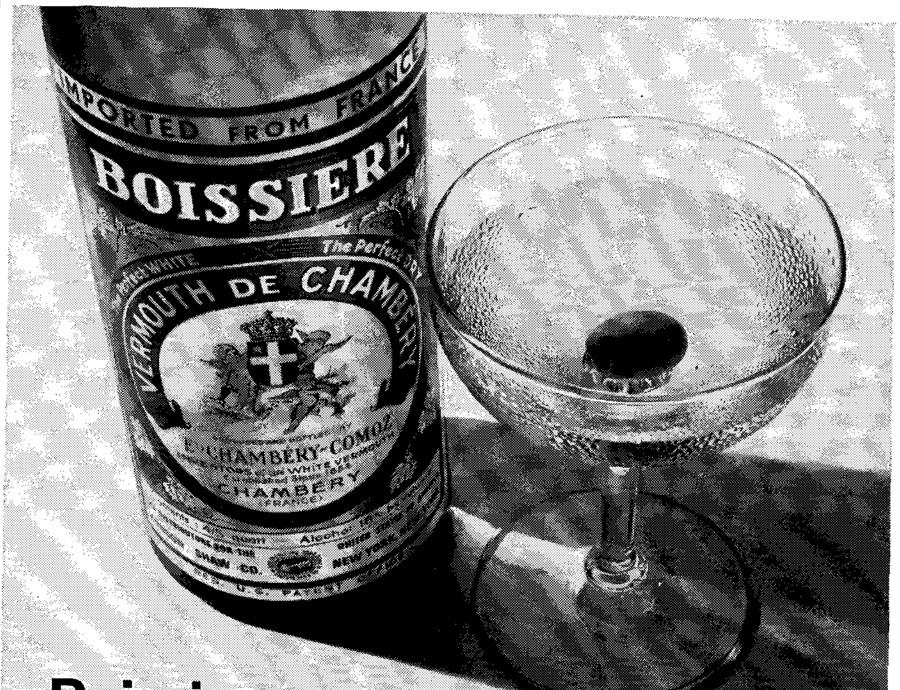

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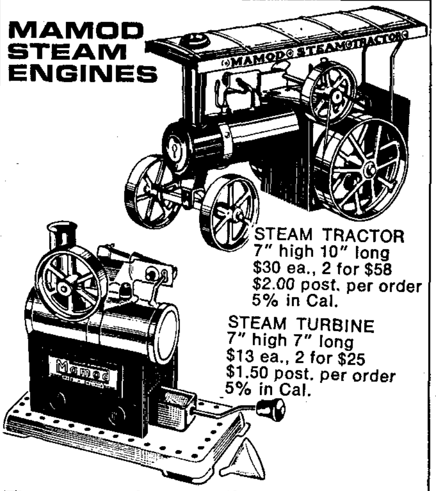
rises from those dry-ice sentences. You know at once that you're in the fast company of "Butterfield 8" and "Miss Lonelyhearts" and "The Day of the Locust" and Fitzgerald and Zelda herself. But you also know that this is what movies have done to the novel. What's missing from these books is the morally tough common sense that has been called the strongest tradition in English letters. As a novel, "Play It As It Lays" is a creature of the movies, celebrating the glamour abyss, transferring Fitzgerald's spoiled-rotten rich to the movie-colony locale—a perfect mass-culture home for them, their spiritual home all along.

The book itself was already show business—a writer's performance, with every word screwed tight, and a designer's feat, the sparse words placed in the spiritual emptiness of white pages. *Reading the book was, in fact, like* going to the movies. And it drew upon many films—especially, I thought, upon Bergman's "Through a Glass Darkly," in which the racked, misunderstood heroine who sees God as a spider is also hauled away. But the waif sensibility in a Hollywood novel—that was an inspiration. The novel was a touchstone of a sort, and I imagine the movie will be, too. Joan Didion wanted Frank Perry to direct—possibly because he had already glorified the suffering little-girl-woman in "Diary of a Mad Housewife"—and he has been extremely faithful to her book. She and her husband, John Gregory Dunne, did the adaptation, and her brother-in-law Dominick Dunne co-produced with Perry. The adaptation is a novelist's wish fulfillment: narration that retains the most "eloquent" passages in the book, dialogue virtually intact, and a transfer to the screen of the shattered-sensibility style by means of quick scenes that form a mosaic. Even the coiled rattler that decorated the book jacket turns up signalling evil throughout the movie (and perhaps inspiring those dissidents, like me, who hissed when the picture was over). For what it is, the movie is well done: posh, narcissistic, flashy. Image by image, it's handsome. Perry hasn't found a "visual equivalent" for the famished prose, but maybe this high-class-whorehouse style of moviemaking is the *true* equivalent.

The movie doesn't have that glittering austerity that made me giggle, but the emotional content is basically the same. It's all there: the romance of suicidal despair and the gloriously bleak lives of the lucky people. Maria, throwing herself away on men she doesn't like, is different from the crowd of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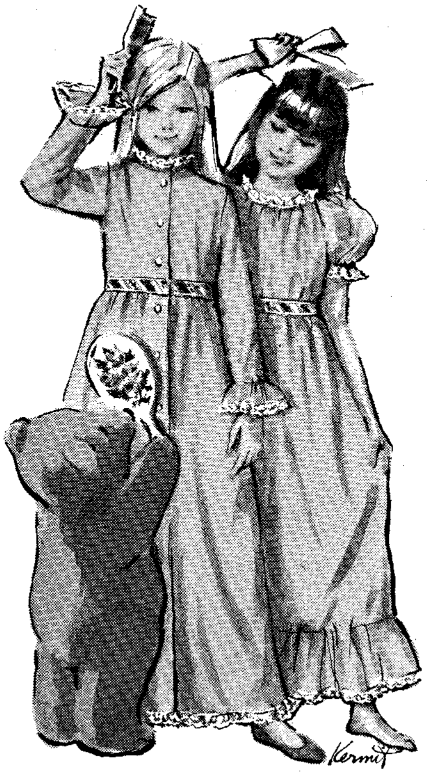
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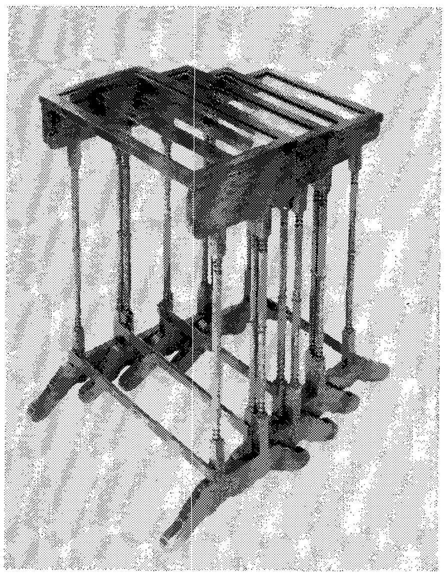
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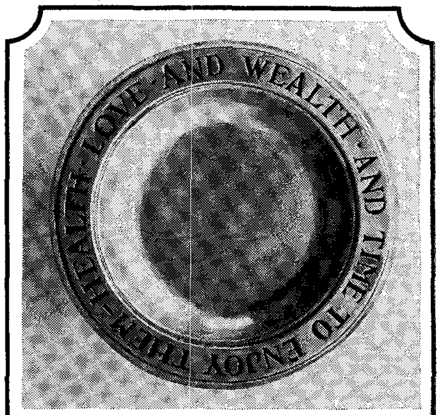
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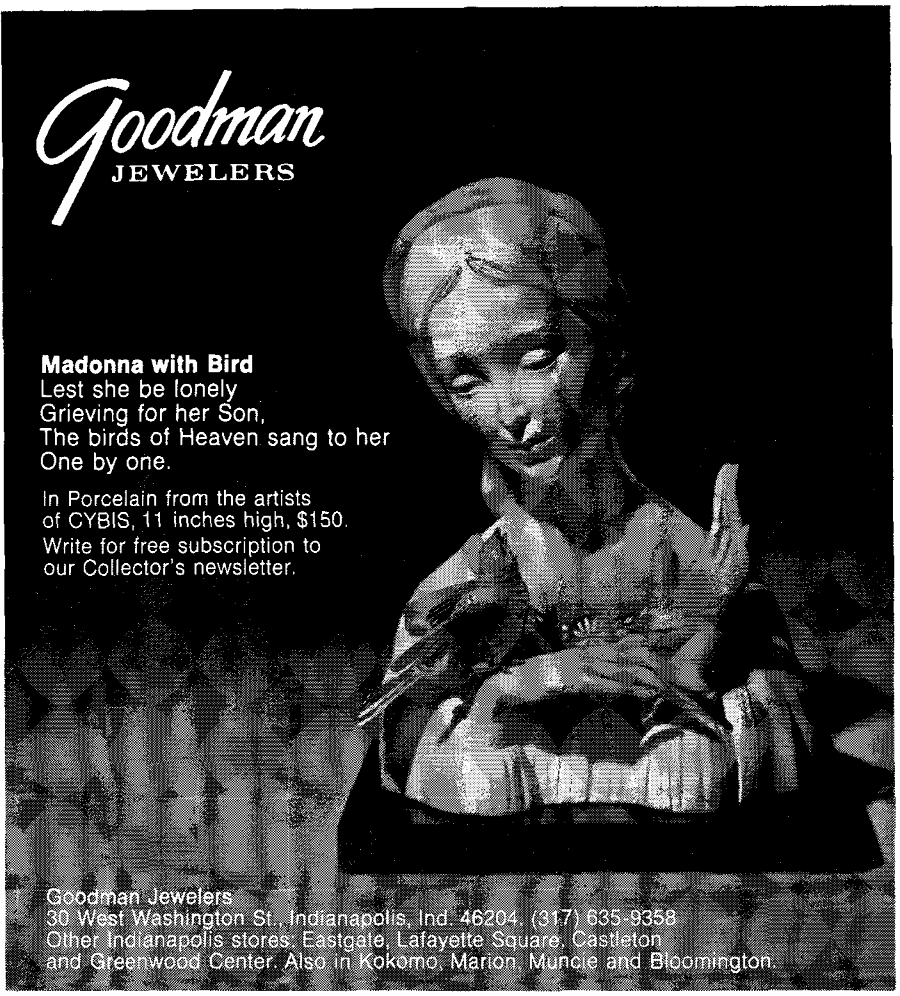
decadent, calculating studs and stars and witches who surround her. (Tammy Grimes, Adam Roarke, Ruth Ford, Richard Anderson, and Paul Lambert are among them.) She's superior because she can't adjust to the "sick arrangements" they accept, even though—and here is the real cheat of this genre—in the movie there is no other way to live. This soulless high life represents the moral corruption of our time, and the apocalypse. Maria, separated and then divorced, comes equipped with a brain-damaged child she can't communicate with, and in the course of the movie she has an abortion; the fetus in the garbage is—like the snake—a recurrent motif. Maria herself has lost interest in communicating, and her success-satisfied movie-director husband accuses her of playing at catatonia, but his producer—a homosexual, BZ (Tony Perkins)—understands her all right. Because BZ, too, has discovered the nothingness of life. "Tell me what matters," he says to her, but she has no answer, and he commits suicide while she cradles him in her arms. The cotton-candy misery of all this might have been dreamed up by a Catholic schoolgirl who loses her God and thinks that if she doesn't find something to put in His place the world will come to an end. If you use Hollywood as the test tissue for mankind, what could the prognosis be? Brimstone, of course, brought on by the fornication and bitchery that audiences enjoy.

The movie feels like a remake of the book. But it has lost the book's accumulating sense of dread—possibly because the splintered opening doesn't help you get your bearings the way the splintering in the book did. And what Frank Perry misses out on is that Maria is meant not just to be numb but to be numb because she hurts. That never comes across in Tuesday Weld's limited, mannered performance. She doesn't use her body anymore; as in last year's "A Safe Place," she does everything with her face, mainly with her mouth—there are a lot of puckers. With her Alice in Wonderland forehead and her calm, wide eyes, she's like a great pumpkin-headed doll, and she doesn't express pain—just a beautiful blobby numbness that suggests childlike abstraction as much as suffering. Tony Perkins uses his contrasting skinny tightness, in his supporting role, very well; when his lines are dry, he's the best thing in the picture. But who could deliver lines like, "We've been out there where nothing is"? Tuesday Weld is onscreen steadily. Maria



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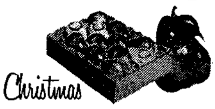

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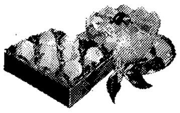
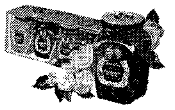


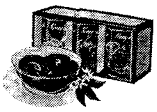
February – Grapefruit

March – Royal Oranges

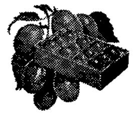
April – Pineapple



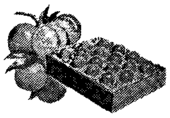
May – Preserves



June – Home Canned Fruit



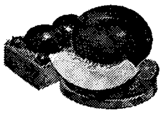
July – Kiwi Berries



August – Nectarines

September – Peaches

October – Grapes



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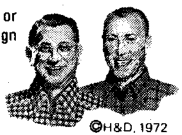

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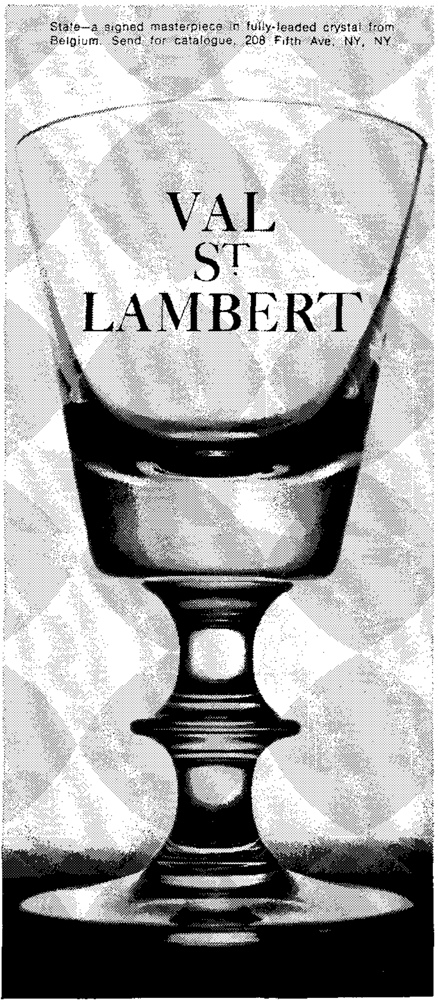
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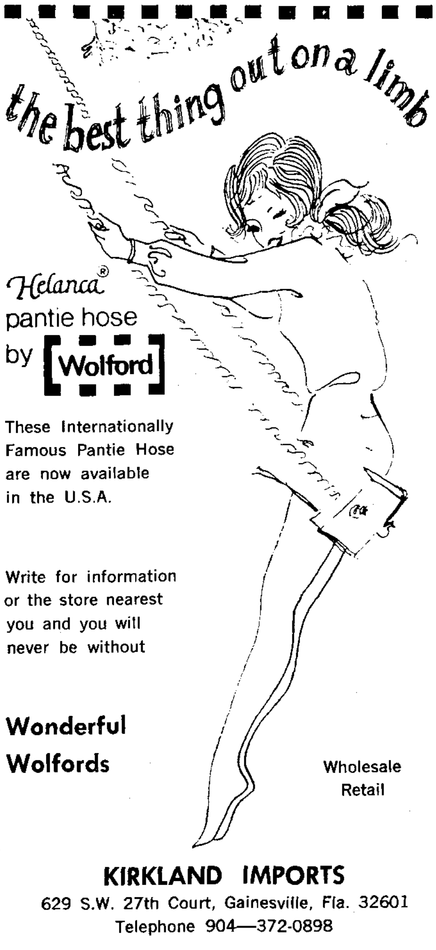

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drives the freeways in search of the reasons that they're there; she shoots at highway signs; and she broods. "Maybe I was holding all the aces, but what was the game?" she says to us—a line that echoes the Mickey Spillane parody in "The Band Wagon." But Maria is the twin sister of the Jack Nicholson character in "Five Easy Pieces," and this is classy—plastic L.A. and the freeways, sin and loss. Poor Maria keeps asking the meaning of it all, and because she's thinking this heavy question she can't do anything for herself or anyone else. And the movie cuddles her and cuddles her *Cosmopolitan*-girl questions. —PAULINE KAEL

•

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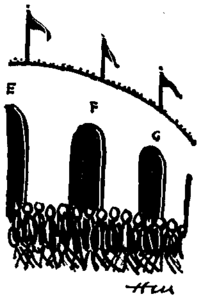

WEEK before last, up at Ithaca, Tom Doyle went to work in mid-afternoon as Yale's second quarterback, and his mates, bogged down in rain, treacherous artificial turf, Cornell tacklers, and an acute attack of the fumbles, suddenly came to. It was too late to save the day: Doyle contracted a case of the fumbles, too, but he did pop a handsome sixteen-yard throw to Fernandez for Yale's final touchdown. On Saturday last, he came indeed into his own, and the mighty triumvirate of the Yale freshman team of the year before—Doyle, Tyrell Hennings, and Rudy Green—did what only a few admirers expected of them, and put Dartmouth down solidly, 45–14. Doyle is a rare pleasure—a quarterback who runs far more than he throws, and he is fond not only of the standard roll-out royal progress (three blockers ahead to make things easy) but of going it on his own: a backward motion to mislead the men coming at him, then a rapid dart between them. Against Dartmouth, he ran the ball twelve times, for a hundred and sixty yards—a lot more than anyone else on the field. His best sprint—of sixty-four yards, for a touchdown—was a lot more than some quarterbacks manage in a season. Dick Jauron, for three years Yale's pet performer, will now have to accept double billing, in his final season, with Doyle. But Jauron is a generous sort: overtaking Doyle on that touchdown run, he blasted Pugh, the last Dartmouth man who could have done anything about the situation, into oblivion. Commercial observers of Doyle were heard to make favorable comparisons with Greg Landry, the Detroit Lions' great running quarterback; Ivy League observers were forecasting three golden years (the new triumvirate's term of office) for Yale. But Stetson, Doyle's opposite number on the Dartmouth force, had his moments, too, particularly when, in a matter of thirty seconds, he contrived two touchdowns—to show Yale that it could not let down for a moment.

Another freshman triumvirate of last year succeeded to the throne last Saturday when Mistretta, who had been

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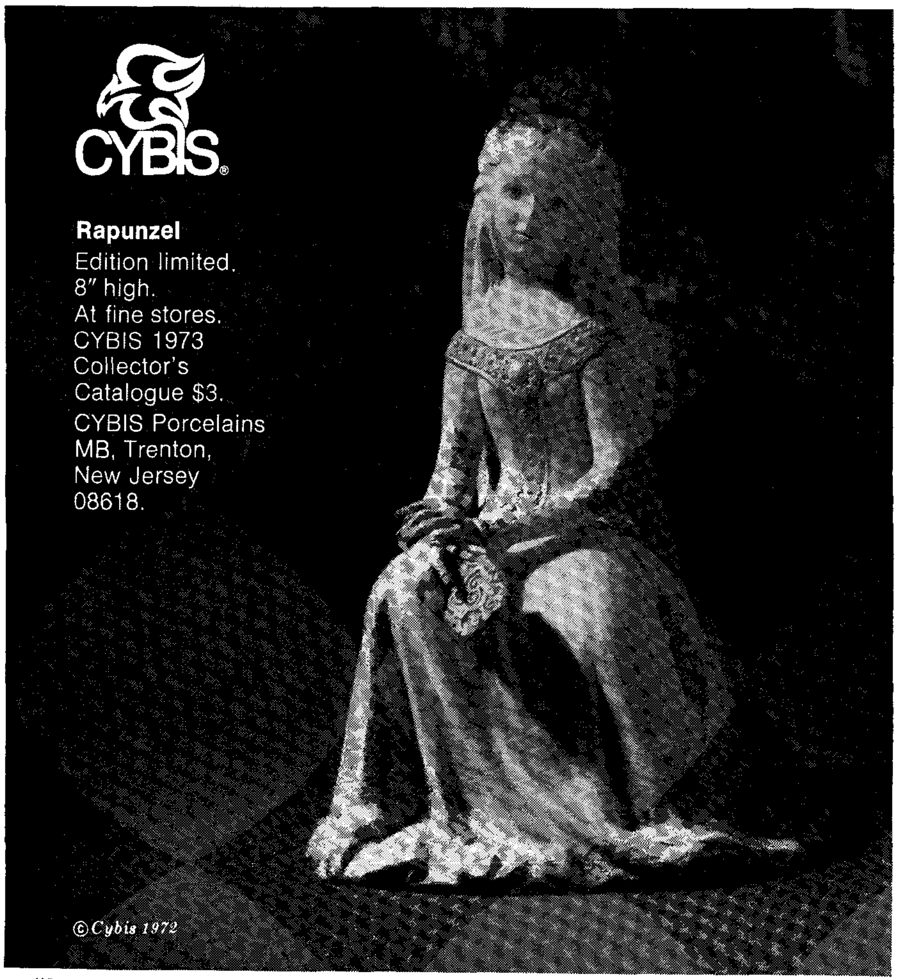
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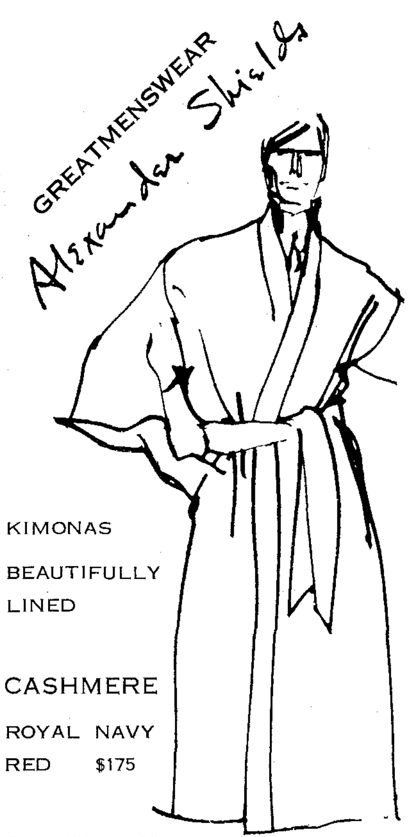
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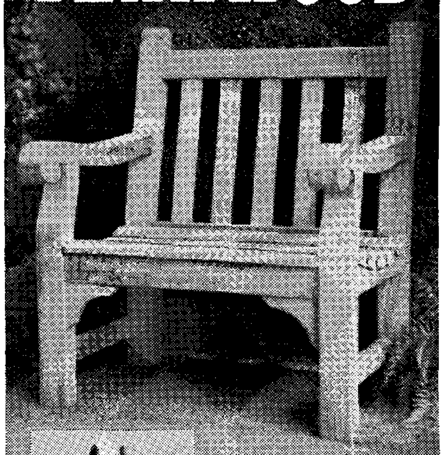

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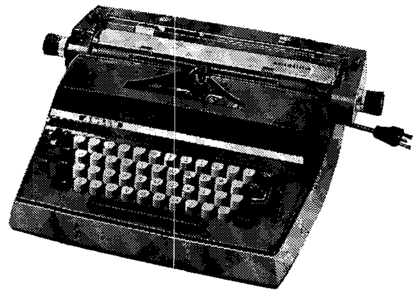
held out of action all fall by Princeton because his throwing arm was unserviceable, ascended to the job of quarterback and rejoined his two running backs of a season ago, Wagenseller and Harding. Princeton, suffering its own epidemic of the fumbles, and stockpiling penalties as though they were coming into fashion, has had a poor fall, and Brown has had its best one in years (contemplate its overturning of Pennsylvania, 28–20—the Pennsylvania that last weekend staggered all hands by trimming Harvard, 38–27). Nonetheless, Mistretta made a difference—Princeton 31, Brown 10.

ALAS, fair Harvard, or only fair-to-middling Harvard after that visit by Pennsylvania. The week before, Harvard was able to contain Dartmouth's ingenious running attack, yet Bellizeare, a Pennsylvania back weighing in at no more than a hundred and seventy pounds, had few difficulties. Harvard is now equipped with a running game even more ingenious than the one Dartmouth offers, but its three quarterbacks—Crone, Stoeckel, and Holt—seem not quite able to make the best use of it.

Army's leaders, Fink and Atha, are good, honest, hardworking men in a sport in which deception is the only means of perfection. Fink, going all the way for Army against Air Force last Saturday, and in unspectacular fashion, got plenty of yardage out of his throwing; Air Force's Haynie, who arrived at West Point with a record of seventy-eight successful passes (fifteen of them for touchdowns) this fall, threw the ball six times into Army hands (until then, he had hardly ever lost a ball), and Hines, running like fury for Army, swept himself and his teammates on, almost at the last minute, to a 17–14 topping-off of the enemy. Only Navy had beaten Air Force this season. Year after year, Army plays out a schedule that belongs only to a squad liberally basted with what are tactfully termed athletic scholarships, and does it with difficulty but likewise with dint.

And hail Columbia, happy land, which overruled a most expectant Cornell by a count of 14–0 up at Baker Field during the weekend. This has been a poor fall for Columbia, too. There is nothing much new about Columbia; it is still the deft Jackson at quarterback, the implacable Kaliades at linebacker, and Georges (who has come along fast of late) at running back, but it may finally have come of age. —J.W.L.



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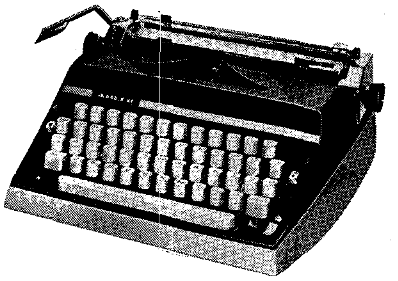

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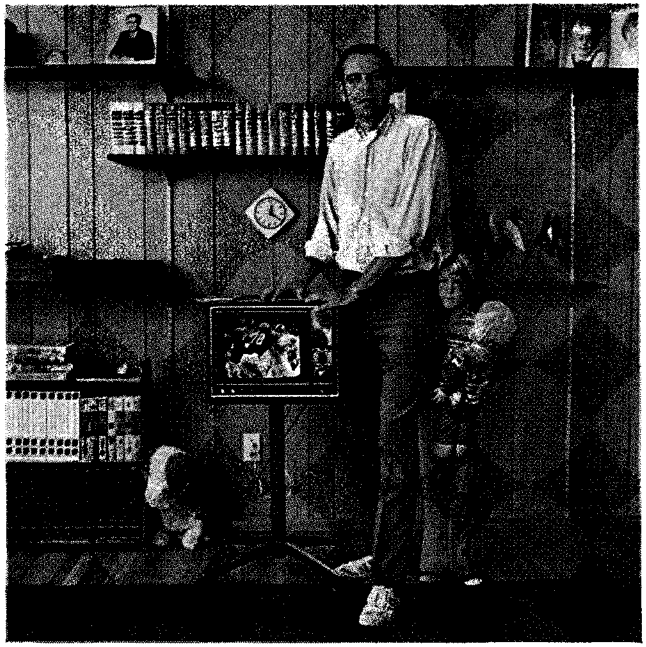

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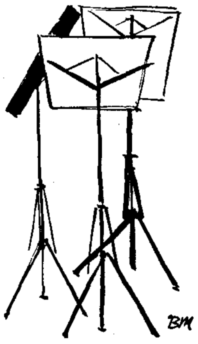
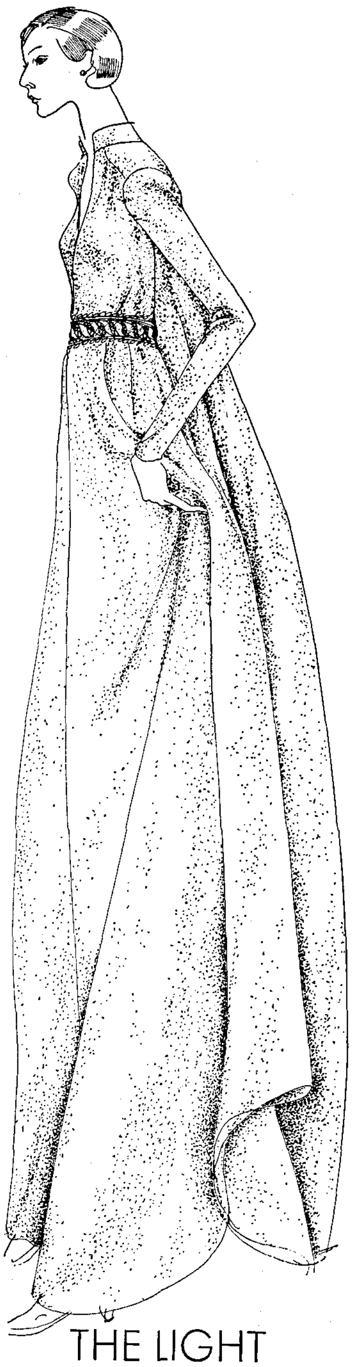
MUSICAL EVENTS

The Sound of Music

I AM not altogether happy with the sound of Philharmonic Hall. Finding words that convey just why is hard. The science of acoustics is not a precise one (if it were, there would be fewer disappointing modern concert halls). Instruments can measure to a decibel of intensity and a microsecond of decay the sound-properties of a place at any frequency, at any dynamic level, in any location, but what they tell us may bear little relation to the effect of music in performance. A listener's reactions are more complicated, and more subjective. Sitting in different seats from night to night, hearing different orchestras under different conductors, he distills his impressions from a host of variables. Though he, too, has measuring instruments of uncommon range and sensitivity (according to the acoustician Llewelyn S. Lloyd, "the loudest sound our ears can bear to hear has an intensity ten million million times that of the faintest sound the most acute ear can detect"), he formulates the result of his "readings" imprecisely, often in terms of visual or tactile metaphor. One hall is "bright" and another "murky," one "warm" and another "cold." And sight, I believe, can affect what we think about sound in subtle ways often unconsidered. When I first entered Philharmonic Hall, eight years ago, large areas of it were painted navy blue, a color that always seems to "suck up the sound." Wooden walls, such as it has now, lead us to expect "warmth." When the lighting is reduced to a dim religious gloom, a corresponding "brightness" seems to go from the music (quite apart from the fact that it then becomes difficult to follow miniature scores, or the printed texts of vocal pieces). The effect is very noticeable when, as sometimes happens, the man at the switchboard, late on cue, dims just after the music has begun. And, in fact, I think the acoustics of Philharmonic Hall could be "improved" by stepping up somewhat the level of illumination during performances. The scientists' meters would register no change, but the listener might well "hear" a difference. So unscientific are a musician's reactions that old halls can even seem to acquire a sonic "patina," as if years of fine performances within them had tempered and tuned their structures to respond to the sound of music. I feel this in Carnegie Hall, in Vienna's Musikvereinsaal, in Boston's Symphony Hall and Philadelphia's Academy of Music. When so much is "in the imagination" (not a bad place for artistic experience to be), it is hazardous to generalize, and surprising that there should be any consensus of acoustic judgment. Yet to a limited extent there is. Many of the admired older halls are rectangular, fairly broad in relation to their length, with flat floors, coffered ceilings, a balcony opposite the platform, and, often, shallow balconies continued down the long sides. This seems to be a good formula for good sound. Many large modern halls built in a fan or funnel shape, with the platform at the narrow end, and surfaces to reflect and project the sound, have run into troubles—particularly when, as in Philharmonic Hall and London's Queen Elizabeth Hall, they are also long and relatively narrow.



Successful halls—such as Berlin's Philharmonie, where the orchestra is out in the open, surrounded by auditors—tend to be successful from the start. Yet the troubles can be lessened, sometimes even cured. The Royal Albert Hall, notorious a whole century for its acoustics, has now been improved out of recognition by the clusters of flying saucers suspended from the ceiling. London's Royal Festival Hall has been made rather more tolerable by a system of electrically aided resonance. The modifications to Philharmonic Hall have been many; the latest round has involved replacing the lower section of the organ shutters by an unbroken wooden background to the platform, and providing a resonant floor beneath all the players. The best sound I have heard there this season was at a Philadelphia Orchestra rehearsal of Shostakovich's Fifteenth Symphony under Eugene Ormandy—the hall empty and well lit, the tone of both solo instruments and the ensemble marvellously warm, full, and immediate. One might have been in the Amsterdam Concertgebouw, a place that seems to resonate like the body of a violin. That evening, in a crowded hall, the sound was still excellent but a shade less bewitching. (I did not mind, for at the rehearsal I had been too much captivated by sheer timbre to follow the sense of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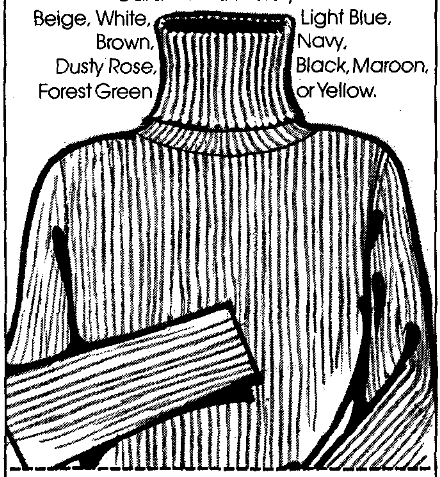

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the symphony.) The worst sound I have heard there this season was at a Philharmonic concert, under Pierre Boulez, which opened with Schütz's "Fili mi, Absalon" and ended with Berlioz' "Te Deum." The Schütz, a *symphonia sacra* for solo bass, four trombones, and *continuo*, sounded . . . well, "murky"—blurred, indistinct in line and attack. The "Te Deum" is one of Berlioz' massive pieces (he wanted close on a thousand performers), calculated to make a great effect in a huge, resonant space. (When Berlioz arrived in Rome he "rushed directly to St. Peter's. Immense! sublime! overpowering! . . . As I thought of the glorious role my cherished art must play there, my heart began to beat with excitement." Anticlimax followed—the music he heard in St. Peter's was wretched—but his own "Requiem" and "Te Deum," which he called "architectural" works, must have been inspired by those first impressions.)

In New York, the Cathedral of St. John the Divine is the place for Berlioz' "Te Deum." There the composer's spatial effects could be achieved: organ at one end and orchestra at the other, so that "Pope and Emperor speak in dialogue from opposite ends of the nave;" twin choirs ranged with the orchestra; and somewhere in the midst of it all a vast chorus of choirboys (Berlioz asked for six hundred). Such things are not possible in Philharmonic Hall, but, now that electronic instruments have become so good, the organ could at least have kept a due pontifical distance. Instead, the regular instrument was used, and singers and players were clustered near it—"huddled" is perhaps the word, since the architects of the place provided surprisingly little platform space to such a deal of auditorium. And so the result was not massive but a little mean. The music did not surge into grandeur or, during the gently devotional "Te ergo," lap the spaces above us with mystic radiance. The inventions sounded commonplace, their scoring more odd than inspired—the old charges against Berlioz, which a noble performance swiftly disproves. "One will either miss the drift of the whole," said the composer, "or be crushed by a tremendous emotion." I wasn't crushed.

Of course, a hall cannot be condemned because it does not adequately hold Berlioz' "Te Deum;" it can be said only to have shown its limitations in a special case. Moreover, we must take into account that Mr. Boulez is not exactly a man given to purveying

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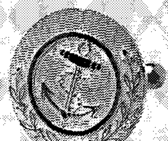

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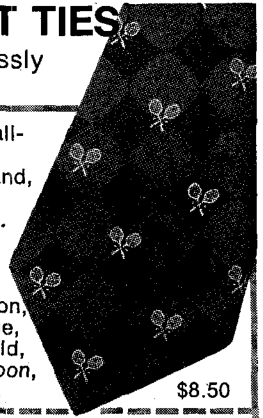

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"a tremendous emotion." How much was it his fault, how much the hall's, that Bartók's "Cantata Profana," in the same program, lost its rich impressionist colors, or that at a later concert Scriabin's "Poem of Ecstasy" was scarcely voluptuous or luscious in tone? Do Karl Richter and the Munich Bach Choir and Orchestra really give so lacklustre a reading of Bach's "St. Matthew Passion" as I heard in Philharmonic Hall one Sunday afternoon: sober, respectable, carefully rehearsed, marked by all the virtues we dub "Kapellmeisterly"—and uninspiring? Why did Szymanowski's Second Violin Concerto, so richly wrought, so delicately jewelled, sound drab, even with that violinist of glowing tone, Henryk Szeryng, as soloist (this at a Philharmonic concert conducted by Stanislaw Skrowaczewski)? My general impression of the hall's acoustics, based on these and several other performances, is that resonance has now been achieved, but not yet "presence." Too often, the sound does not seem to "speak" to a listener, hold his attention. I have heard most of the Philharmonic concerts from seat X 123, which is midway in the orchestra, off the left-hand aisle. Everything has been clear; little has been compelling. At the Philadelphians' concerts, I have been rather closer, in N 123, which has been rather better. At Mr. Skrowaczewski's concert, I was near the front—too near to hear a true orchestral balance.

ELSEWHERE, there have been some exquisite sounds. Musica Sacra, under Richard Westenburg, filled the Central Presbyterian Church with beautifully articulated Bach. The small choir of twenty-two voices and the small orchestra achieved a blaze of splendor in Cantata No. 11 (the "Ascension" Oratorio) and the "Magnificat." The latter was done in its original, lengthier version, which includes Christmas interpolations; one of these, the cradlesong "Virga Jesse," a soprano-bass duet at once gentle and elaborate, was sung chorally, in tender tones and with perfectly balanced, pearly runs in which the singers breathed and phrased as one. Ornamentation and rhythmic interpretation of the printed notes were handled with a scholarly (and artistic) care that put the Munich group to shame. A program note rightly drew attention to "the proper acoustical framework" for Bach's music provided by the church.

Three Americans took the first three places in the Leeds International Piano Competition this year—Murray Pera-

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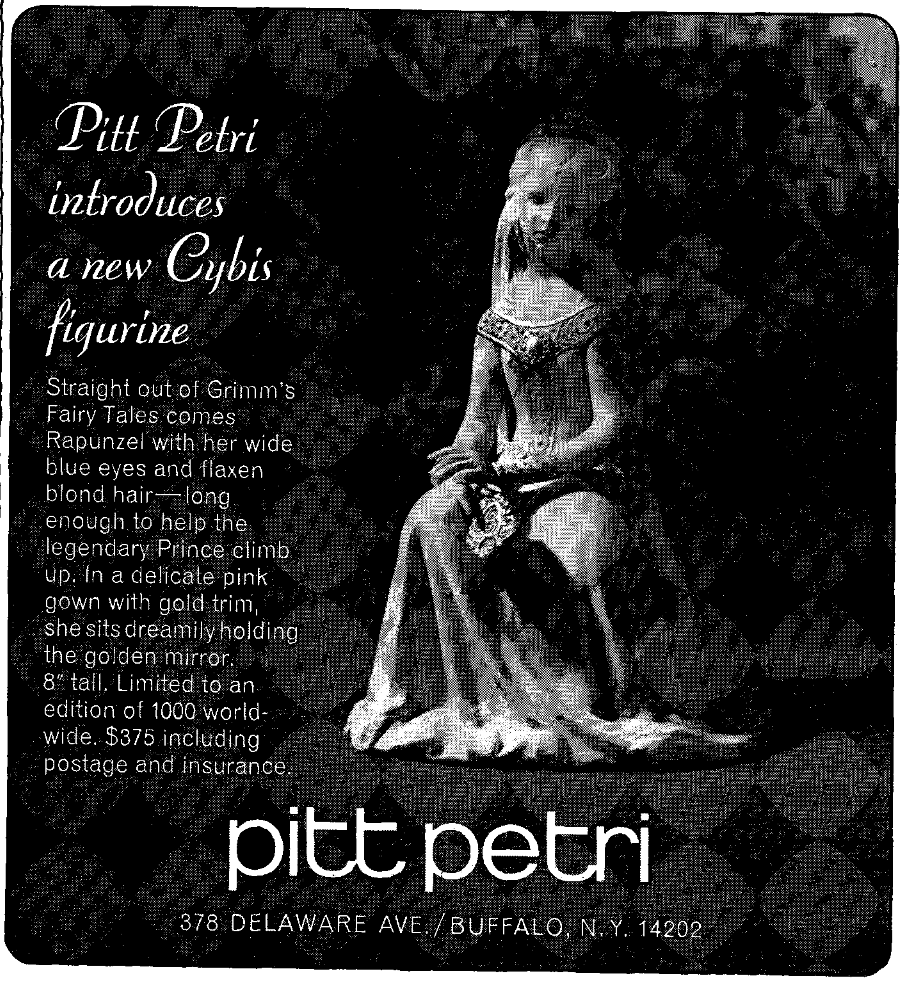

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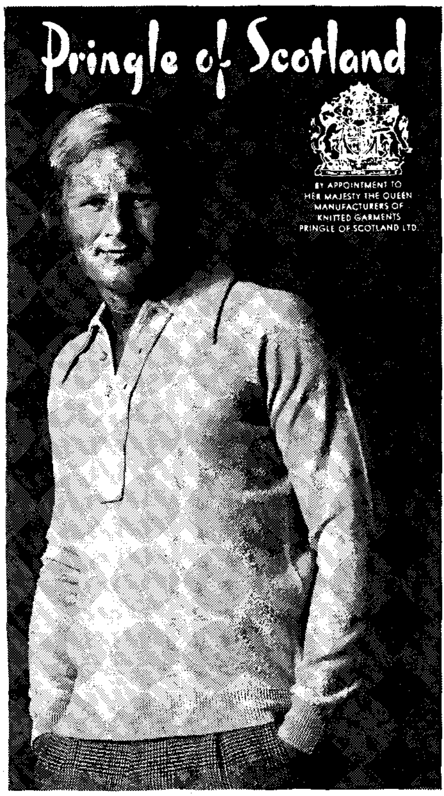
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hia, Craig Sheppard, and Eugene Indjic. In the semifinals, each played a Mozart concerto ("Alone of the three," reports an English colleague, "Perahia had the real Mozartian limpidity, but he almost overdid the half-shades, applying exquisite pianissimo like a thin coat of varnish"), and then another concerto in the finals. Mr. Sheppard and Mr. Indjic chose Rachmaninoff's Third, Mr. Perahia Chopin's E Minor. The judges have awarded first prize not to a hard hitter, or to a conventionally "big" pianist, but to a poet. Fresh from his win, Mr. Perahia, at Hunter College, played Mozart's E-Flat Concerto, K. 271, and then Mendelssohn's Second, accompanied by an anonymous orchestra under Alexander Schneider. His tone was consistently and enchantingly beautiful. His modelling of line was delicate, loving, almost without affectation (not quite, for just occasionally a phrase would melt into an almost inaudible final note). All in all, his playing showed a rare technical and interpretative finesse, and grace that did not preclude energy.

By chance, the same Mozart concerto turned up on the bill of the Philadelphia Orchestra's second New York concert, and was there given a capable but far more conventional performance, with Philippe Entremont as soloist and Riccardo Muti as conductor. Mr. Muti has won golden opinions for his work in the opera houses of Europe. On the concert platform, his Mozart—he began the evening with the C-Major Symphony, K. 338—was disappointing: plump, bland, smooth-jowled. And in his account of Prokofieff's Third Symphony—a fiery work drawn from the opera "The Flaming Angel"—there was a similar lack of keen-edged attack and rhythmic muscle. —ANDREW PORTER

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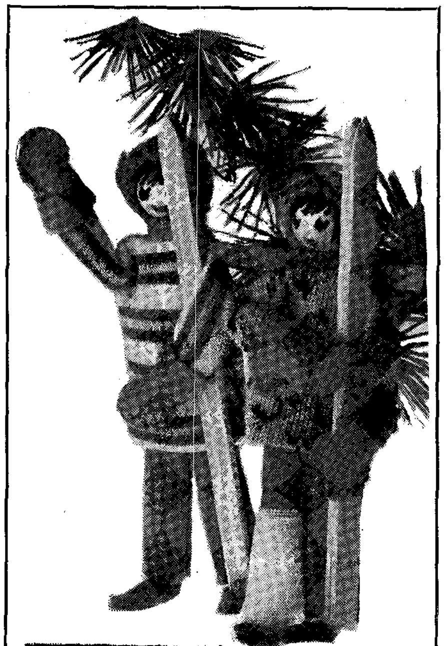
[*From Cornell Reports*]

Provost Robert A. Plane, who received Forrester's letter of resignation, said, "President (Dale R.) Corson and I have tried to convince Dean Forrester to continue for a period in the post in which he has served Cornell with great distinction.

"However, the President and I have no choice but to accept the resignation. It is done with mixed emotions, obvious regret on the one hand and a certain peace of mind on the other, in knowing the high quality of the Law School faculty and student body attained under Ray's guidance and the McKeegans have five grandchildren.



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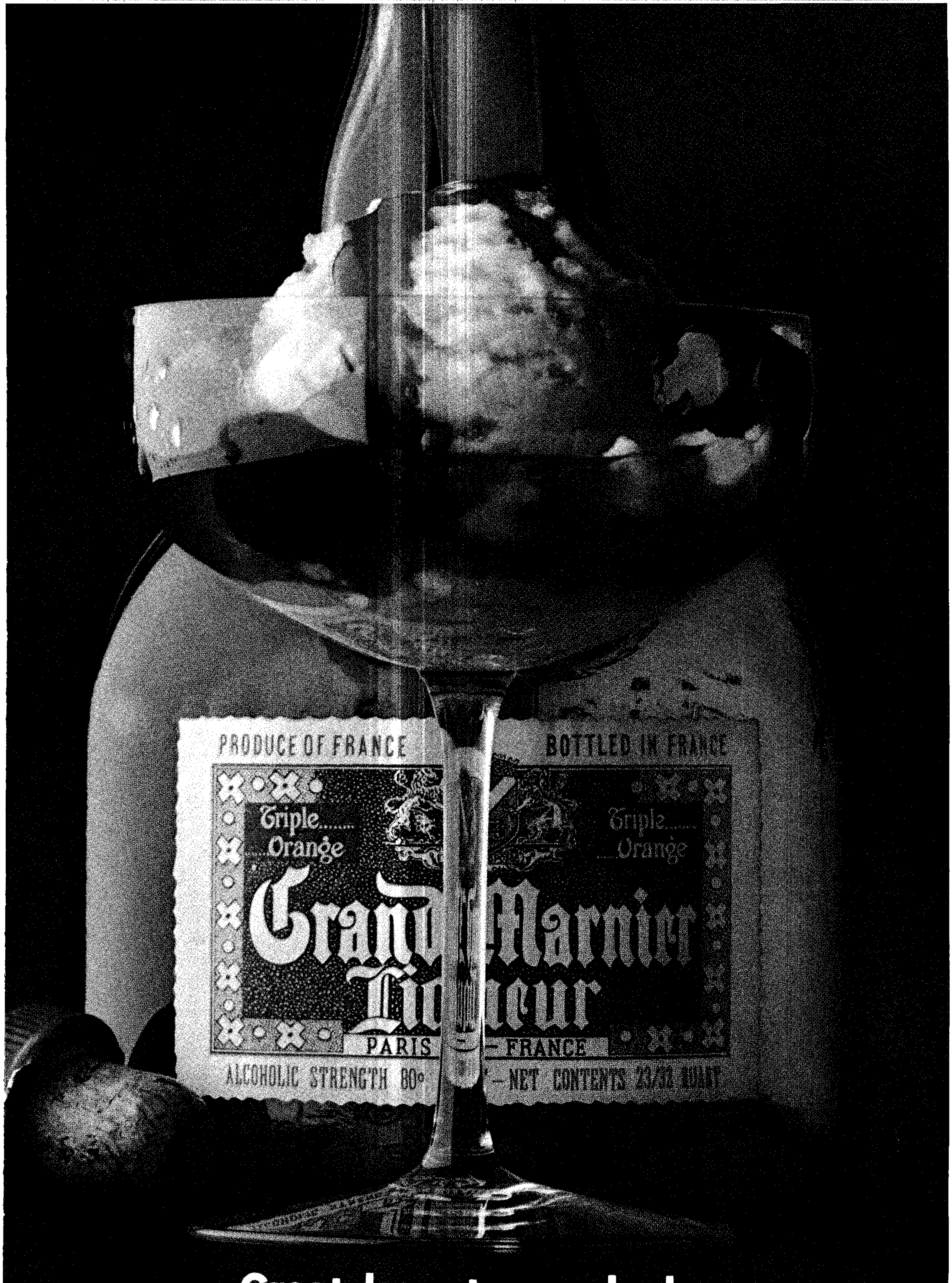
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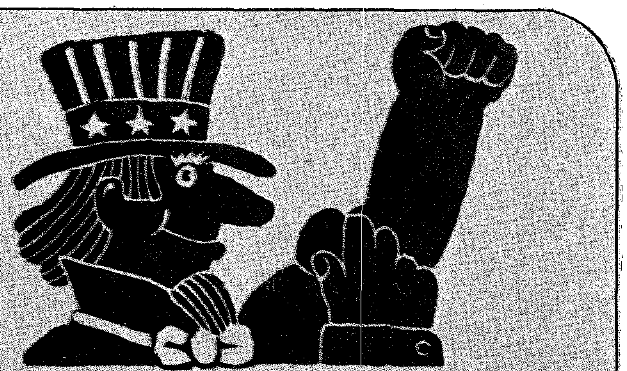

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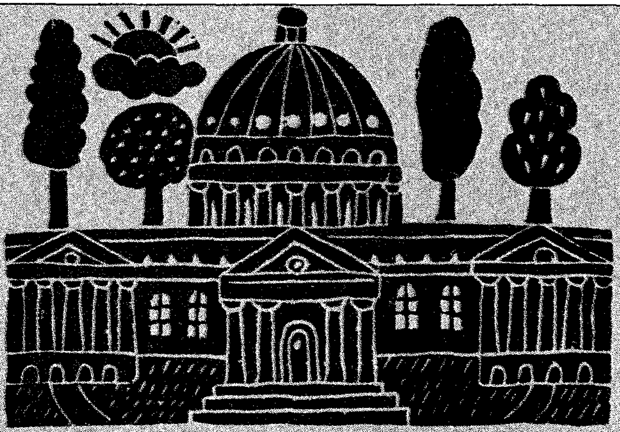

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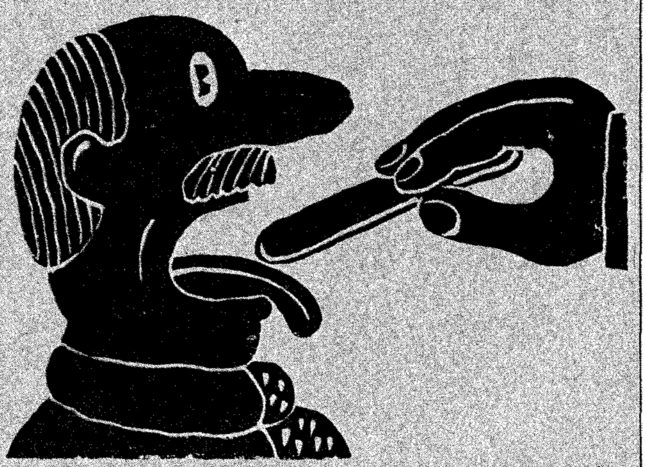

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AROUND CITY HALL

NOT YOU, NOT YOU

MANY people in the city were surprised to discover one morning last month that both of the two front-page local news stories for the day had taken place in Canarsie, in southeast Brooklyn. Until a generation ago, the neighborhood was a sparsely settled area of derelict shacks and small Italian truck farms laid out on what the Federal Writers' Project New York City Guide described, in 1939, as "dispiriting flatlands," and rimmed along Jamaica Bay, Canarsie's eastern boundary, by a resort that was bravely known as Golden City but was so seedy and forlorn and so near the Brooklyn borough dump that generations of vaudeville comedians could count on a big laugh when they bragged about "playing the Palace"—gloomy pause—"in Canarsie." Both the dump and Golden City are long gone, and Canarsie is now no laughing matter. In the last twenty-five years, as blacks took over neighboring East New York and Brownsville, the Jewish residents in those communities moved south into Canarsie, and some ninety-five per cent of its population of about eighty thousand is now made up of middle-income Jews and Italian-Americans, most of whom live in substantial one- and two-family houses, while Canarsie's four thousand blacks live, for the most part, in two public housing developments on its eastern and southern borders. One of that day's two Canarsie news stories reported that white parents had succeeded in shutting down two of the district's five junior high schools by picketing, boycotting, and, in the case of one school, J.H.S. 211, locking themselves inside and barring the doors to all students—a lockout that continued until the city's Chancellor of Schools, Harvey Scribner, threatened them with a court injunction three days later. The parents' action at the two schools followed Scribner's decision to assign to J.H.S. 211—where about seventy per cent of the fourteen hundred and seventy-five students are white—thirty-one black and Puerto Rican seventh-graders from the Tilden Houses, a public housing project in nearby Brownsville. Parents at the other Canarsie school that was involved—J.H.S. 68, where the enrollment is ninety-seven per cent white—had closed it down for a day after being told by Scribner that the school must make room in the future for fifty Brownsville blacks. The alternative for the black students was a junior high nearer where they live that is ninety-five per cent black and that the parents of the seventh-graders assigned to 211—they rapidly became known as the Tilden 31, although their number fluctuated a bit from day to day—had rejected, because of its lack of integration. Denying any racist motivation, J.H.S. 211's embattled white parents explained to reporters that they were afraid the additional black children would bring violence and drug-related crimes into their neighborhood, where—as community leaders had frequently complained—police protection was already inadequate.

The day's other news story from Canarsie reported that after a year of undercover investigation, described by Brooklyn District Attorney Eugene Gold as "the most massive investigation of organized crime in the history of this country," police had fanned out through the city and suburbs bearing subpoenas to serve on six hundred and seventy-seven people implicated, to one degree or another, by the undercover work. The subpoenas bore the names of the chiefs of three of the five local Mafia families and many of their relatives and what were described as their "associates"—a category that included a number of businessmen and political figures. Among those who had also been implicated, to one degree or another, Gold reported, were a hundred and two local policemen, a large percentage of them from Canarsie's Sixty-ninth Precinct. The evidence had resulted from the discovery by Gold's office that the city's organized-crime leaders were holding regular summit conferences in a house trailer parked in a used-car junk yard on Canarsie's Avenue D, near J.H.S. 68. Having secretly wired the trailer for sound (the *News* headline writers immediately dubbed the monitor "the Gold Bug"), and having thereafter set up cameras in a window of a parochial high school across the way, the D.A.'s men had been able to accumulate voluminous audiovisual records of high-level criminal operations, including extortion, hijacking, and the distribution of narcotics in the metropolitan area. The week after the subpoenas were served, the involuntary witnesses began their parade before a Brooklyn grand jury. No one could say, of course, whether the evidence against them would stand up in court. ("I was born in the Bronx, and I wouldn't know one end of Brooklyn from the other," one of the subpoenaed politicians insisted.)

Meanwhile, on the school front, Chancellor Scribner had shifted signals by reassigning the Tilden 31 to J.H.S. 68, the ninety-seven-per-cent-white school, which is in a largely Italian part of Canarsie. As the parents of the J.H.S. 68 children were busy enumerating for reporters the dangers of exposing their children to the invaders from the high-crime area of Brownsville, word came that the black parents had rejected the proposal, indicating that *they* feared for the safety of *their* children in the "hostile" environment of J.H.S. 68. A few days later, the central Board of Education, citing the "moral realities" of the situation, reversed Scribner's decision, ordered J.H.S. 211 to admit the "long-suffering" Tilden 31 (who had not attended school since the beginning of the term, seven weeks before), and called on J.H.S. 211 parents and civic leaders to help erase "the disgraceful blot that has stained New York City." The next day, the president of the Board of Education, Joseph Monserrat, began a long interview with a group of *Times* reporters by saying that he didn't see any difference between the Canarsie school crisis and "the Forest Hills situation." In both cases, he said, the problem "is one that's citywide, in which there are what might be called enclaves of better neighborhoods." He went on, "Better neighborhoods are . . . described in many ways, including coloration and a concern over the fact that if minority children are permitted into certain areas, these neighborhoods will change."

AS it happened, on the day the Board of Education's order went out to admit the thirty-one black children from Brownsville to J.H.S. 211, causing its white parents to begin a boycott of the school, and the city braced itself for a possible rerun in Canarsie of the 1968 school crisis (which had centered largely in the nearby Ocean Hill-Brownsville district), with its violent confrontations and its naked racial bitterness, the Board of Estimate was in the midst of a long public hearing at City Hall on the Forest Hills situation. The details of the controversy had been monotonously recapitulated in the newspapers at regular intervals since last November, when, nearly five years after the Board of Estimate first voted favorably on the proposal, excavation work was beginning on a federally subsidized low-income housing project

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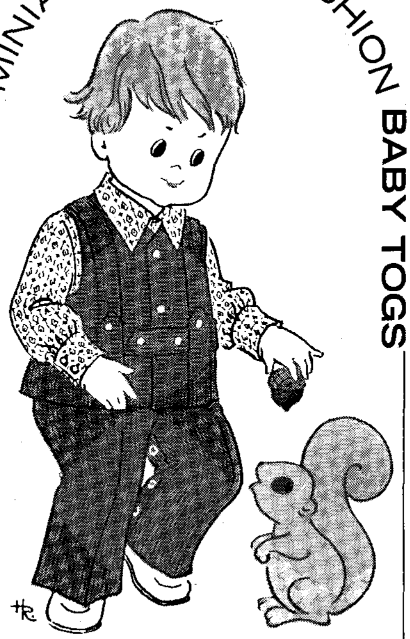

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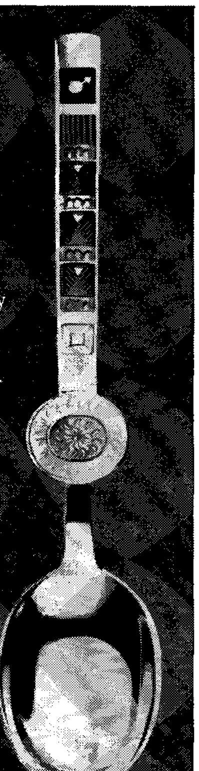

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on a vacant eight-and-a-half-acre tract beside the Long Island Expressway in Forest Hills, a middle-class, predominantly Jewish community in central Queens. The plan provided for eight hundred and forty apartment units in three twenty-four-story buildings. Although forty per cent of the units were to be reserved for elderly tenants in need of public subsidy (who, for a number of reasons, could be counted on to be predominantly white), and the city had agreed to allow a committee of Forest Hills citizens to screen all applicants, the prospect of a large influx of low-income (that is, black) families had aroused the Forest Hills community, and particularly a local real-estate man named Jerry Birbach, who founded the Forest Hills Residents Association to coördinate opposition to the low-income project. Residents of Forest Hills had picketed the construction site almost daily for months, and, on occasion, had thrown rocks at the construction equipment and tried to set it afire. The city administration had frequently pointed out that the chosen site complied with the federal government's provision that low-income housing be built in stable communities outside ghetto areas—the so-called scatter-site housing program—and Governor Rockefeller had vetoed a bill designed to kill the project last spring, but, even so, the demonstrators had had no difficulty identifying their prime enemy as the Mayor of New York. "Don't Let Adolf Lindsay Destroy Forest Hills!" read one of the demonstrators' favorite signs. The Mayor's car had been spat upon when he visited a nearby Queens community, and his supporters who attended a large benefit dinner in Queens to raise funds for his campaign for the Presidential nomination had been attacked by a crowd of Forest Hills residents as they entered the hall. ("Almost without exception, each of the guests received at least one kick in the shins," the *Times* reported.) The political strength of the forces opposed to any low-income project in Forest Hills wasn't entirely clear, however, even on the day of the recent Board of Estimate meeting. At that hearing, Herbert Miller, the State Assemblyman from the district, claimed that over ninety-nine per cent of the Forest Hills residents rejected the proposal entirely. On the other hand, Birbach had been decisively defeated when, in last June's Democratic primary, he ran on a single anti-project plank against the young incumbent state senator, Emanuel Gold, who had once said of the Forest Hills proposal, "My ancestors

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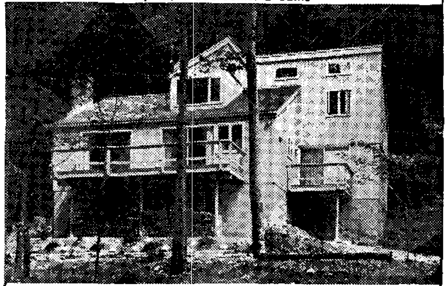

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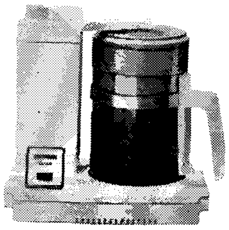

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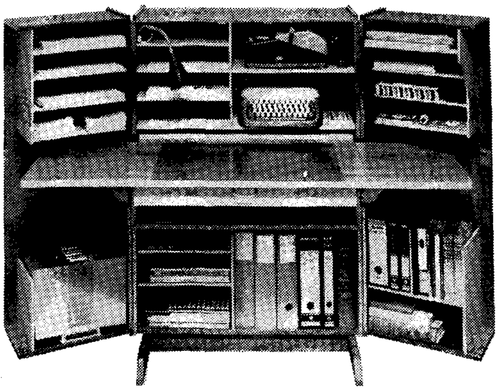
did not break loose from the ghettos of Europe to have me lead the charge here in New York City to keep others in ghettos." (He later favored a scaled-down version of the project.) Late this spring, although the project's opponents had lost in every court available to them, Lindsay, in line with his search for a new, more moderate political identity, asked Mario Cuomo, a Queens lawyer who had been helpful in a similar community-versus-City Hall crisis in nearby Corona, to recommend some solution to the controversy. It was Cuomo's compromise proposal—to scale the buildings down to twelve stories and reduce the number of apartments to four hundred and thirty (the change, which would make the cost per unit exceed federal guidelines, would probably cost the city nine million seven hundred thousand dollars)—that was to be voted on at the recent Board of Estimate meeting.

Everyone in the big, white-walled Board of Estimate chamber knew that the day would end with the Board's acting favorably on the Cuomo proposal, but—except for some political figures in the audience who were clearly relieved that some middle ground had been found—no more than a tiny percentage of the standing-room-only crowd that appeared for the hearing had any use for any form of compromise. On one side of the aisle were speakers who, one after another, declared themselves "unalterably" in favor of building the project in its original form. About two-thirds of them were black. Some of the others on that side identified themselves as members of various citywide organizations, including the Women's City Club, the Community Service Society, the Liberal Party of Queens County, and—a revelation that caused a number of people favoring the project to bury their heads in their hands—the Communist Party. (Its speaker, a young Italian, predicted that the citizens of Forest Hills—who were, he pointed out, all working people—and the workers of the ghettos would soon get together and throw the bankers, the landlords, and the establishment politicians, such as those up there on the dais, "on the scrap heap of history.") On the other side of the room were Forest Hills residents, whose message ("No Project—No Way!") was proclaimed on large buttons that many of them wore on their lapels. Some of those from Forest Hills also wore black armbands, in anticipation of the passing of the compromise, and one apologized to the Board for not having brought a funeral wreath. Aft-



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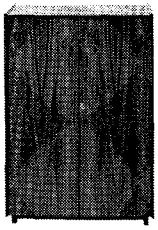

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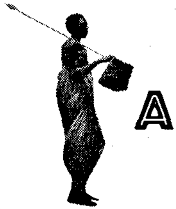

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er a time, one borough president observed to another with some amusement that the pro-project forces had automatically taken seats on the left side of the aisle and the anti-project forces on the right side, from the point of view of the eight Board of Estimate members: the five borough presidents, Comptroller Abraham Beame, President of the City Council Sanford Garelik, and Deputy Mayor Edward Morrison, sitting in for Lindsay, who—some thought cravenly, some thought prudently, on the theory that what might approach a mayoral lynching could hardly do the city, and certainly could not do himself, any good—had decided not to preside over the hearing.

After an opening moment of silence in memory of Jackie Robinson (which a black speaker later called "mighty hypocritical of you people on such a day"), the politicians in the audience stepped forward, one by one, to the lectern. They included two members of Congress, four city councilmen, and eight state legislators, nearly all of them Democrats and all of them white. The single black elected representative from Queens, Assemblyman Guy Brewer, did not appear. Most of the politicians supported the Cuomo compromise, and a number of them also endorsed the proposal of Queens Borough President Donald Manes that the project be turned into a tenants' coöperative. The federal government had assured him that subsidies for such a coöperative were available, Manes said, but he did not say how many welfare families—the tenant contingent most feared in Forest Hills—would qualify for them. A number of the politicians also supported a proposal of Community Board No. 6, which includes Forest Hills, to limit the tenants to senior citizens and veterans in the ratio of sixty-five per cent to thirty-five. One state legislator, however, specified that only "qualified" veterans should be considered ("The fellow means whites!" shouted a voice from the left side of the room), and another suggested that the tenants be limited entirely to the elderly, "with a built-in veteran's preference"—that is, only survivors of the First World War and the Spanish-American War would be clearly welcome. "Senior citizens do not mug, they do not steal, they do not rape. We can accept them" was the earnest explanation of a Residents Association member a little later, setting off a chorus of boos from the left side of the room. Booing came from the right when a black minister from Flushing denounced the senior-citizens proposal as "dehuman-

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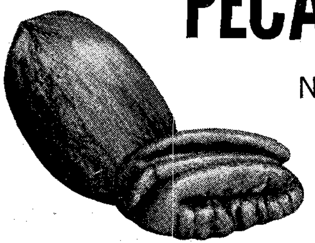

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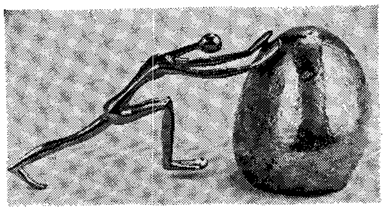

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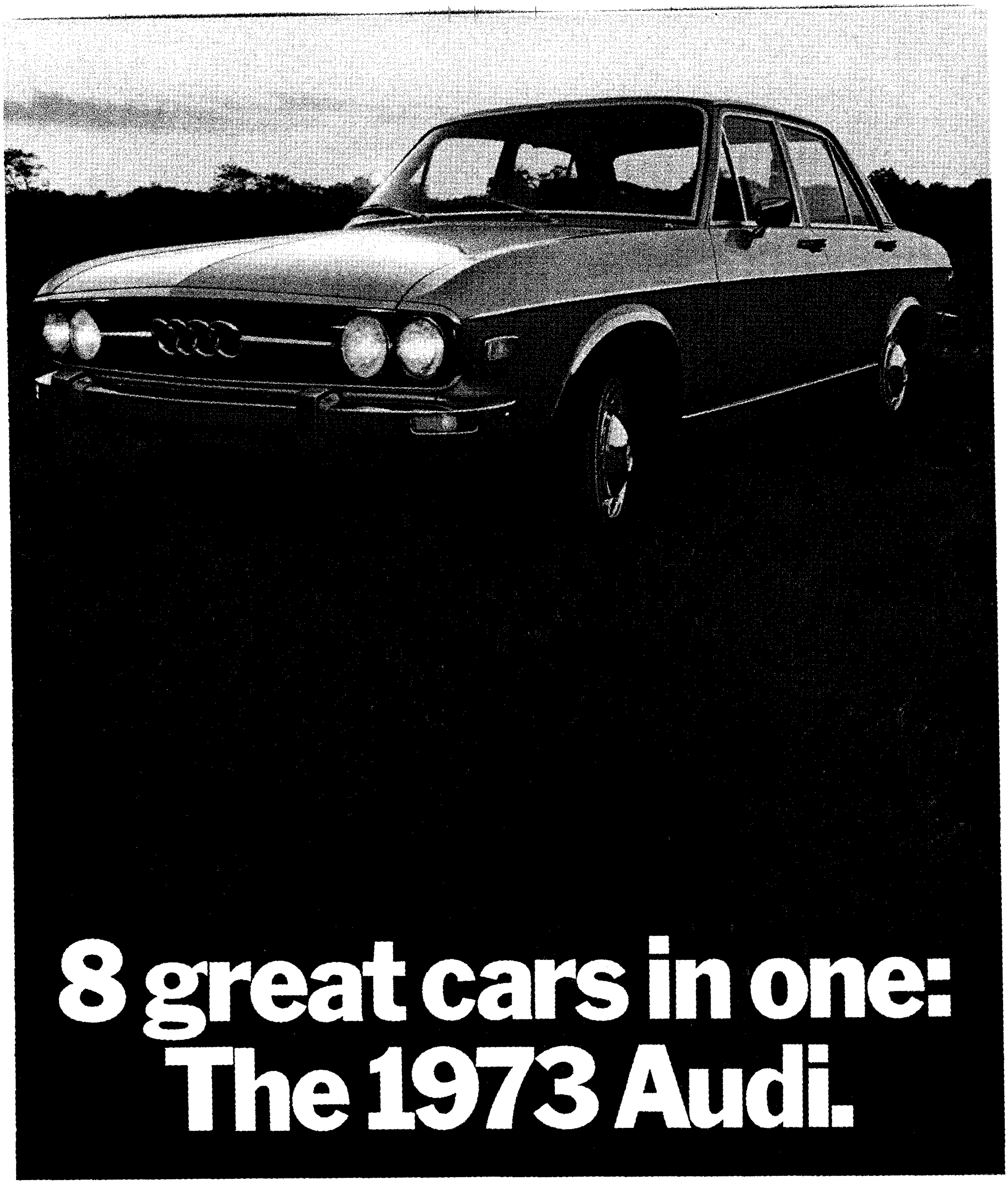

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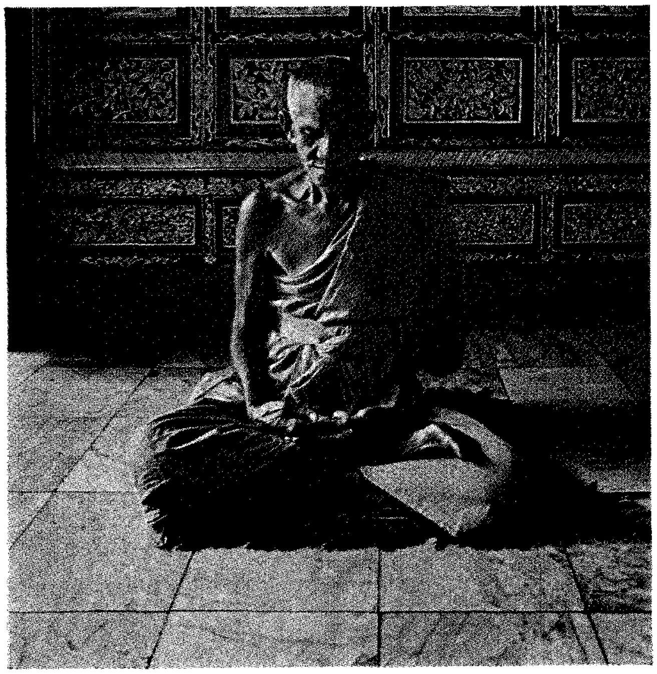
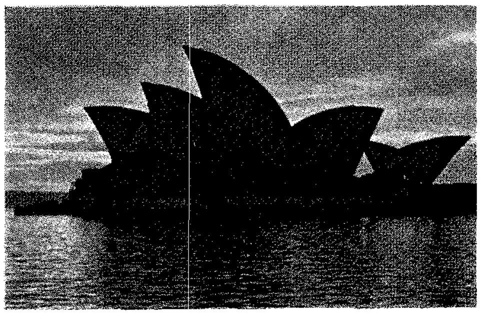


The Pacific is Fiji, Bali, and Samoa. And Tahiti, where the women do a dance that makes the hula look like a waltz.

The Pacific is exotic Singapore, and shopping for bargains in Hong Kong.

And Thailand, where people's idea of a good time is to meditate. (When you visit some of the exquisite Buddhist temples, you'll understand why.)

And, of course, the Pacific is Japan, a country that's going places fast, but still takes the time to celebrate Children's Day, Old People's Day and Lovers' Day.



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izing to blacks sociologically and anthropologically," and added, "Our people prefer to keep our children and old people with us—unlike you white folks." Later, there was a cacophony of competing cheers and raucous laughter as Birbach announced the compromise that his people could live with: cut down the project buildings to eight stories, reserve them entirely for senior citizens, and, as what he called a "safeguard" (apparently against the possibility of a visiting grandchild), specify that units be of the one-room efficiency or the single-bedroom type.

The intermittent pandemonium at the long hearing—it began at 10:30 A.M. and didn't conclude until 10:05 P.M., and Garelik, presiding in Lindsay's absence, called it the roughest in his experience—was heightened from time to time by racket from outside. Three hundred tow-truck operators had chosen that day to protest the unsatisfactory level of towing fees, which are set by the city. They ringed City Hall with their trucks, chained them together to block traffic, and honked their horns almost steadily for three hours. In the intervals when the horns were quiet, shouts could be heard through the windows from thirty or forty members of the Birbach organization for whom there hadn't been even standing room in the chamber. Soon after the hearing began, word came that Birbach, who had joined them to protest their exclusion, had protested so vigorously that he had been arrested for disorderly conduct. Manes immediately sent an emissary to see that the Residents Association president was released, and had him brought back in his official limousine. "The returning hero," as Manhattan Borough President Percy Sutton, the only black member of the Board, later described him sarcastically, was given a standing ovation by half the people in the room. During the rest of the day, Birbach, a stout, dark, full-lipped man, moved about the crowded chamber like a minor potentate, lounging against one end of the horseshoe-shaped dais, advising Board members who came around to confer with him, and talking so loudly with his followers that at one point Garelik respectfully requested him to move outside, so the hearing could proceed with some semblance of quiet. When there had been eight successive speakers either for the compromise or against a project of any kind, and none favoring the original proposal, Garelik indicated that it was time to hear from Birbach. Members of the crowd on the left leaped up shouting "It's not fair! It's not

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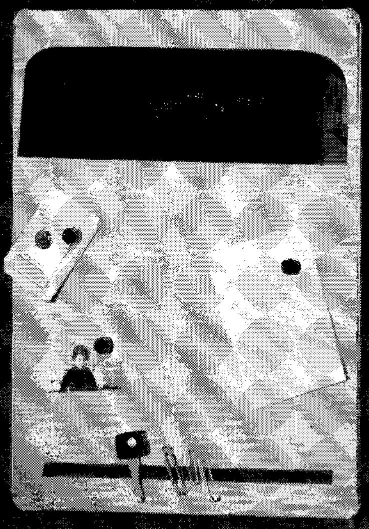

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fair!" and surged toward the front of the room. A number of the pro-project speakers sat down in front of the lectern and refused to move until Sutton, leaving the dais, sat down with them and persuaded them to disperse. By this time, Garelik had called for more police, to augment four or five patrolmen already in the room, and during the rest of the day half a dozen uniformed figures were ranged on either side of the chamber, their faces impassive, as attempts were made to shout down speakers of one persuasion or the other and as the chant of "Save Forest Hills!" was answered with "Power to the People!" and a flurry of raised fists.

None of the officeholders in the room were allowed to forget the political implications of taking sides in the controversy, particularly with a municipal election coming up next year. "I am sad that you find yourself in circumstances in which you find you have to express yourself as you have today, good friend Arthur Katzman," Sutton leaned down to say gently after Katzman, a Queens councilman, had announced, "In our community, we don't want low-income housing." Board members were repeatedly informed that if they didn't kill the project entirely "the Jews of the city will vote against you en masse in 1973," and reminded that if they even considered a compromise "there are a hundred and fifty thousand families on the waiting list for public housing—and they vote, too." As expected, the most frequent threats of political retribution were uttered against Mayor Lindsay. No sooner would the cry of "We Jews showed him in Florida! We showed him in Wisconsin! Just let him try to run for office again!" be heard from one side of the room than the other side would be describing him as "cop-out Lindsay" or the "captive of the New York Board of Rabbis," and, in any case, "politically dead." During the entire day, only Alvin Frankenberg, a Liberal councilman from Queens, had a kind word for Lindsay. "The Mayor is condemned for trying to bring a little light into the lives of those who live in darkness," said Frankenberg. "For trying to provide housing in a city that cries out for housing, he is called a Hitler. What has come over our liberal Jewish community that it has buckled under to the Jerry Birbachs?" After the booing died down, the next speaker announced that everyone knew that Frankenberg was a lame-duck councilman and was just pandering for one of the lower-court judgeships at Lindsay's disposal. Some-

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times the threatened consequences of the Board's decision about the project were more dire than possible defeat at the polls. "If you let these criminals into our fine middle-class community, our future blood is on your hands," a Forest Hills lady assured the Board, and a black woman in a bright-red wig promised that if the Board failed to endorse the original project, the blacks would rise up: "You'll see blood in the streets. We'll all die together, and we'll take many of you with us!"

NOT all the testimony was so overheated. Between the booing and the shouting, the questions raised by some witnesses and the answers given constituted something close to a primitive seminar in municipal political science. Didn't the controversy indicate that the Mayor had too much power and that some of it should be transferred to the Board of Estimate? (The politicians on the dais gave the speaker a benign smile.) Could the people of Queens claim that the Forest Hills project had been imposed on them, when it had been passed unanimously six years earlier by a Board of Estimate that included not only a Queens Borough President but also a President of the City Council from Queens? Who speaks for a community and when? ("We do! We do!" came a shout from the right side of the aisle.) Could one neighborhood deny access to other New Yorkers when its streets, parks, schools, and public buildings had been built by and were maintained by the whole city? "The infectious disease of community participation is running rampant like a vicious beast in this city!" cried one impassioned speaker. The community boards, deferred to so respectfully, were undemocratic units, he said, their members merely cronies appointed by the borough presidents. But even if the community boards were duly elected, another speaker asked, would any of them ever vote to accept a low-income housing project within its borders? Were the poor to be condemned to ghetto living, then? Did the Jewish members of the Board (five of the eight men on the dais were Jewish) remember that twenty years earlier Jews had not been welcome in Forest Hills? If a community had the right to restrict tenants to the elderly, couldn't another community eventually demand that only some other group—Italians or Jews, perhaps—be housed in it? And weren't poor *families*, asked a woman from the Women's City Club (who, it was pointed out, like so many who were on the side of the original project, did

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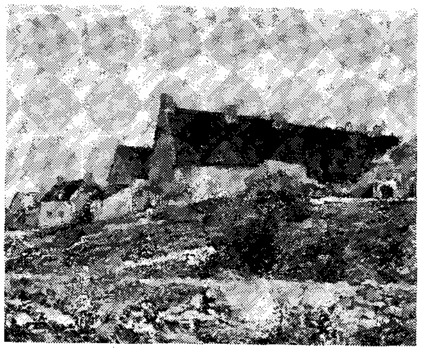

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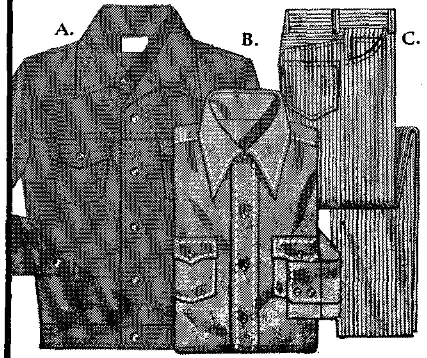

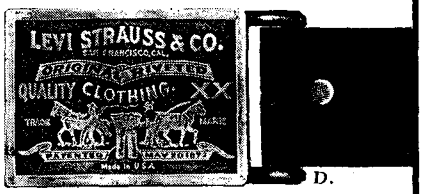

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not live in Forest Hills), the group above all others for whom it was important to provide a chance at a different life, outside the slums? Mention was made of the fact that many of the people on the right side of the room had almost certainly been against community control during the 1968 school strike, when the issue was the right of black parents to exclude some white teachers from neighborhood schools, but were all for it now, when the issue was the right of whites to exclude black children from other schools, as in Canarsie, or blacks from their neighborhoods, as in Forest Hills. In that case, the attitudes of blacks in 1968 and in 1972 were equally contradictory, the next speaker noted, to boos from the other side.

One thing the speakers from both sides agreed upon: not one of them saw the Forest Hills controversy as a local squabble over a single housing project. Speaker after speaker began with the preamble "The message is going out to the world. . . ." The message was going out to the world that "the Jews have been driven from one place to another since the beginning of time, and they're not going to run anymore." ("The Jews have had it. Let's call a spade a spade," another speaker added.) The message was going out that all races had their criminals: "New York has some of the worst gangsters in the country—and they're not blacks." (Those turning to see how the Italian member of the Board, Brooklyn's Sebastian Leone, took that one found that he had just stepped out of the room.) The message was that scatter-site housing was dead in America. The message was that New York would soon be a welfare city. It was reported that Forest Hills was now an international reference word for discrimination—that in a recent race riot in Rotterdam it had been part of the ritual chant of some of the demonstrators. Forest Hills was compared to Selma, to Little Rock, to Birmingham. ("I stand here, black but proud, and look around the room," said one young woman. "It reminds me of a picture I saw years ago. Only difference is they don't have in their hands the fire hoses to turn on me.") The words of numerous philosophers were invoked by one side or the other, including St. Paul (several times), Malachi (" 'Have we not all one father? Hath not one God created us?' "), Moses ("If you have to inflict this atrocity on our community, make it all senior citizens. 'Honor thy father and thy mother' "), Edmund Burke (" 'All

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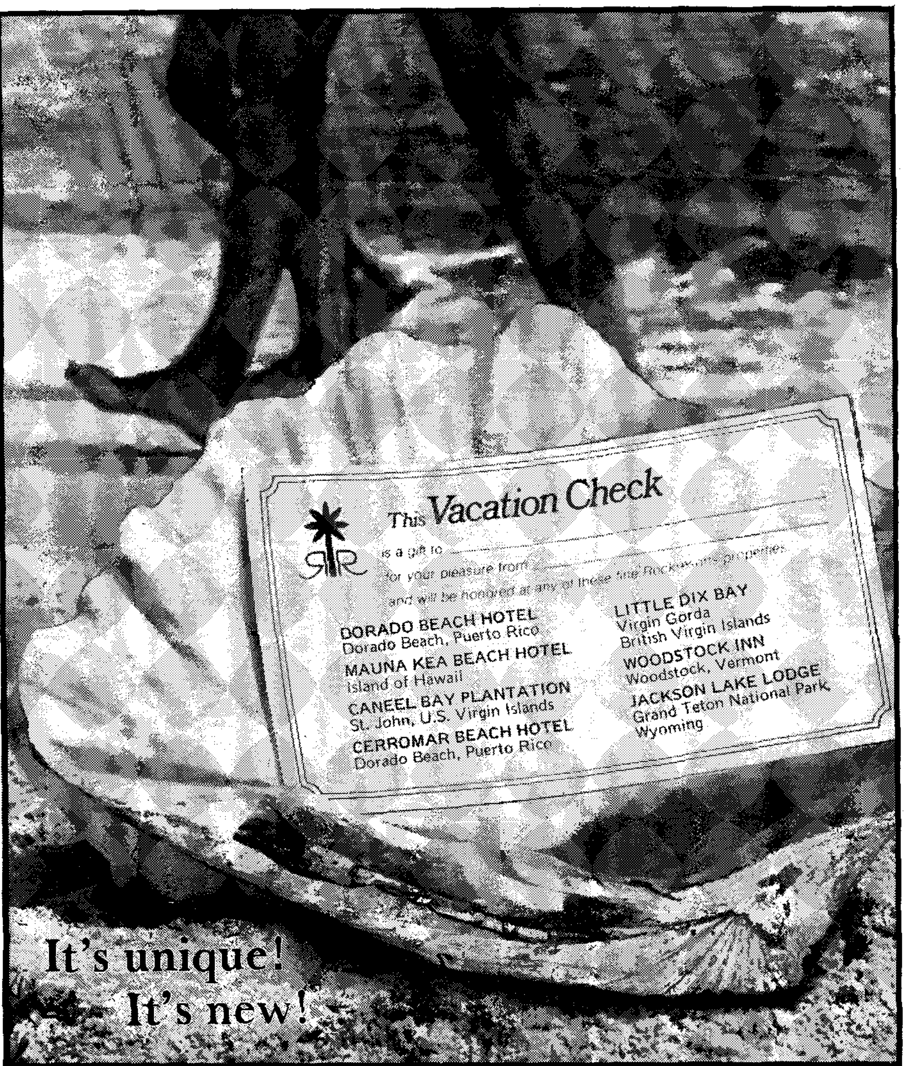
government—indeed, every human benefit and enjoyment, every virtue and every prudent act, is founded on compromise' "), and Rabbi Meir Kahane, of the Jewish Defense League (" 'Never again! Never again!' "), the speaker in this case being a black man. Dr. Johnson was paraphrased ("The last refuge of a scoundrel is the charge of racism"). The words that Emma Lazarus wrote to be inscribed on the Statue of Liberty ("Give me your tired, your poor, your huddled masses . . .") were delivered in full, and the fact that she was Jewish was declared to be ironic under the circumstances. "I want to point out," said another speaker, a few minutes later, "that Emma Lazarus didn't promise all those people scatter-site housing."

There were a few surprises at the hearing. A Forest Hills resident named Paul Sandman announced that he and fellow-members of an organization called Forest Hills Neighbors had no formal opinion on what kind of project should be built, but wanted to pledge their help in seeing that its eventual tenants and the Forest Hills community adjusted to each other in as civilized a manner as possible. He got one of the worst receptions of the afternoon from the right side of the room. And late in the afternoon a handsome, light-skinned black woman came forward and pleaded to be allowed to speak out of turn, since she worked the midnight-to-eight shift and had been there all day without any sleep. Protests from the Forest Hills side of the aisle sent her back to her seat. In the early evening, when her turn finally came, it seemed that she would still have to wait. Speakers were by then being heard in sequences of five in favor of the project and five against, and it was time for an anti-project witness. "But that's me," she told Garelik. "You want to speak *against* the project?" asked Garelik, blinking. "I certainly do," said the woman, whose name was Ramona Carter. She was born on welfare, she said, and was now working nights and going to school days to get ahead. "I am a property owner in Springfield Gardens, Queens, and I have watched my property decline over the years as the result of a certain element moving in," she said. "The element that moved in was mostly welfare families. Poor people have no respect for property—it has been proved all over the city." By this time, the audience on the right side of the room was cheering after every phrase. "If you try to put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any low-income housing project in that fine middle-class *black* community of St. Albans, Queens," she concluded, "you'll get a lot bigger crowd down here than you got from Forest Hills. Nobody wants those people."

The political weakness of New York's minorities, fewer than a third of whom vote in many elections, compared to the eighty- or eighty-five-percent turnout of other local ethnic groups, was indicated at the hearing by the fact that throughout the day only one member of the Board took issue even with speakers who made the most extreme statements concerning the inevitably anti-social and criminal nature of the city's blacks and Puerto Ricans, implying that there were virtually no exceptions. Nothing was heard from Bronx Borough President Robert Abrams, whose constituency is half black and Hispanic, or from Leone, of Brooklyn, which includes Bedford-Stuyvesant, the single largest black community in the country. Only Percy Sutton leaned down from time to time and, in his melodious, cultivated voice ("You are not representative of your race, sir," grumbled one speaker he was reproving), asked Birbach, for example, how a civilized person could refer to low-income housing projects as "warehouses for the poor," as Birbach had in a recent newspaper ad; or commented to a Queens assemblyman who had defended Birbach's position, "Thank you, sir. You have given me a chance to get to know you better today;" or said of the suggestion that blacks were, after all, better off among their own people, "Yes, I have heard that so often in another era in another place: 'They wouldn't be happy here.' " On one occasion, he deliberately and, under the circumstances, wickedly paraphrased Shylock, saying, "Do not my people bleed? Do not they hurt? Don't they cry? Don't they want what others wanted before them?" There was no visible recognition in the room of what he was up to.

When the time came to vote on the compromise, which had by now been fitted out with the option of turning the project into a coöperative, Sutton delayed his vote to tell the people in the room that many of the things about "the New York which I love and exalt," and many of the things he had heard in the room that day, reminded him of Mississippi in the nineteen-sixties, and, he felt he should add, of Germany thirty years before that. Whenever he had spoken up during the day, he had been interrupted by cries of "Listen to him!" or "Turn him

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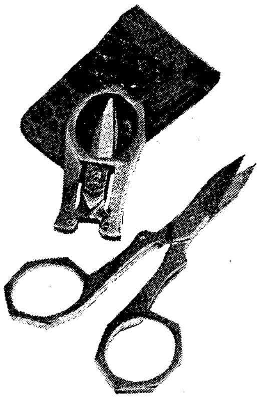

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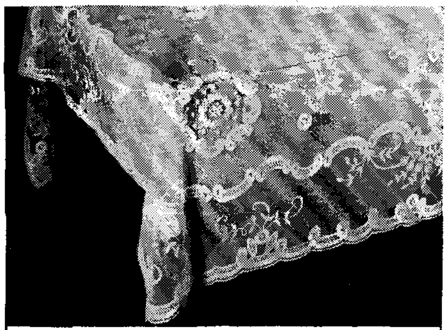

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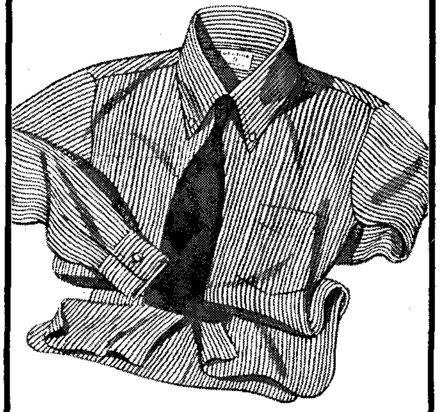

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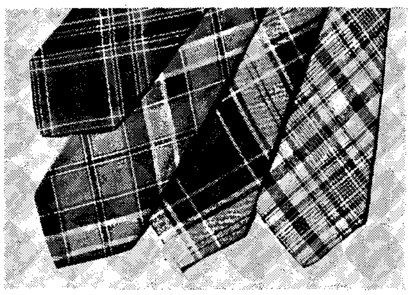

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off!" and now a woman in a red pants suit on the right side of the aisle made a rude noise and got up and stamped out. "This is a sad and evil period here in America today," Sutton continued, in an even voice. "A period in which those in the very highest places give comfort and support to the ugliest sentiments of humankind." He concluded with a special word for Ramona Carter. "We who, through strength or luck, made it out of the depths of poverty must not condemn those that are left behind," he said. (Sutton is reportedly very far from poverty indeed as the result of his newspaper and radio holdings in Harlem.) "We do not have the right to rejoice in our good fortune and then look back and say, 'Not you. Not *you.*' " He then cast the only negative vote on the compromise resolution. The Irish member of the Board—Robert Connor, of Staten Island, where less than six per cent of the population is black—when his turn came, announced that he was voting for the compromise, but "with a heavy heart" because of the long day's unfair abuse of Percy Sutton, "that intensely fair man." On a declaration of intent to require that the Mayor limit tenancy in the Forest Hills project to the elderly and veterans in the ratio of sixty-five to thirty-five, Morrison, sitting in for Lindsay, joined Sutton in dissenting.

Queens' Representative Benjamin Rosenthal had hopefully predicted during the hearing that the project would be built and would prosper, and that in a decade people would be trying to remember what the bitter conflict in Forest Hills had been all about, "much as they wonder today what the excitement was over Quemoy and Matsu." Whether or not this is the way things work out in Forest Hills, the hope was growing here that the latest front-page war among fearful and angry New Yorkers—the one in the schools of Canarsie—might end in some kind of negotiated peace before Canarsie, too, became a place name that could never be quite forgotten. —ANDY LOGAN

•

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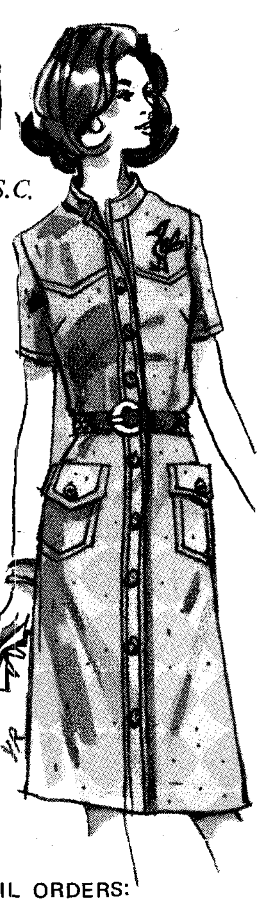

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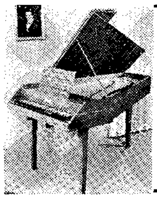

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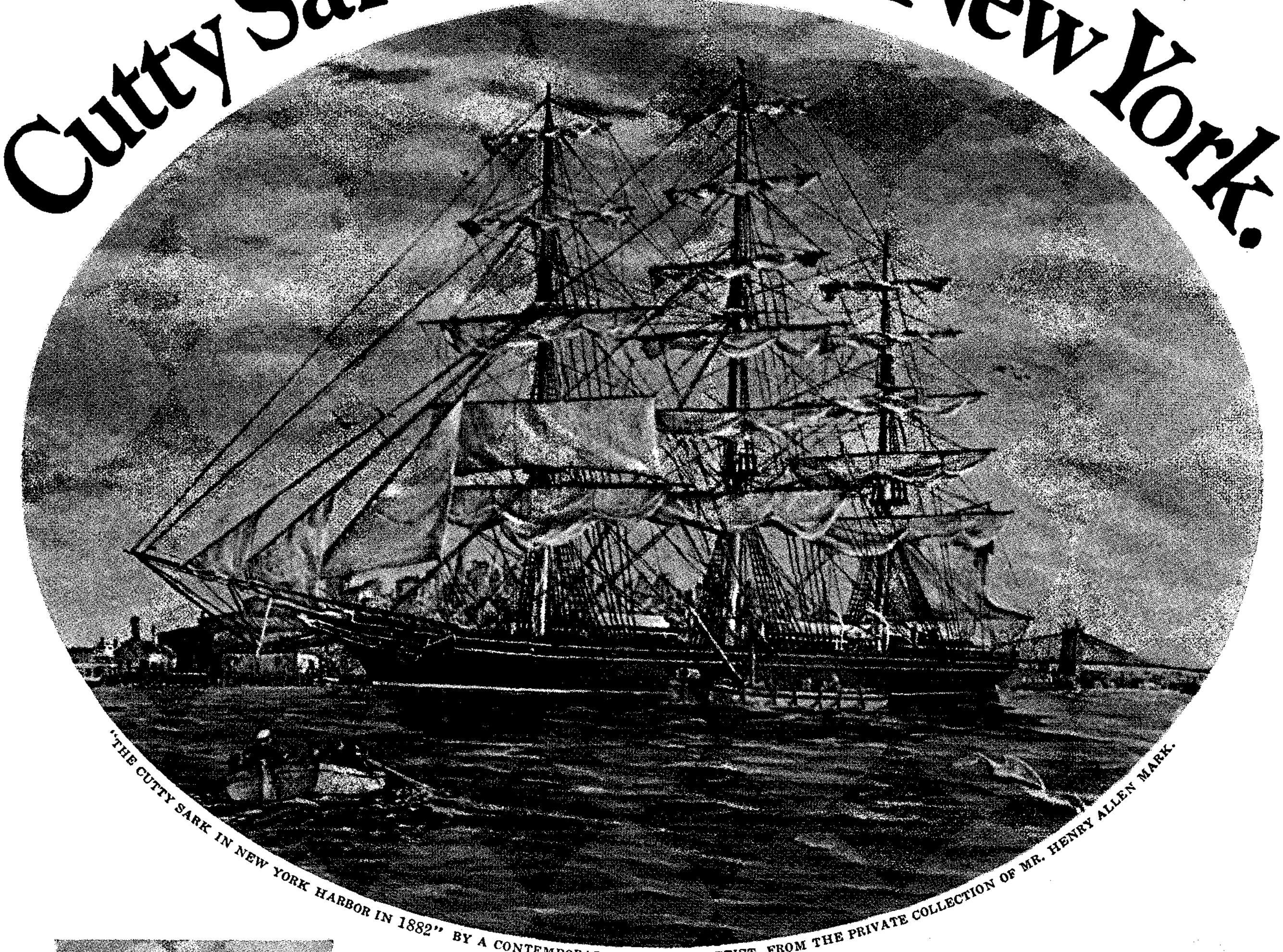

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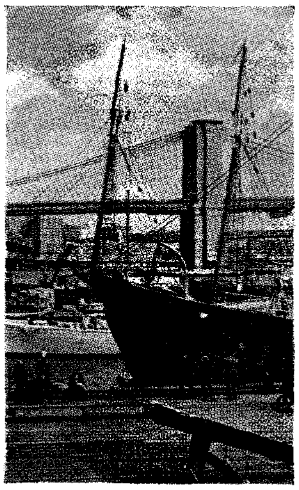

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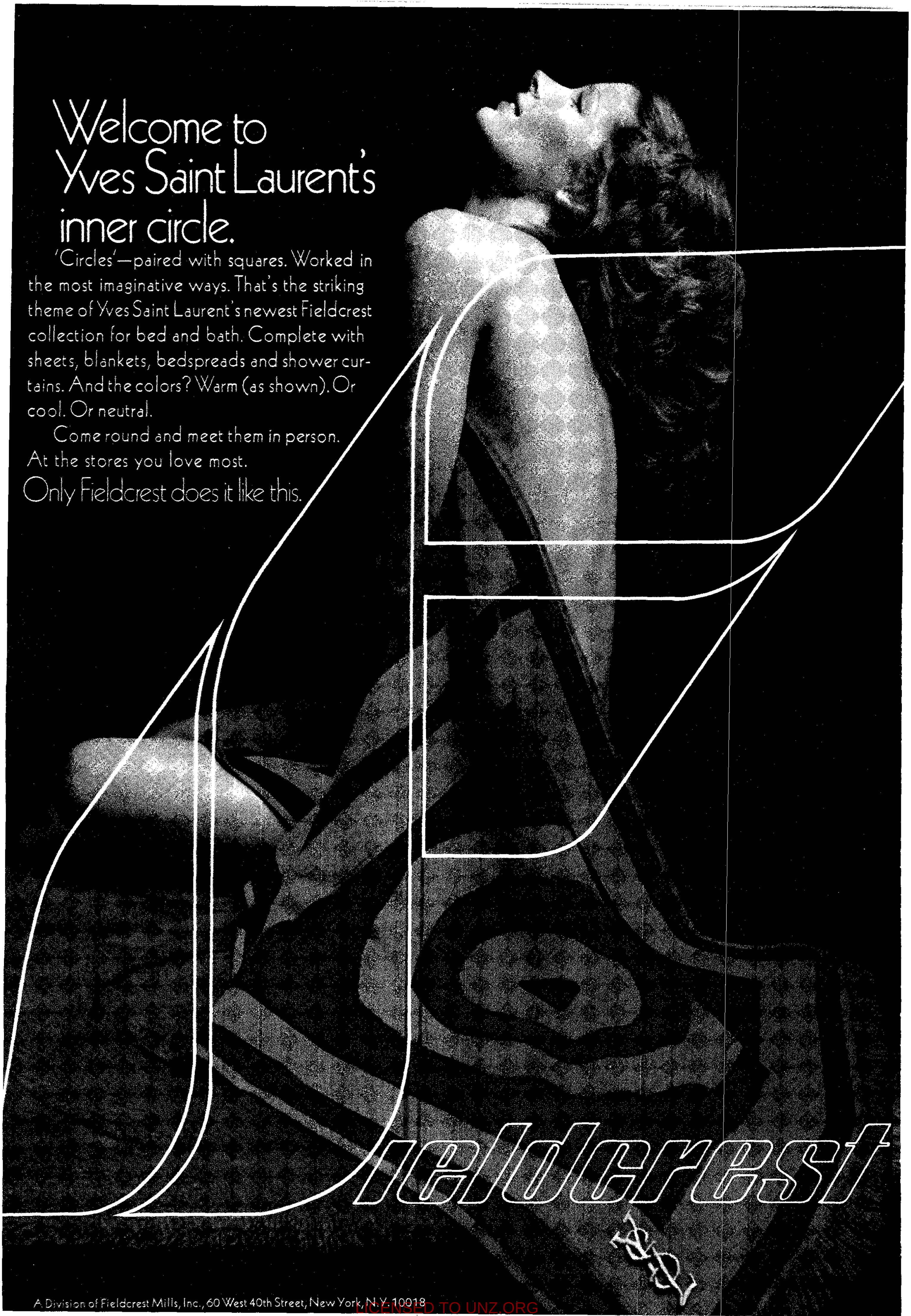

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THE RACE TRACK

Working Girls

TRUE to the traditions of the race, the hundred-and-second running of the Ladies Handicap at Aqueduct last Saturday was exciting to watch, with a surprise at the end. Grafitti, who swept round the leaders on the turn for home, won by two lengths from last year's winner, Sea Saga, who nosed out Hill Circus, the favorite. Though the weather was dull, visibility was good and there was no rain. Ten fillies and mares paraded to the post, and Sea Saga was quickest away. For more than a mile of the mile and a quarter, you could see the dark blue and white of her colors in front, and it looked as though she might bring off the first repeat performance since Black Maria's, in 1927, but as the field swung into the stretch Grafitti and Hill Circus passed her. Then she came on again to take second. Though the track was listed as fast and Sea Saga appeared to be going lickety-split, the teletimer recorded the first quarter in 0:24⅗, the half in 0:50⅗, six furlongs in 1:15⅕, the mile in 1:40⅕, and the full distance in 2:04⅘, which is buggy-horse time. Grafitti, a four-year-old bay by Graustark out of Fictitious, is owned by Mrs. Louisa d'A. Carpenter and trained by Horatio Luro. Her form has been nothing remarkable, and the fact that she carried only 109 pounds probably helped.

Curious how the ball bounces. Allen Jerkens, who trains the Hobeau Farm horses, entered Blessing Angelica for both the Ladies Handicap and the Vineland Handicap, which was run at Garden State Park last weekend. Lefty Nickerson also put Elmendorf's Manta in both, doubly flustering horseplayers who were making their selections from the *Daily Racing Form*. As things turned out, Blessing Angelica went to Jersey and was beaten easily by Alma North; Manta ran in the Ladies and finished seventh. Alma North made the day for Gene Mori, who owns her. He's the head of Garden State Park, and he comes from

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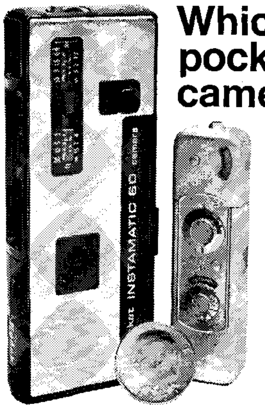

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Vineland, which isn't far from the track.

BACK at its old date on the calendar, the Washington, D.C., International will be run at Laurel this weekend. It should be a good show. It always has been, for John Schapiro, who puts it on, never misses a trick. Of course, the most notable visitor will be San San, the American-bred three-year-old French filly who won the Prix de l'Arc de Triomphe at Longchamp last month. The most exotic visitor will be Jumbo Jet, a six-year-old gelding from Singapore, who this season has won the Singapore Derby; the Perak Derby, at a mile and a half, in which he carried 148 pounds (wow!); the Queen Elizabeth II Cup; and the Tunku Gold Cup—all run in Malaysia. Others in the International will be Steel Pulse, winner of the Irish Sweeps Derby; Parnell, who ran second to Brigadier Gerard in the King George VI and Queen Elizabeth Stakes; Boreen, from Ireland; Mejiro-Musashi, from Japan; and, from Canada, Belle Geste, a four-year-old filly who ran second to Droll Role but beat all the other boys in the recent Canadian International Championship. Our color-bearers are Droll Role and Riva Ridge, who is making his last bid for Horse of the Year honors. There will be no Russian horse in the race this year. One had been invited—Herold, winner of the Russian Derby—but later the U.S.S.R. wanted also to enter a filly named Skala, who not long ago finished fifth in the Grand Prix von Europa, a race at Cologne. John Schapiro thought the filly wasn't good enough, said "*Nyet,*" and Herold was scratched.

NOW it seems that OTB isn't getting as many of what it calls "fun customers"—whatever they are—into its betting parlors as the management thinks it should get. (Last Saturday, it took in $910,093 on the races at Aqueduct, and I don't know how much from the trots at Roosevelt Raceway.) So it plans to use music and television to charm more players. In case it imports the Lorelei, Colonel Martingale has a list of songs for her.

—AUDAX MINOR

•

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TECHNOLOGY is more than a matter of practical limitations and practical possibilities. It is, like art, an expression of fantasies and aspirations. We praise the techniques of modern agriculture (the "green revolution") and decry war, yet early Iron Age people dreamed other dreams: we can name countless legendary swords; how many of us can name a miraculous plow? David McCullough, the author of "The Great Bridge" (Simon & Schuster), thinks that bridge-building was the expressive symbolic technological achievement of late-nineteenth-century America:

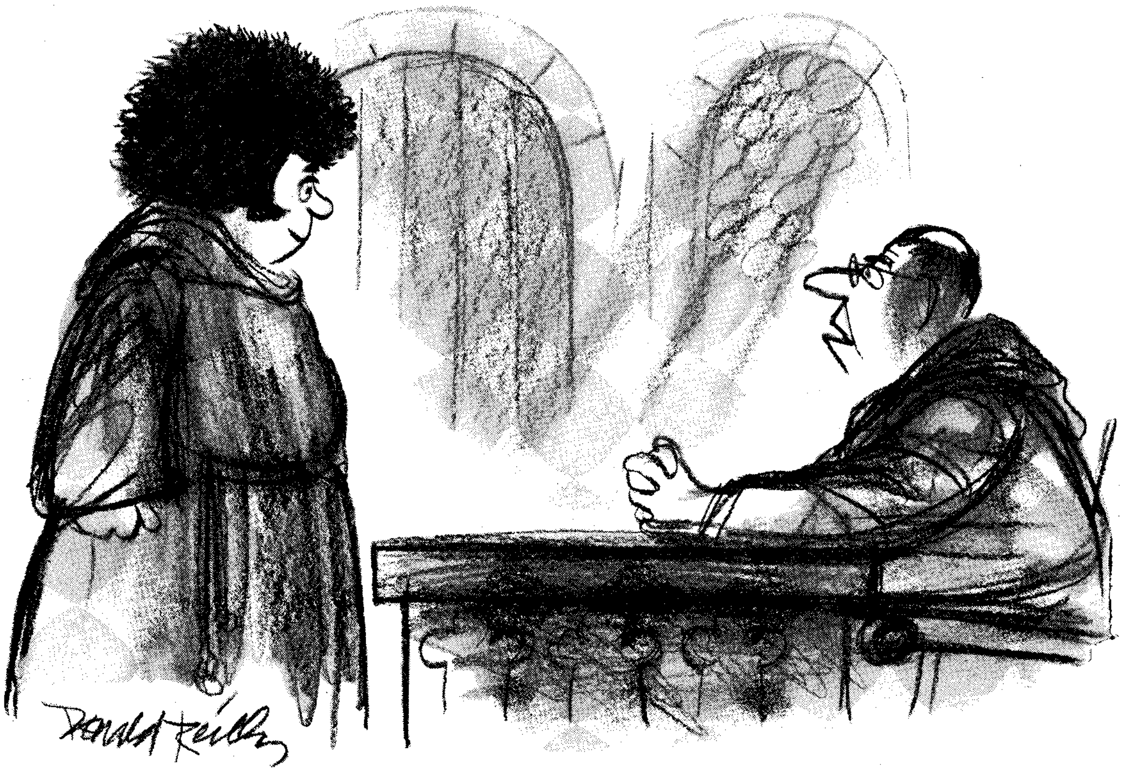
> For a nation so recently torn apart by civil war a bridge was a particularly appealing symbol. But beyond that a bridge seemed such a magnificent example of man's capacity to master the forces of nature. . . . Building a bridge seemed such a clean, heroic thing for a man to do.

Mr. McCullough is writing of 1869, when the Brooklyn Bridge, which opened in 1883, was only a chartered company and a set of plans. The drive to conquer natural barriers and great distances was then, he says, worldwide: the transatlantic cable, the transcontinental railroad, the Suez Canal, the Mont Cenis tunnel through the Alps. That era seems to have taken as its slogan "Only connect" and to have begun the job of making one world.

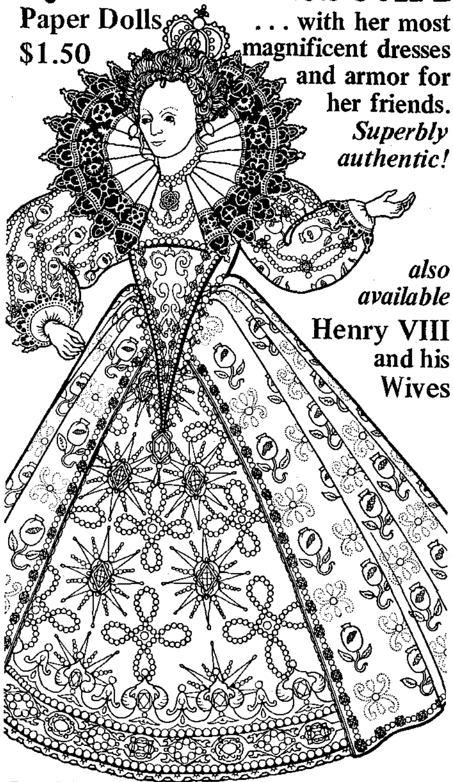
For the builders of the Brooklyn Bridge, nature and human enterprise combined to present an unprecedented problem. The East River was filled with the shipping that had made two cities great (Brooklyn was still on its own, and, McCullough tells us, was the third-largest city in this country), and a bridge between them had to leave room for maritime traffic. That meant a suspension bridge with a roadway hanging higher above water level than any ever before, spanning a distance greater than had ever been attempted, and slung from towers taller than had been erected anywhere as of 1869—"about the largest, most massive things ever built on the entire North American continent," says McCullough.

Our author has two heroes and a heroine: John Roebling, who designed the bridge; his son Washington, who, after his father's death, in 1869, reworked (and executed) the designs; and Washington's wife, who, when her husband became an invalid (he suffered the bends and a nervous breakdown), became his go-between and amanuensis. Although he no longer was willing to go out and about and deal with people, his intellect was unimpaired and he planned and supervised everything. Mrs. Roebling wrote out his letters and instructions and did all the talking to his assistants and to the directors or trustees. The Roeblings are a remarkable trio, and their combined brilliance illuminates the glories and difficulties of great design. Roebling, Sr., an engineering graduate of Berlin's Polytechnic Institute, came to the United States to found what he wanted to be an ideal agricultural community in Pennsylvania, and founded it; then, deciding that he was intellectually underemployed, he went back to engineering. In the course of his work, he saw a need for wire rope, recalled reading that such rope was being made in Germany, made some himself, and in 1848 founded the Roebling wire-works in Trenton, which made him rich. But money-making was a sideline; designing and building bridges was his calling. Nowadays, for even the most unorthodox construction project, there is a reservoir of stock parts with which to begin; the Roeblings had few or none. They had to design nearly every item for every undertaking, and to devise the means of putting everything together; they hunted for new materials continually. Young Roebling (he went to Rensselaer) visited factories from Carnegie to Krupp; all the years these men were designing, they were shopping, too, because somebody somewhere was always improving something. We like to squash the past into packages and label each one like luggage: "The Age of Invention" is the label we apply to the Roeblings' era. But their job would have been much easier if inventions we think had been made in their period had actually happened; McCullough points out that work in the caissons that had to be sunk before the task of erecting the towers could proceed would have been simpler if electric light and the telephone had come along a little sooner.

The Roeblings were perfectionists who, as far as McCullough knows, never made a professional mistake. Both men could catch a new idea as soon



"Brother Stevens, I thought we might discuss how the religious community is to interpret the recent ruling of the Vatican regarding the wearing of the tonsure."



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as it was thrown at them, and apply it accurately. Their infallible skill accidentally biasses the book. For the bridge was not merely a feat of pure design; it was as deeply embedded in the society of its time as it is in the East River. It was an economic and political enterprise, and all the politicians and businessmen and newspapermen in this book—the inexperts, honest or dishonest—appear, by comparison with the Roeblings, foolish or wicked or sly, or disorganized or ineffectual or undependable. The contrast demonstrates the chasm between activities that have to do with making something, in which perfectionism is possible, and those that have to do with men dealing with each other, in which perfectionism is not.

The misdeeds of the Tweed Ring began to come to light in 1871, and Tweed decided to confess that the bridge's earliest backers, Brooklyn men, had bought his support for their project: the bridge was chartered as a private company, but it had a Comsat-Telstar flavor; some shares were to be sold to individuals, and some were to be bought by the cities of New York and Brooklyn, and New York would not buy unless Tweed got a bribe. The Brooklyn backers denied that they had bribed Tweed, but, McCullough remarks, the story (Tweed being Tweed) was plausible. Thus the project was perpetually under suspicion and was repeatedly investigated. When McCullough calls the roll of the scandals that broke in succession across the Gilded Age, one realizes why the reformers of that era wanted to get government activities out of "politics" and away from politicians, and our experience with that problem ever since illustrates again the annoying resemblance politics bears to housework—nothing ever settled, over with, done. The political problems are incurable. In the early days of the New Deal, when public moneys in large sums were being spent on public works, Ickes, reflecting this older heritage of reform, wanted to go slow, to make sure that there would be no graft and that the public would get its money's worth, while Hopkins was concerned with putting men to work as quickly as possible. And though it is probably fortunate that the Tennessee Valley Authority, designed to resist political pressure, was able to do so, it is irritating that the Port of New York Authority is able to do so, too.

The search for disinterested men to serve on the board of trustees of the bridge company takes us right into Ibsen. New York's reform movements often, unfortunately, resembled the League of Youth. Think, for a mo-

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ment, about Abram Hewitt, a Democratic reformer, who, during one of the first waves of reform, in 1872, was made a trustee. He insisted that no one involved in any way with the bridge could have any interest in any company that supplied material for the bridge, but he forgot to mention that a company he helped select to supply wire was mortgaged to him. That company's proprietor, a man named Haigh, had had a dubious career even before he tried to sell defective wire to the builders of the bridge, and the relationship between Hewitt and Haigh recalls how often in Ibsen pillars of society turn out to have the seediest *sub-rosa* connections. Even such a disinterested man as I feel that Seth Low was does poorly in this story. He came on the board in 1882, when he was reform mayor of Brooklyn—like Gregers Werle, in "The Wild Duck," suffering from "an acute attack of integrity." As Werle descended on the Ekdals, Low intervened in the admittedly imperfect but workable situation whereby the ailing Roebling was supervising the construction of the bridge, and confidently presented "the claims of the ideal" by attempting to fire him the year before the bridge was completed. There is little to choose between canting old hypocrites and arrogant new brooms, but I suspect that Hewitt and Low must have had more honorable roles in history than they have in this book. At all events, since 1883 this country has tried the leadership of businessmen and at least one engineer and has gone back to politicians.

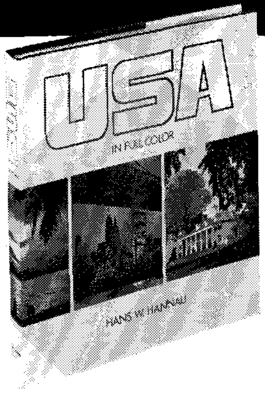
I wish Mr. McCullough's prose were more distinguished, and I wish, too, that he did not occasionally descend to cliff-hanging devices, as if he did not trust the reader to recognize the intrinsic interest of his material. For it is fascinating stuff: the marvels that can be achieved by human hands, the vagaries of human hearts.

—NAOMI BLIVEN

BRIEFLY NOTED

FICTION

THE CAMERONS, by Robert Crichton (Knopf). An enormous contrivance set in a mining town in Scotland and hinging mainly on a stock figure called Maggie Drum, who is sixteen when the book begins. Maggie, an ignorant girl who has ambitions but lacks all feeling, sets out to find a husband who will father the aggressive brood she wants to have, and she finds and marries a tall, timid Highlander, Gillon Cam-



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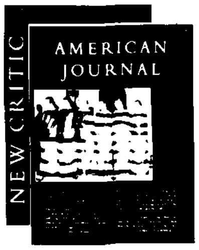

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eron. This interminable work describes the progress of the Cameron family during a period of about twenty years. The time is the turn of the century. A Book-of-the-Month Club selection.

THE MAN WHO LIKED WOMEN, by Marc Brandel (Simon & Schuster). This serious/comic account of the return of the goddess Venus to earth begins in London and ends in Greece. Bascombe Fletcher, a twenty-three-year-old American whose nature is both amiable and amorous, wakes up one morning in his London apartment to find that Venus is right there with him. Although at the beginning the goddess is only a tiny creature, one and a half inches in height, Bascombe falls in love with her, and as she grows, which she does slowly but steadily, his infatuation deepens. Besides England and Greece, Bascombe and Venus visit California, France, Yugoslavia, and Ireland. Mr. Brandel has a breezy, readable style, and his observations on the inhabitants of the various places mentioned are always interesting.

GENERAL

THE MEMOIRS OF LORD GLADWYN (Weybright & Talley). As the British representative to the United Nations Security Council in 1950, the author ranked third in the Hooper ratings of television popularity, just behind Bob Hope and just ahead of the wrestlers. The wit and eloquence that distinguished him then are even more evident in these memoirs, which reflect favorably on the often maligned "Foreign Office mind." His career in the Foreign Office began in the lively twenties, went through the uncertainties of the preparations for war in the following decade, and then occupied the center of the planning for the U.N. and for British entry into Europe. His book is incisive, courteous, and often quite funny.

SOUTH AFRICA: CIVILIZATIONS IN CONFLICT, by Jim Hoagland (Houghton Mifflin). The author is the Washington *Post's* correspondent in Africa, and a winner of the Pulitzer Prize for international reporting. In this book, he extensively explores the Republic of South Africa and leads us on shorter but no less illuminating tours of some of her neighbors, including Rhodesia, Angola, and Mozambique. Mr. Hoagland tells us that from the Boer War until after the Second World

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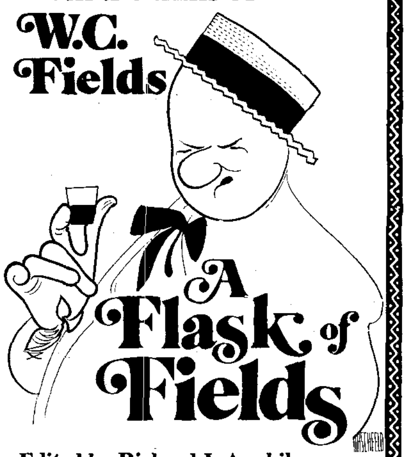

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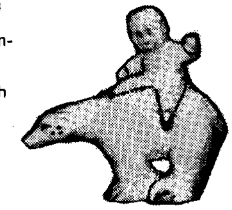

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War the Boers were ineffectual; political power and wealth eluded them. In recent years, they have acquired both, and have used them to create an anomalous state—a racial tyranny joined to a modern economy. Mr. Hoagland is clearer and more explicit than most writers about how this peculiar system works, perhaps because he saves his indignation (which is considerable) for the end. He does not believe that South Africa's economic modernization will entail a fairer deal for her black citizens, because the Boers manipulate the economy for the purpose of maintaining racism. Nor does he imagine that foreign action can do much, although he does offer some recommendations for the United States. His book is a valuable description of a society that looks like an experiment to test the limits of organized nastiness.

LOVE AFFAIR—A VENETIAN JOURNAL, by Wright Morris (Harper & Row). Mr. Morris is a good photographer as well as a good writer, and in this book, a souvenir of a seven-month stay in Venice, he makes excellent use of his double talent. It consists of forty-four photographs—all in true-blue, Canaletto color—and forty-four facing, page-long paragraphs of more or less anecdotal text. In both depictions, Mr. Morris's Venice is attractively domestic. He photographs crumbling brick walls, clotheslines strung across narrow canals, a cat asleep in a garden, a shop window, a café, a backwater bridge, potted plants on a windowsill. His text describes what he cannot, or will not, photograph: "Signora Pizzi's hands have the color of pewter from the pouch of coins she wears at her waist. Most of them are alloy, leaden colored, and give off the sound of tiddlywinks."

•

CORRECTION

In a piano recital at the Richland School auditorium last week, presented by Mrs. Eula Bedgood's pupils, four murders on the program were inadvertently omitted from the story published in last week's issue of The Journal.—*Richland (Ga.) Stewart-Webster Journal.*

Well, it's a damned serious omission.

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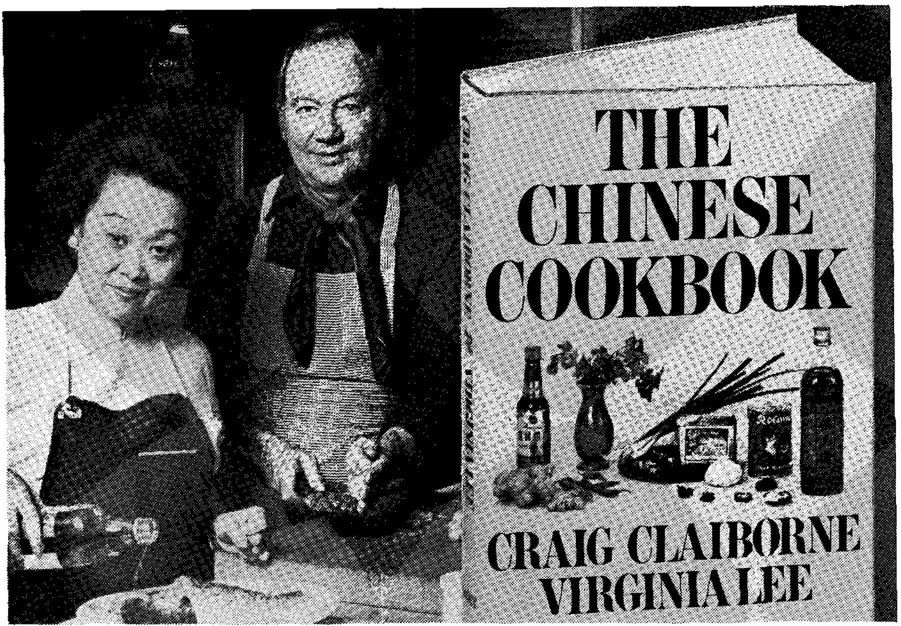
With all those mergers, and today's emphasis on the bottom line, knowing the right way to fire is an indispensible management skill.—*Adv. for Fortune in Advertising Age.*

Knowing how to spell is a nice skill, too.



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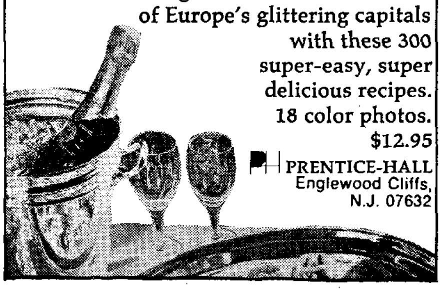

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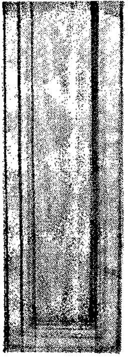

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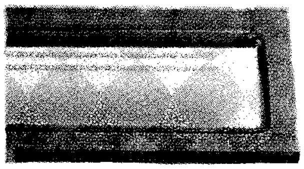

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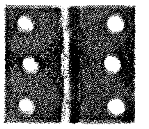

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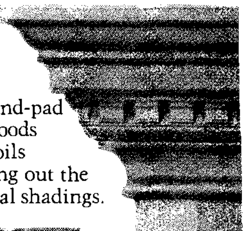

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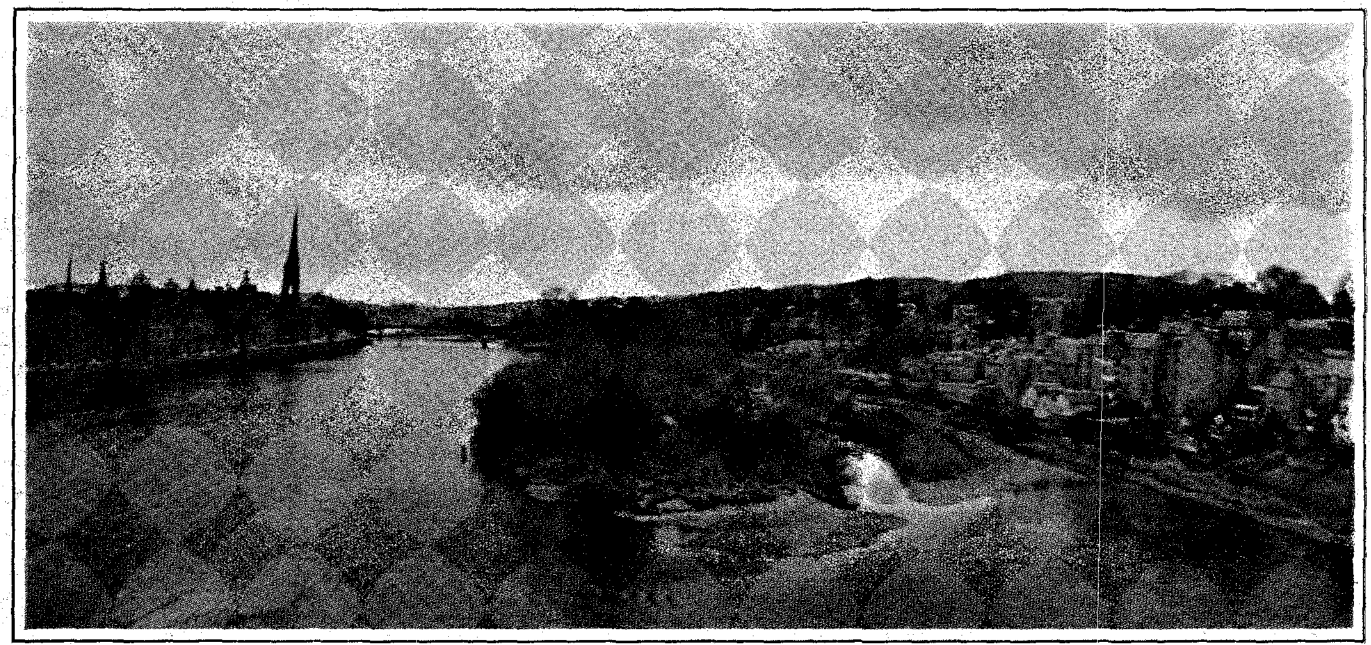

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